THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded [illegible]28 by Benj. Franklin

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CHRISTMAS 1917

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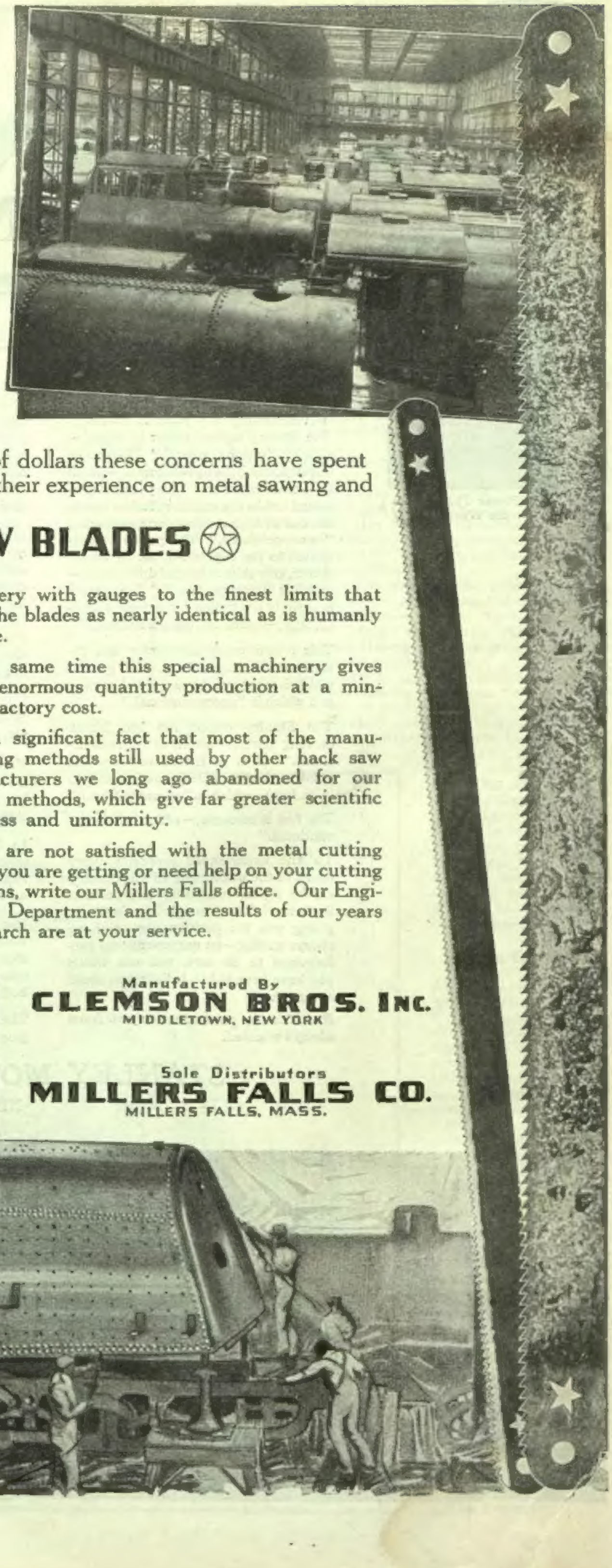

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☆ STAR HACK SAW BLADES ☆

Better still, make your own tests—for endurance—for speed and for low cutting cost and prove Star Blade betterness to your own satisfaction.

There is good reason for Star superiority, because there has been so much more time, money and scientific effort put into the development and perfection of Star Blades than any other blades.

Thousands of tests have been made to determine what steel composition and tempering, what relative gauge and what shape and setting of teeth would give best results under all kinds of conditions.

The Star was the first modern hack saw blade made and for thirty years its quality leadership has kept it by far the largest selling blade.

At every stage the uniformity of Star Blades has been made absolutely certain by special automatic machinery with gauges to the finest limits that make the blades as nearly identical as is humanly possible.

At the same time this special machinery gives us an enormous quantity production at a minimum factory cost.

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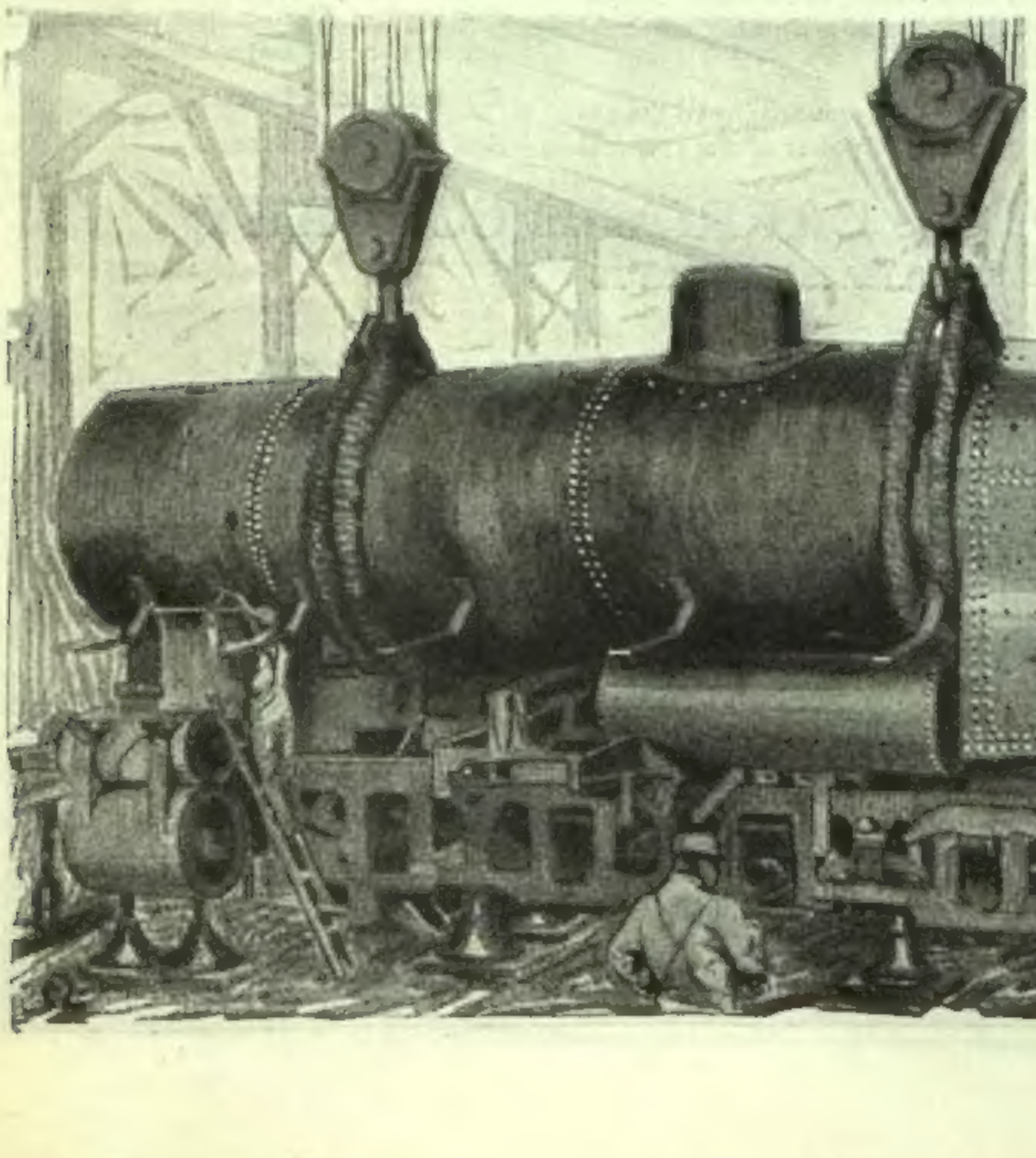
If you are not satisfied with the metal cutting results you are getting or need help on your cutting problems, write our Millers Falls office. Our Engineering Department and the results of our years of research are at your service.



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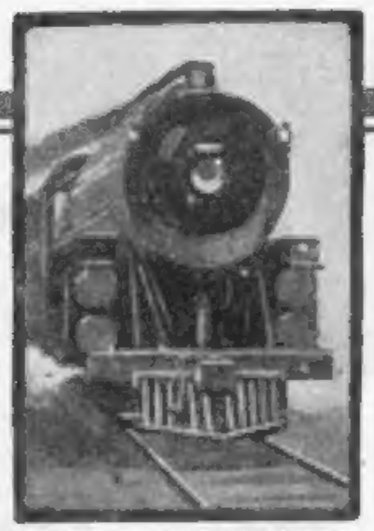
STANLEY

STEAM 22nd year CAR



The Power That Moves the World

Different—Because It Is Better

The Stanley is unlike any other car. Every count in the indictment for unconventionality is a point in its favor. The Stanley motive power is steam,—which is "unconventional." This means stored power, built up in advance,—which is "unconventional." This power is generated not in the engine cylinders but in a boiler with no moving parts,—which is "unconventional." This power is transmitted to the engine without fly-wheel, clutch, gear shift or jointed drive shaft,—which is "unconventional." This power is entirely controlled by a single finger-throttle,—which is "unconventional."

This means maximum power and instantaneous response at low speeds, which is what you have wanted most—and which is "unconventional."

The Stanley engine has but fifteen moving parts,—which is "unconventional." It is at the nearest possible point to the rear axle (geared right into it, in fact)—which is "unconventional."

The fuel is kerosene,—which is "unconventional."

To the experienced motorist every count in the indictment of the Stanley car for unconventionality is a point in its favor. Every count is a factor in giving you the performance you have always wanted—an unconventional performance to be sure, and one which you have been led to believe you could never have.

But it is the performance you have always wanted.

Yet the whole idea that the Stanley is unconventional is not fact, but fancy. The *fact* is that the steam power plant is the most conventional, the oldest, the most highly standardized, the most efficient, the simplest, the safest and the least mysterious that science has ever devised for driving a road vehicle.

And so to give you the performance you have always wanted was with us not an endless experiment, but merely a matter of refining a power plant which was from the beginning fundamentally suited to the work. Not only is the Stanley engine fundamentally correct for the variable-speed, variable-power requirements of automobile service, but it is the simplest ever developed for that service.

It has but two cylinders. It has but fifteen moving parts.

Yet it delivers a continuous flow of power, not impulses—not even "overlapping impulses"—*but a continuous flow of power.*

In Stanley construction the engine is geared direct and permanently to the rear axle, and no "transmission" gears are needed.

The function of the generating plant which supplies this engine with steam, stored in advance, is no more complicated than that of a kerosene stove for boiling water.

The volume of steam flowing to the engine governs the power of the car, and this steam the driver controls by a single finger-throttle on the steering column.

Boiling water over a kerosene stove—a two-cylinder engine with fifteen moving parts—a one-finger throttle control;—that's all there is to the generation, application and control of Stanley power.

And the Stanley car complete,—engine, wheels, steering gear, everything included,—has but thirty-seven moving parts.

The reason why the Stanley car has power at low speeds—why it has the fastest pick-up—why no self-starter is needed—why there is no clutch to pedal and no gears to shift, is because the fuel is converted, not into instantaneously dissipated power, but into steam which is stored in advance and may be instantly applied in any desired volume to the driving wheels.

And the reason the Stanley runs with a soft, smooth, gliding motion, without noise or vibration even at highest speeds, is because the steam, upon entering the cylinders, exercises its force expansively, in smooth continuous flow, and not in a series of explosive impulses.

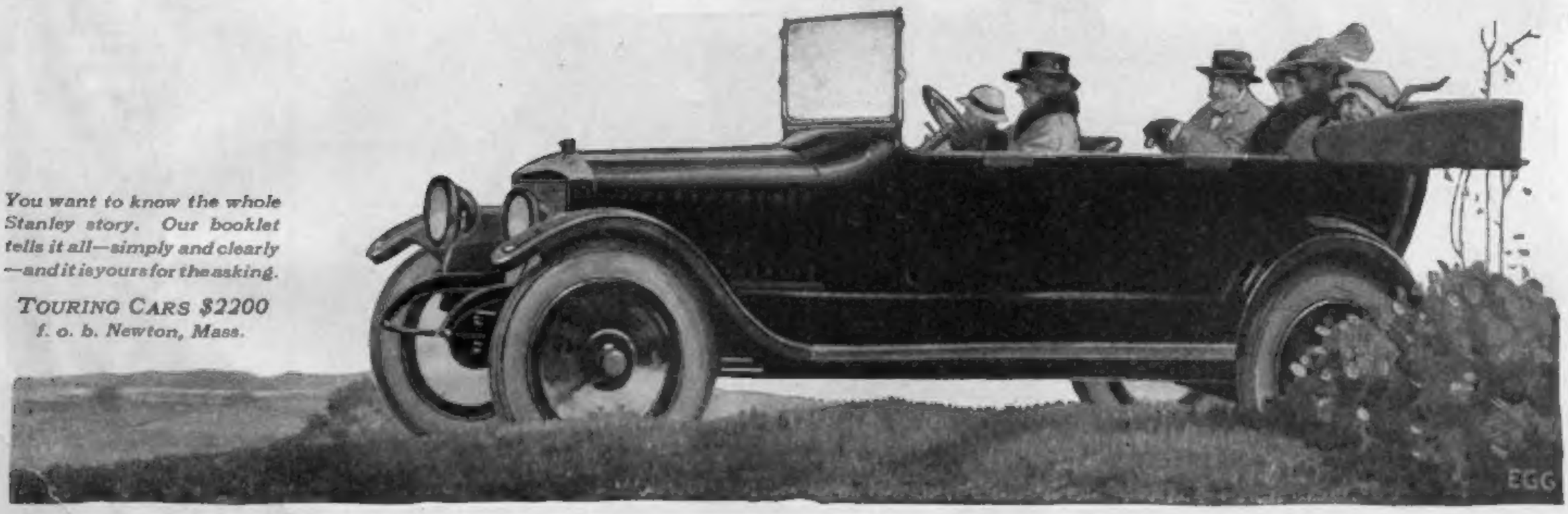
The Stanley car has neither carburetor nor carburetor troubles—it has neither ignition system nor ignition troubles—it has neither clutch nor clutch troubles—it has neither gears to shift nor gear-shifting troubles—it has neither self-starter nor self-starter troubles.

But it has stored power.

And its fuel is kerosene.

STANLEY MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS



You want to know the whole Stanley story. Our booklet tells it all—simply and clearly—and it is yours for the asking.

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DER TAG FOR US

By Samuel G. Blythe

EIGHT German soldiers, singing, came down North Kansas Avenue, in Topeka, Kansas, on the afternoon of August twenty-fifth. They were in gray uniforms and carried rifles with bayonets fixed, and walked two by two. A child, two years old, crawled under the gate in front of a house and came into the middle of the street to see the Germans. The child got directly in the path of the soldiers. The first two passed the child but the man on the left, of the second file of two, stepped aside, drove his bayonet into the stomach of the child, lifted it into the air on his bayonet and threw the gun across his shoulder. He carried the child for two hundred yards on his bayonet while he and his companions sang Deutschland über Alles. The child screamed once when the soldier struck it with his bayonet, but not afterward.

The Germans had entered Topeka on August nineteenth. Kansas City had previously been taken, following the successful landing of the German armies at New Orleans and their progress up the Mississippi Valley to St. Louis, and thence westward to Kansas City. Jefferson City, Sedalia and other places on the way had been burned and pillaged, and the American troops had retreated in disorder before the invaders. There was a slight attempt to hold Topeka, made by the home guard, but these were easily overcome, and by the twentieth Topeka was in full control of the Germans, who had left a force in Lawrence, and who came to Topeka to the number of six thousand veteran troops.

The advance of the Germans had been anticipated, and though Mayor Jay E. House, of Topeka, had personally directed such defense as could be made of the city, orders had been issued that there should be no further demonstrations beyond those of the organized defenders, who though illy equipped made a gallant resistance and were almost wiped out before the inevitable surrender came. After the fighting the Germans took immediate charge of Topeka, seizing Mayor House, Governor Capper, who was in the capitol, and the city officials, and holding them as hostages against any further attack on the German troops. Large requisitions for food and forage and money were made on the citizens, and the soldiers were billeted in the private houses, the higher officers taking the Elks Club and the Topeka Club for their headquarters, as well as the main offices of the Santa Fe Railroad, which are not far from the capitol building.

Fire and Ruin

SYSTEMATIC looting occurred during the next few days. Many of the stores in Kansas Avenue were entered and pillaged. The Germans were greatly incensed because there was no beer or liquor to be had, which kept them sober, and as it happened gave less excuse for their subsequent atrocities. Private houses were looted, also, of everything of value, with a great deal of wanton destruction. Such articles as the soldiers could not carry away were smashed. The public library was burned. The office of Governor Capper's newspaper, the Topeka Capital, was destroyed by dynamite. In a few days the city was in great disorder. The park round the state house was a morass, and most of the fine lawns in front of the residences were trampled and destroyed, as were the flower beds. Trees were hacked, all plate-glass windows broken, and the Orpheum Theater was burned. Every automobile was taken, and most of the horses.

There were no killings of inhabitants for the first few days, though there were reports of outrages on women in the outskirts of the city and one well-known suburban woman was found dead in the street with her breasts hacked off. Compelled by force of arms, the Topeka defenders had surrendered their guns, and the men who fought, and survived, were imprisoned in the Santa Fe shops, where they were held for several days in close confinement, no one being allowed to leave the building for any purpose, and where they were scantily fed on dry bread and a very little water. These men were held in the shops for twenty-four hours before any food was handed to them.

Meantime, not all the guns belonging to Topeka men had been given up, and two men, by name Johnson and Brown, not soldiers incensed beyond control over the outrages in the city, had fired on a squad of German soldiers. They were caught, stripped, and killed by pinning their bodies to planks with bayonets. Then their hands and feet were hacked off, and the feet of Johnson clumsily tied to the stumps of Brown's legs, and Brown's feet thus disposed on the stumps of Johnson's legs.

The firing of Johnson and Brown on the German soldiers greatly incensed the German officers, and they covered the walls with a proclamation which read: "Atrocities have been committed by American sharpshooters. If anything happens to the German troops the whole population will be held responsible. Doors must be left open at night. Windows fronting the street must be lighted up. Inhabitants must be within doors between 8 P. M. and 7 A. M." Several of the leading clergymen, and other citizens—including David Mulvane, Charles Blood Smith and the editor of the State Journal—were added to the number of hostages. The Germans made a house-to-house search for arms, and each man who had a gun of any kind was killed.

"Now for an Idea Which Will Make War Impossible!"

Help Coming

ON THE evening of August twenty-fourth word came that an American army was advancing from the west. The Germans in Topeka became apprehensive. Orders were sent to Lawrence to the troops there to come to Topeka. They came, on commandeered trains, and arrived in Topeka after nightfall. Rumors that Americans were coming grew in definiteness. The Germans in Topeka were formed in the wide spaces round the state house, commanding all four approaches. The electric-light works was shut down, and the city was in darkness. The troops from Lawrence disembarked at the Santa Fe Station and proceeded toward the state house. Meantime the troops at the state house were visibly at great tension. Two rockets—the first green and the second red—went up; and immediately afterward the troops at the state house fired several volleys, which were returned from the direction of Kansas Avenue.

What happened was that the nervous troops in Topeka, fancying the incoming Germans from the Santa Fe Station were Americans, fired on their own comrades. There was a panic, a great deal of firing, and it was daylight before anything like order was restored. Meantime the Germans in occupation of the city assumed that they had been fired upon by residents of Topeka, and squads of men ransacked house after house and shot many citizens. Incendiarism began. The Germans broke into houses, spread benzine and petroleum, and set numerous places afire. Much of the business section was burned, as were the churches. The state house was saved, but the glass cases in the rotunda containing the battle flags the Kansas soldiers carried in the Civil War were broken open, the flags torn down, defiled, and burned in a bonfire on the lawn.

Citizens were burned to death in their houses. Others were shot when they ran into the street or while they were trying to extinguish the fires. Squads of German soldiers drove men, women and children to the park about the state house, beating them with the butts of rifles. The streets leading up to the state house were strewn with corpses. When the prisoners were at the state house the women and children were sent to the north side and the men to the south side of the building. German soldiers threatened the women continually, and beat them with their rifles. A leading banker was placed against the wall of a church that was next to his house and ordered to watch his house burning. He was compelled to hold his hands above his head for half an hour, then was bayoneted, and finally shot and killed. His son was killed at the same time. The Germans said a shot that had killed a German soldier had been fired from this man's house.

There was a general massacre. Six employees of the street-car company, trying to get to their homes, were shot in their backs and killed. Other citizens were taken, their hands tied behind their backs and turned loose to be shot as they tried to escape. A woman was cut in two with bayonets. Topekans, dragged through the streets to the state-house square, saw many of their friends dead in the streets. The Germans continually shouted "*Schweinehunde! Schweinehunde!*" as they killed and captured. A paralyzed man was burned to death when his house was fired. A bedridden man, aged eighty-five, was thrown into the street and died in a hospital next day. A policeman who tried to do something to save his own home was thrown into the fire and burned to death. Women were frightfully maltreated.

A Veritable Dance of Death

THE havoc continued until dawn. Then, as day broke, heavy German guns stationed at the state house swept the streets on all sides of that square, completing the destruction. At six o'clock Governor Capper, Mayor House, and several other of the hostages were marched about the city and forced to announce in various quarters that if any more shooting at German soldiers was done the horrors of the night before would be redoubled. There were approximately six hundred prisoners at the state-house square, the women and children herded apart from the men. Of these, one hundred were shot. The Germans shot three Catholic priests, claiming the priests had incited the populace to riot. Three Methodist ministers, an Episcopalian and a Baptist minister were also killed. The men were placed in rows, at the state-house square, and each fifth man taken out and killed. The men were arranged so each fifth man was a young man—that is, if the fifth man was a very old man, and the sixth man in the row younger, the sixth man was killed. Soldiers continually passed up and down the streets, shouting "*Man hat geschossen!*" and shooting indiscriminately at any persons who were in sight.

The prisoners had increased in number by the night of the twenty-sixth, until there were several thousand under guard. These were divided into squads and driven out into the surrounding country, many along Kansas Avenue and North Kansas Avenue, and compelled to dig graves for their dead neighbors. A large number were marched to the suburbs and told they must not return, under penalty of death. These were mostly women and children, and no food was provided for them. Women and children died. Each man identified as of the defending company in the city on the first arrival of the Germans was executed. On the morning of the twenty-seventh it was announced that Topeka was to be destroyed completely, and the people were ordered to assemble forthwith at the state-house square. Ten or twelve thousand men, women and children gathered there, terrorized and hastily clad. They were formed in companies of four or five hundred and beaten and urged by bayonet pricks to the open country outside the city. There the Germans left them under guard, with no food and no shelter.

The pillaging of the city was resumed. The banks and stores were ransacked. All churches were destroyed. Shooting of the citizens and violations of the women continued. On September first, after more than half of Topeka had been destroyed, and considerably more than one hundred citizens killed by the Germans, a proclamation was posted ordering the Topekans, who were existing as best they could on the flat country, to return to the city, help clean it up, bury the dead and resume business. Eleven hundred and twenty houses and buildings had been burned, including the buildings of Kansas Avenue, the Santa Fe offices, the Santa Fe shops, the library, the churches and the schools. The state house was not destroyed, but it took weeks to rid it of the filth in it.

Meantime the American Army was being reorganized and re-formed at bases at the west and north. Preparations were being made for an American advance—with troops gathered at Newton, Kansas, at Grand Island, Nebraska, and farther east at Lincoln and Omaha—to come east and south to attack the German invaders. The Americans were also preparing to advance from the south, using Oklahoma City as a base. News of this came to the Germans at headquarters in Kansas City, and the troops in Topeka and in Lawrence were ordered to retire to Kansas City, there to mass themselves with the base troops to hold that ground.

The troops in Lawrence destroyed the university buildings before they left, and razed Lawrence. The Topeka contingent left that section of the country to the Lawrence invaders, and retired by a longer route, going through North Topeka, Meriden, Valley Falls, Nortonville, Cummings and Atchison, and proceeding thence to Kansas City, via Fort Leavenworth, which had been abandoned by the Americans after the first invasion of the Germans.

The retirement of the Germans exceeded in horror their occupation of Topeka. They burned, pillaged and killed indiscriminately. They bayoneted an old woman in North Topeka, killed a young woman and cut off her breasts. They shot the mayor of Valley Falls as he was coming out of his home. They blew off the head of a woman who looked out of a window in her house. A woman was found dead with twelve bayonet wounds in her body between her shoulders and her waist. A boy was killed by a bayonet thrust through his mouth. A boy in Meriden was found kneeling in an attitude of supplication. Both his hands had been cut off. They hanged a boy with a rope to a hanging lamp in a house in Nortonville. A laborer in Cummings returned to his home after the Germans had passed. Most of the houses had been burned, but his was standing. He found in his house the dead bodies of his father, his mother, his brother and his sister. All of them had their feet cut off just above the ankles and their hands cut off at the wrists. In Atchison there was general looting and assault. Many citizens were killed. The Germans, fearing attack from the north, gathered two hundred citizens of Atchison, including many women, and forced them to go ahead of them as a screen to protect them from the assault they feared. In Atchison two little girls who were standing panic-stricken in front of a burning house were bayoneted and tossed from the bayonets into the flames. They stripped men and women, tied them up to fences and walls and bayoneted them, often mutilating them obscenely. Two naked girls were hanged to a tree near what was Fort Leavenworth. Every priest who was caught was killed, and many of them were tortured. The treatment of the women was unspeakably vile. Men who had been seized as hostages were bayoneted afterward. A child in Nortonville was nailed to a door by its hands and feet.

Typical German Atrocities

THE entire countryside was laid waste. Houses were burned indiscriminately, and without reason. There was no firing on the Germans as they passed through these places, for the inhabitants who had remained had been warned by the outrages at Topeka, where the Germans claimed their atrocities were based solely on the determination to punish the Topeka people for firing on them, which, after the initial defense, was not done except in isolated instances.

As the Germans passed the farm of Charles Gravely, near Cummings, a small scouting party of Americans fired upon them from the barns and then retired. The Germans came into the farm, and immediately killed Gravely and two boys. There were eleven women and children at this place, gathered from neighboring farms. These were shot down half an hour later. They were herded together in the barnyard and fired upon from all sides by the Germans. Mrs. Gravely was holding her youngest baby in her arms. The bullet broke the child's arm, mangled its face and then tore the mother's lip and destroyed one of her eyes. Another woman who was not killed was spattered with the brains of her fourteen-year-old son, whom she was holding by the hand. Five of these died. The eldest was eighteen, and the youngest two years and a half. Three were severely wounded. Only three on that farm were left without injury of some sort.

These are but isolated incidents of that march from Topeka to Kansas City, by way of Atchison. That city was pillaged and partly burned. After the Germans had reached Kansas City and encamped there and the remaining inhabitants took toll of the damage done during this march, and in Topeka, it was found that 2441 houses were burned, 2722 plundered, 251 civilians killed, including more than a hundred women and children, and 831 women and children taken along with the Germans, in most distressing circumstances, for use as hostages, screens and other vicious purposes.

While these things were happening in the West the Germans, in force, had accomplished a landing on the south shore of Long Island, in the neighborhood of Sagaponack. They established headquarters

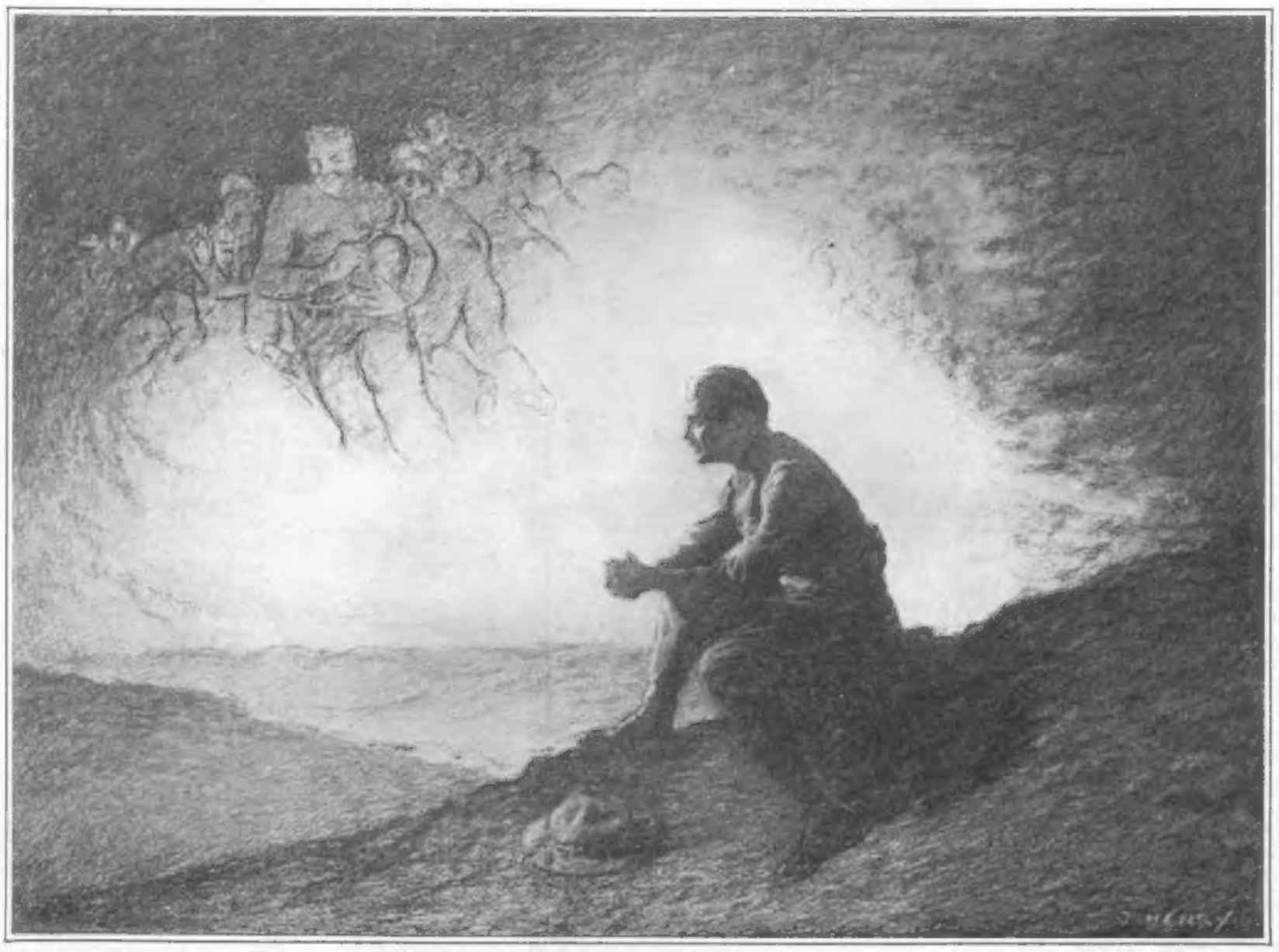
(Concluded on Page 35)

DRAWN BY JAMES E. MCNELL

SQUARE PEGGY

By Josephine Daskam Bacon

ILLUSTRATED BY J. HENRY



Scrub Knew Very Little About Girls. Ever Since His Fifteenth Birthday He Had Played Football, and Done Very Little Else

MARGARET SCHUYLER'S father read Balzac and collected etchings—or was it dry points? his friends often asked. Her mother had undergone seventeen surgical operations—five of them of the sort known as major—and her conversational tendencies may therefore be considered as having been sufficiently described, I think. She was a charmingly pretty person, her mother—in spite of the operations—and one of the five best-dressed women in New York. For two years she never touched meat in any form; for eighteen months she avoided starch; there was one summer when she gave up fruit acids entirely. You can see that she was thoroughly modern and well-informed.

But Margaret had inherited neither the paternal nor the maternal tendencies. Etchings—or were they dry points?—she loathed, having been surrounded by them from infancy on account of the less desirable specimens traveling upstairs, by way of the hallways, through the guest room, to the nursery. The very word "operation" caused her to wriggle nervously. At eighteen, in the midst of a crowded reception to a great Hungarian violinist—it was a musical year—she announced:

"When you've had everything but the kitchen stove taken out of you, why not let it go at that and shut up?"

Her mother turned perfectly white, and her father went abruptly out into the dining room and drank the first glass of neat Scotch he had ever taken in his life.

It was generally admitted that Margaret was an extraordinary sort of daughter for the Schuylers to have had, and everybody felt a great deal of sympathy for her parents, except, curiously enough, the bishop, who confirmed her in a white veil which was oddly becoming to her level-browed, boyish face.

"The child's a square Peggy in a round hole," he said, dining one night with her uncle and aunt, the Tuxedo Schuylers. "It's just as hard for her as it is for them, you must remember."

And I think, myself, that it was.

When she was seven she insisted on having her hair cut short like her Cousin Harding's, and cajoled her aunt into buying her a boy's sailor suit. She trained her nurse to answer a series of whistles, and communicated with the much-enduring woman entirely by that method. So that her father, one day, lifting a precious Whistler out of his cab, accompanied by a celebrated London critic, bumped into a distraught white-capped domestic standing on the steps of his correct sandy-brown house in the upper Forties, listening into space toward the mysterious piping blasts which had attracted a gathering crowd, who saw, as she did not, that the sounds proceeded from the roof where a small sailor boy gamboled.

"What is the meaning of this?" gasped Mr. Schuyler. "What are you doing here, Katy?"

"Sure, Mr. Schuyler, sir, it's Miss Peggy that do be whistlin' for a drink of wather, and not me nor the nurse nor yet Hodgkins himself can say just where she is, sir. He sent me out the area way to see was she in the cellar at all, sir."

The London critic told this story at every dinner table in New York, invariably ending with "And so, you see, in the States it is often easier to get an etching down from one's cab than a daughter down from the leads!"

At eight she rode her pony so furiously through the park that she was publicly expostulated with by a mounted policeman, greatly to the amusement of the groom and the shame of her riding master.

At ten she fought a little boy in the next block who stole her special wooden horse on the old park merry-go-round, and knocked out one of his teeth.

At twelve she hid a garter snake in her Uncle Harding's bed, and justified herself afterward by saying that Uncle Hard had told her to be kind to all dumb animals, and the snake was ill.

At fourteen she ran away to sea in a suit of her cousin's clothes, and actually got a place as cabin boy on her uncle's yacht, from his sailing master!

At sixteen—but then she was in school, and I think the poor ladies who directed that school would cringe and tremble even now if you should repeat in their presence the name of Peggy Schuyler! They were dreadfully funny, some of the diabolic things she did there, all the same. There was a conduct book, where you marked yourself every Sunday morning, and Peggy's mark was always G—E, which means good to excellent. When the teachers held up their hands she always explained that, compared to what she might have done, her own self-restraint positively amazed her!

Men found her amusing but impossible; boys liked to play tennis and hockey with her, but never treated her as anything but one of themselves; girls admired her deviltries, but always went back on her in the end, and never really confided in her. Their mothers detested her and thought she treated her mother scandalously. Fathers shook their heads, and said that no girl was the worse for being a bit of a tomboy in her time, but there were limits.

And that's the sort of girl that Peggy Schuyler was.

Of course she was foredoomed to drive a motor—and ten years ago, when she was fifteen, not so many girls drove them as is the case nowadays. She learned on her Uncle Harding's machine, which fact, unless he happens to read this story, will always remain unknown to him, and advisably, for he is a choleric man and paid a great deal for the car. Uncle Harding's chauffeur drove like a blue devil, and was named something that sounded like Sleezhe—I never knew how he spelled it in French. He is probably a captain by now.

Once she ran it up a bank, putting it into reverse, and her Cousin Harding saw it, passing in his own runabout, knew that Sleezhe would never do such a thing, stopped to investigate, was properly disgusted at the sight of his flushed and furious cousin at the wheel, and had to be bribed not to mention it. The way in which he was bribed was rather dreadful. Peggy knew where he had been the last night but one; and though there was nothing in the world discreditable about the place, which was the Tuxedo Golf Links, he wasn't supposed to be there at eleven o'clock—nor was the person who was with him supposed to be there, either. These family blackmailings are unfortunate but sometimes necessary.

Anyway, Peggy learned that car from the varnish on the mud guard to the center of the crank shaft, and though Harding was disgusted when he saw her lying under it in filthy overalls, sticking out an oily black paw into space and yelling for a small wrench, he would have been glad to know as much as she did about it and to have had her precious French license card. Also, his father and mother were very glad indeed when, on a certain fifteenth of July—Sleezhe having been taken from them abruptly in a small French village to report to his regiment—Peggy drove them to Bordeaux in a blinding foggy mist, with Uncle Harding tremblingly wiping off the glass in front for her with his best silk handkerchief.

This was all very well, and nobody was too angry when she exchanged the platinum diamond-set wrist watch they gave her for a leather-strapped one and a car of her own. Uncle Harding coughed and said if that was the sort of girl she was, why, that was the sort of girl she was—that was all. The present was intended to give her pleasure, and if a cheap little tin car pleased her more than a beautiful piece of jewelry, why, there you were. He would take the liberty of suggesting, however, that the idea of Miss Margaret Schuyler's exchanging jokes with the traffic policeman of her native city, at a Broadway crossing, was an unpleasant one to him.

"The darned old stiff," said Peggy pensively; "what's the matter with him, anyhow? I've known O'Reilly since I was a kid. I wish Uncle Hard had half his nerve!"

You see, she was a little startling.

As I say, they winked at the car; but when she ran away to France with it and an old governess, and drove it—and the governess—through the Second War Zone, inspecting hospitals for their linen supply, the family balked. They not only balked, they cabled, and in no uncertain tones, as the editorials say. So Peggy returned, sulky but safe, and "punched the time clock every night," as she grumbled to her confidant, the bishop.

"There's magnificent energy there, magnificent!" said this good and able man thoughtfully. "Only we must harness it to something. Now what shall it be?"

Uncle Harding muttered something about double harness and the resulting responsibilities, but Aunt Harding shook her head heavily.

"My dear," she said, "poor Louisa has been trying to marry that girl these five years. It can't be done."

"I believe you," quoth Cousin Harding with conviction. "If it was a question of Peggy or the trenches—why, many a brave man in this town would be doing a double-quick for France to-day!" You see what he thought.

They tried her with Work for Girls, as it is loosely described; but it didn't do, as Aunt Harding had known all along it wouldn't. Even if she had been able to elevate them, which many of the committee doubted, it was quite clear that she didn't care to. She talked slang to and with them; she didn't see whose business it was if they preferred dances and movies to classes and stereopticon lectures; she refused to urge them to contribute money they had earned toward expenses for which they were not primarily responsible.

The machinery of organization did not at all interest her; committees she referred to as gabble-gobbles. She was not at all in the movement, of course.

I hold no brief for her—none at all. I agree with her mother that a young woman morosely lashing a motor car a hundred miles a day over the country is not an uplifting or a useful or even a beautiful sight. I agree with her father that if a girl can't succeed in pleasing herself she might at least try to please her family. I agree with her aunt that if you play tennis well, you might be willing to fill in for doubles, even if the other guests bore you. I agree with her cousin that no fellow likes to be called a pin-headed dub just because he didn't happen to know that his spark plugs didn't fit, so that the valves were ground.

Peggy was selfish and she was careless and she was rude. Like all such people, she was unhappy. But like many such people, she was misunderstood. For instance, she was supposed to be violently opposed to authority, which was not true. She had never, simply, succeeded in finding the authority that suited her. Never, that is, but once. When she drove her car in France she was almost happy, because she liked what she was doing and did it well. She had no authority of her own, asked for none, and obeyed her orders perfectly and to everybody's satisfaction. As a matter of fact she had no gift for organization or commanding, and practically no constructive ability. She knew this. What pleased her was to be given a concrete thing to do—something that carried a smack of danger, for choice, and required a certain technical ability—and then to do it, to have the doing recognized, to smoke a cigarette with a few people who were doing the same kind of thing and could comprehend her slang, based on the thing, and then to start out and do another thing; and so on, and so on. She didn't look ahead; she didn't see things in the large; she had no philosophy of life.

In other words, she was an excellent private. She might rise from the ranks, but it wouldn't be very far. She had yet to find the army, however, for all her strong, young allegiance. And, I assure you, she is not the only square peg in her generation of round holes.

She stumbled into her great chance as most of us do—casually, apparently by total accident. And, like most of us, I grow more fatalistic with every decade, though, curiously enough, I work harder; probably you do too. And so I doubt if anything is a total accident—though, for the life of me, I can't see how it can be anything else!

Anyway, it seemed like an accident when a pretty lady with strange-colored hair and an emerald ring the size of a lima bean dropped into the only club of which Peggy would have been allowed to be a member, and complained, over her luncheon of orange juice, two raw eggs and a Swedish biscuit, that her chauffeur had a bad arm and she'd have to take a taxi in order to take the census.

Peggy looked her over with a grin.

"Where are you taking it to?" she inquired rudely; "the Ritz?"

"I think," said the lady reprovingly, "that every woman ought to do what she can to-day. Women are taking all the men's ——"

"You are wanted at the telephone, madam," said a footman softly, and the census taker sailed away, munching her brown biscuit absent-mindedly.

"Did Ethel say 'all the men's' or 'all the men'?" somebody asked, and as they were still laughing when she came back they had to tell her why, which, curiously enough, didn't displease her.

"No, but really, we're working awfully hard, and it seems too bad to have to take a taxi too," she insisted. "Heaven knows what he'll charge me!"

"Hock your ring," suggested Peggy briefly, and everybody laughed again. Like many rich women, Ethel wasn't addicted to spending her ready money very readily. Again like many rich women, she didn't like to hear people making fun of money; and Peggy, seeing that she was really shocked and a little cross, hastened to make amends.

"Oh, I'll run you up there," she said good-naturedly; "and if it doesn't take too long I'll tote you about to these different poll-things, whatever they are. The car's just outside."

"Will you really, Peggy? You're a nice thing," cried the pretty lady. "It's awfully interesting—maybe you'd help at one of the booths?"

"Nothing doing," quoth Peggy. "Father says the whole thing is rot, anyhow. But I'll be glad to run you up if you wish."

She ran her up there rather abstractedly, because there was a knock in the engine and she was trying, as she phrased it elegantly, to "dope it out."

Ethel, between squeaks of protest at her driving—which few chauffeurs, as a matter of fact, excelled—prattled on about women's services to

As Her Finger Stiffened at the Touch of His Arm the Report Banged Out Like a Pistol Shot on the Stage

their country and her own sleepless nights in America's service. She had even, it appeared, had her hair permanently waved in order to save the priceless hours devoted hitherto to the more frequent and less enduring process. This was very funny, but Peggy had no particular sense of humor and it is to be feared that it was lost on her.

"And I'm afraid it's going to ruin my hair—simply ruin it," moaned the pretty lady. "What do you really think about the permanent wave, Peggy—really, I mean?"

"If that sixth cylinder misses again I'll scrap the car and get another," grumbled Peggy. "For the love of Mike, who's that woman?"

A very slim, straight young lady sat up in the driver's seat of a big mud-colored limousine, dressed in a livery somewhere between a Boy Scout and a music-hall vivandière. She was buttoned and strapped above and putteed below and khaki everywhere. So preternaturally efficient and military was her expression that the layman felt a vague terror of an impending court-martial and hastily reviewed his past life with an eye to working alibis.

"What woman? Oh, that's one of the Motor Corps," her passenger answered carelessly. "Didn't you ever see one of them? We think they're rather silly—always saluting, you know, and that sort of thing."

"What's the idea?"

"Oh, they take people round, you know," said Ethel, "and then they—they bring them back, I suppose."

"I see," Peggy returned dryly. "It sounds dreadfully thrilling, somehow. What's all the uniform?"

"Why, it's their uniform," Ethel explained luminously. "They always wear it on duty. It's all right if you're thin enough; but if you have any hips a woman's a fool to do it, I think. There's something about a Norfolk jacket——"

Peggy waited, good-temperedly enough, in front of the real-estate office on the corner into which the census expert had bustled. She had dived under her hood and found the sixth cylinder intact, which allowed her to lay the blame on the spark plugs and consequently on the garage helper, who had insisted that they had needed no going over, in the teeth of her better judgment. As she turned in her seat she caught sight suddenly of the girl in uniform, pulling up behind her.

"Heavens above! It's Jane Riggs!" she muttered, and swung down to meet her.

"Hello, Janey!" she cried cheerily. "Tell me every little thing! Where'd you get the tiny limousine? What's it all about?"

Jane opened her lips to reply, but the smile faded suddenly from them.

"Beat it!" she murmured briefly, and raising her dog-skinned hand to her visored army cap, she saluted briskly.

A plump gentleman hopped into the car.

"Could you take me, please, to the nearest Subway station?" he asked, round the corner of the glass door. "I understand I can make the best time that way—I have to get to the Battery practically—and I won't trouble you any further."

Again the salute.

"Certainly, sir," said Miss Riggs; and as she pressed the starter: "I'll be back in half a jiff," she shot at Peggy.

"Who's your friend?" inquired Miss Schuyler, three minutes later, more impressed by all this than she cared to admit. "Been engaged to him long?"

"Oh, go on!" Jane answered amicably. "He's a dock commissioner or something. I had one of the French Mission this morning," she added with pride.

"What for?"

"Sealed orders," said Jane with relish. "How's that for little Janey? Pretty nice, what?"

"Humph!" Peggy grunted. "What's on your buttons? What do you think you are, anyhow?"

"I'm second lieutenant," said Jane placidly. "Aunt Jinnie gave me the car as long as I wanted. She's gone to France, you know—hospital at Neuilly."

"Wish I was there," Peggy said sulkily. "I—I'm getting dead sick of this. If we don't get into the war I—oh, it's too sickening!"

"We'll get in all right," said Jane, "and don't you forget it! Why don't you join the Corps, Peg? You own your car. And you know a lot more about it than most of us. It's the best job I ever did. You'd be lieutenant in no time. You wouldn't mind buying your own gas, would you? Couldn't you stick your father for it?"

"What's the idea?"

"Well, to-morrow, for instance, I'm on duty all day with the mayor's commission. Yesterday I was at the arsenal—— Will you look who's here?"

And she uncrossed her legs swiftly, returning the salute of a big broad-shouldered blonde in uniform who had suddenly put on her brake as a coal van lumbered across her bows, and quivered for an instant beside them. In her car, a wonderful ultramarine racing runabout, sat a beautiful English officer with an undoubted swagger stick.

"He's on the staff of the English Commission," said Jane enviously, "and perhaps she won't show off that car of hers. Oh, no, I think not!"

"Who is she?"

Peggy was a little awed by this time, for the officer himself had saluted, in the most dignified, matter-of-fact way in the world!

"Munger, her name is, or Underwood—I'm not sure. They're awfully rich people—on the West Side—somewhere. She's a dandy driver, all right," Jane admitted.

"Is she a lieutenant?"

"She is not," replied Miss Riggs briefly. "Didn't you notice her salute?"

"I don't know much about salutes," said Peggy. "Is that all you do?"

The lieutenant laughed shortly.

"You report at eight-thirty for the day, and find out!" she suggested. "I have to go, now—the old boy would have taken about this time probably. Come in to headquarters to-morrow, why don't you?"

And on the morrow Peggy looked in at headquarters, and on the day after that she became Private Schuyler of the Motor Corps of the Woman's League for National Service. And if her car had been the core of her heart before, it was the polished and manicured god of her existence from that day. She had found her niche, and it fitted her like her uniform, which is saying much.

Very soon a little metal bar grew on the shoulder of that uniform, and over her little desk at headquarters "Lieutenant Schuyler" was printed up, for all the world to see. A wonderful leather belt, like a harness, encircled her firm young waist, and tucked away under a special flap in the car lay a charmingly horrid little revolver, the right to which had been wheedled somehow or other out of the county sheriff. Mrs. Schuyler was the only person in the Eastern States ignorant of this revolver.

For a long time I could not find out exactly what Peggy did, because she was too cross with me to tell me, on account of my unfortunate remark, too widely quoted, on the subject.

When the bishop asked me confidentially just how the child was passing her time I replied unguardedly that, so far as I could discover, she spent her mornings in alternately saluting and cursing her captain, her afternoons in being inoculated against various diseases, and her evenings in studying for abstruse military examinations, administered, I judged, by the chief of staff.

"But doesn't she drive somebody somewhere?" the good man inquired, perplexed.

Whereat Peggy assures me that I answered flippantly: "Oh, bishop, what a mere detail!"

I suppose it was to punish me that she dragged me to a damp, smelly armory where she drilled for hours, to the accompaniment of a hoarse shout:

"To the rear—march!"

I rather grinned at that, and I utterly refused to learn international code and flap two square red flags at brain-racking angles for hours at a time; but the ceremony of her taking the oath of allegiance I found, somehow, rather touching, she was so straight and serious. Mrs. Schuyler wept at the inoculations. "Typhoid, I understand," the poor lady moaned; "but why should my daughter have paratyphoid? I never heard of it till the war. I believe it's only a disease of the soldiers, and quite unnecessary!"

I think the girl knew in a few weeks every bridge and arsenal and fire house and torn-up street and police headquarters in the city. She reported at eight-thirty every morning and was on duty till six at night. She drove jolly, fat officers in khaki and thin, worried civilians in business suits from Van Cortlandt Park to the Aquarium, from City Hall to White Plains. She drove guests of honor to parades and flag presentations, and carried patriotic speakers to high schools and Red Cross bazaars. For days she carried about in her pocketbook a postscript to an officer's letter of instructions which said:

"You will of course forget all this as soon as possible."

Briefly, I think that postscript was the crowning honor of her life.

It is certainly a fact that her uniform and her khaki-colored car—she had it repainted when she became lieutenant—carried her into places no civilian could have entered without all sorts of passes. O'Reilly's traffic salute was no longer confined to himself; the little winged emblem on her car meant something at the street crossings.

When Second Lieutenant Harding Schuyler came back from Plattsburg and made fun of the private in the 69th who saluted her with a grin at the door of the armory, First Lieutenant Margaret Schuyler took the wind out of his sails by remarking carelessly: "Of course in London they'd all have to salute me or go to jail. The English Motor Corps get their commissions from Downing Street."

"What?"

"Regular army, old dear."

"Well, of all the silly stunts! English women are certainly the limit," he muttered.

"They're pretty useful, nowadays," said Peggy. "They'll be asking us to transport troops next, at this rate. What do you say to moving a hundred and fifty old boys from Poughkeepsie to Tarrytown? The captain's nearly crazy."

"Oh, piffle!" said Harding, holding one hand over his ear and pressing his stomach with the other. "Look here, Peg, is this A or F?"

"It's D," she answered, "and you aren't supposed to fall over when you do it, you know."

"Cut it out!" he growled. "The army hasn't helped your manners much, anyway."

I'm afraid they were rather like brother and sister.

Now all this rude conversation has been reported faithfully to you for an excellent reason; though, not being a writer yourself presumably, you do not understand the reason. It is regrettable that our gilded youth of both sexes should converse in an argot so little worthy of their lineage, so little distinguishable from the give-and-take of the vaudeville team, but facts are facts, and some of them do so converse, and sometimes people of rather dull social perceptions fail to distinguish the gilt from the vaudeville. And that strange goddess, Fate, threw our Peggy violently against some one whose social perceptions were undoubtedly a little dull.

To Scrub Tyler, pacing his gloomy round on the Aqueduct guard, somewhere in Westchester County, one girl in uniform was the same as another. To begin with, Scrub knew very little about girls anyway. Ever since his fifteenth birthday he had played football, and done very little else. He weighed two hundred pounds, and his heavy, handsome face had got him into very bitter trouble once, when he was nineteen and as helpless as a puppy, in the little New England college town where he became nationally famous in the Sunday picture papers. They had won a big game from a big university and Scrub had won it for them. Everything in the town was his, and this included, unfortunately, a big blond young woman, the second from the left in the chorus of the Pony Pets, who helped them to celebrate their victory. Scrub, who had just broken training, forgot that too much mixed alcohol is not the greatest aid to clear thinking, and during a confused twelve hours signed his name to an incredible little sheet of scented note paper that cost his father seventy-five thousand dollars and his mother her dark hair. It also cost him his diploma and his respect for a sex he had never known anything about anyway.

They put him with a big lumber company in Canada, and erased him determinedly for five years, for they were a proud, narrow New England breed who had lived for four generations in a small city where nobody ever forgets.

At the beginning of the war Scrub came back, got over to France with the ambulances, and was just falling in with things, just wiping out the hard lines in his heavy young face, when he was transferred suddenly to a post whose practical head was the son of his college president.

"I was told to report here," Scrub began, then turned pale and swayed a little.

"You!" said the son. "You!"

Scrub turned on his heel, left the little shed with the chocolate advertisements posted all over it, stumbled through the dark to his car and drove back to Paris.

Afterward, when they sent for him, it was too late. The messenger had seen the label on the bottle in his hand, had been near enough to know that the girl on his knee dyed her hair to the flaming yellow that fell over her plump blond shoulders. "He disgraced his college back home once," said the president's son, behind his teeth; "now he must disgrace the service here. It's sickening."

Scrub had touched neither a girl nor a bottle for five years, but his college mates, who may not quite possibly have held that record, never knew.

He came back to New York this time, easily placed himself in a big wholesale lumber yard on the water front, grew a heavy mustache, and entered the National Guard as a private.

Nobody that he had ever seen crossed his path, and only once did he hear from the lips of an utter stranger a sentence that sent the blood to his big neck.

"Gad!" a voice came out of the office, "but that big fellow's got a back like Scrub Tyler. Ever see him play? Greatest back any team ever owned, that boy!"

And Fate, malignant old dame, sent Miss Munger—from somewhere on the West Side, you remember—up to the Arsenal one day when he was on duty there. She had been driving somebody attached to the French Commission, and from something I heard afterward about Miss Munger I judge that perhaps her mother had depended more upon motors than manners in her bringing up. Anyway, they were chatting rather lightly in French and undoubtedly exceeding the conversational speed limit of the Motor Corps, which I know from Peggy was very strictly regulated. It was, of course, all very new to the Frenchman, and he may have supposed that all American girls were like Miss Munger. Sometimes they do suppose this, as I am sure you know.

Scrub heard all this; saw the big blond girl smiling and dimpling; flew back on a scorching memory to his spoiled, ended boyhood, and laughed an ugly little laugh.

"All alike," he muttered. "Damn 'em!"

Now, if you know anything about psychology you will realize that when Private Tyler, hungry and cold, slopped up and down in the rain, somewhere in Westchester, and saw another young woman bowling along, broad-shouldered, with a wad of lightish hair under the khaki cap, his mind fell into a pretty well-worn groove.

"Oh! One of those!" he thought. "Got a date with a Frenchman, I suppose!"

As a matter of fact Peggy had had a hard day and was hurrying to a cup of tea with the bishop, which was always a treat, oddly enough, to both of them. She drew up in front of the big, dogged private and sent him a cheery hail.

"Hello, there! Can I get through over the Aqueduct cut-off?" she called.

"Not on your life, you can't," growled Scrub, "unless your flivver can climb a stone wall!"

"Surest thing you know, she can!" Peggy chuckled. "Stone walls is the best thing we do! What's the idea—cutting us off this way?"

"Ask Woodrow Wilson!" he snapped. "You can search me."

Peggy laughed loudly. She had seen a great many men in khaki, and had no idea that her jollying, as she would have described it, could ever be mistaken for anything more than the good-natured condescension it was.

That was her way.

He was an exceptionally well-built young animal, and his evident bad temper amused her; she felt a subtle sympathy with it. "I guess you want your supper, don't you?" she called, hunting for a match in one of the front pockets of the car.

"I guess you would, too, if you'd been here since breakfast!" he grumbled back.

"Good Lord!"

Peggy leaned down, pulled up a tin box, hurried out the two sandwiches it contained, and held them up.

"Want these?" she called above the throb of the motor. "Can you come and get 'em?"

"Watch me!" said the giant briefly, and stuffed one hungrily into his mouth.

"Why hasn't somebody relieved you?" she demanded, handing him the second.

"Ask me an easy one for a change," said Scrub with a slow grin.

"Want a cigarette?"

"Do I!"

She gave him a box and smiled as he sucked in the smoke. He utterly mistook her smile. Remember that to him, bitterly disillusioned before he was twenty, she was one-third a Pony Pet, one-third a tarnished blonde behind the French lines, and one-third a silly girl in a silly uniform.

"Got anything else for me?" he asked lazily, and leaned over the door.

"Anything else?" she repeated, staring.

"Sure!" he said good-naturedly. "You're a good sport, aren't ——" Suddenly he gave a quick glance round, flung open the door of the car and seemed to be trying to crowd himself into it; his head was in her lap.

A great hot wave of anger and humiliation poured over her, drowning the first shock of fear she had ever known. She doubled her fist and hit at his back, but even through her rage and disgust she was aware that she was most like a child, striking feebly at some thick door with soft, useless little hands. "Get away!" she cried.

(Concluded on Page 42)

The Whole of N Company Came Down From Dutchess County

THE CITY OF CHAOS

By ERNEST POOLE

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In Crisis After Crisis Kerensky Managed a Compromise, Formed a New Ministry, Struggled On

I SHALL never forget the Nevskii, the principal street of Petrograd, as it was in those hot summer days and through those long White Nights of the North, slowly deepening into a midnight dusk. A long wide thoroughfare, with a dirty wooden pavement; in the center was a double line of overhead trolleys, and on either hand moved dense processions of traffic—military automobiles; motor cycles; ambulance cars and enormous army trucks; endless lines of little open cabs and peasant carts, with huge wooden yokes over the necks of the horses; carts heavy-laden with bags of grain, the carcasses of sheep and hogs and many other food supplies. Groups of horsemen passed in the throng, Cossacks with their jaunty caps and curly hair. Occasionally a rich limousine passed; but this was a rare exception. Gone from the streets were the brilliancy and sparkle and pomp of former days.

With a harsh buzz of voices soldiers and civilians passed; some soldiers neat and orderly, and quick to salute the officers; others careless and slovenly, tramping along in dirty boots with an air of derisive indifference as the officers passed them by. Many of these officers had gaunt faces with grim eyes. Others, especially younger men in spruce dashing uniforms, smart capes and glittering decorations, came talking and laughing gayly, lending color and life to the street.

People from all over Russia were there—smart young cadets and students, Cossacks, Georgians, Tartars, gypsy women, sailors, Finnish peasants, and Little Russians from the Ukraine. Groups of wounded soldier boys passed, with Red Cross nurses, on their way to the movies. There were women beggars with babes in their arms; there were chattering girls and boys; there were lovers; there were groups of men who argued intensely as they walked; there were crowds of theatergoers, prostitutes and newsboys; there were endless Government employees in uniforms of many kinds. All Russia seemed to be surging by.

Russia's Great Peasant Class

THERE was little or no disorder. As though by some deep instinct those throngs of people kept the peace. The militia police of the Revolution were a meager-looking force, and one might have expected all kinds of crimes with violence. It was not so. There were immense stores of vodka here; but I saw no drunkenness, and you could not buy a drink. The price of firewood was high and mounting higher every week; but I saw huge piles of paving blocks left all night on lonely streets with no watchman guarding them, and there were no pilferers about. There was disorganization in the whole system of supplies. To get bread, sugar, cigarettes, shoes and other necessities, the people had to stand in long lines. I saw these lines on every hand. Many of them formed at night and stood there until the morning. I saw them standing in the rain. They were always quiet, orderly. With that tragic patience of the Slavs they kept the peace without law.

And yet there was ceaseless chaos, for behind these stoic faces and beneath these small events of life you could feel the town seething with ideas of war and revolution, change. You saw crowds in front of war bulletins reading of Russian disasters silently, with anxious eyes. One mother told me she had not heard from her son in over seven weeks, and since then his troops had mutinied. I felt the constant presence of numberless personal tragedies and of a nation in suspense.

War or peace, which should it be? The throngs would eddy here and there round some speaker on the curb and instantly grow all intent, listening absorbedly. Meetings, meetings, meetings—on the streets, in halls and theaters, and in stifling little rooms, where by the hour people discussed the problems of war and revolution—military, political, religious, economic. Delegations from all over Russia kept pouring into Petrograd, still the seat of government and the storm center of ideas.

And at times I felt heavy depression there, as though all the sins and weaknesses of the Russian past were weighing it down. Again, I felt the stimulus of tremendous hopes and visions. But these were turgid and confused; the human sea was turbulent. It has not cleared; nor will it clear till years have passed.

There was chaos in Petrograd and it was hard to analyze. One must learn about all Russia first. I left the city several times and went to Moscow, smaller towns and lonely little villages. And each time I would come back with a better understanding of these deep surging forces. It is of such vital urgency that we Americans should understand; for even though the Russian Army ceases to figure in this war, the kind of nation that rises from these hundred and eighty million people will deeply affect the next ten years in Europe and throughout the world. I can make no prophecies, for the situation keeps changing; it is changing while I write. I can only tell what I found in the summer—the principal elements of it all; the forces, problems, hopes and dreams, all interbound and interacting.

I shall take them one by one—in this article the Government, with the various parties and factions; in later articles the armies, the railroads, the industries, the food supplies, the reorganized church, the changing schools; and, last of all, the peasant. But in every article you will find the peasant cropping up, for I felt his presence everywhere. The peasant makes at least four-fifths of the whole Russian people. He is the great foundation on which the whole massive structure rests. And the peasant, till now inarticulate, is at last beginning to make himself heard.

German Spies All-Pervasive

IN PETROGRAD it was hard to say just where was the real Government. It had so many different parts, and many of these were outside the rambling government buildings. In order to understand them all one point must first be made clear—that the governing powers in Russia were striving to control and direct both a war and a revolution; and the needs of the two were directly opposed. From the one side the Revolution clamored for freedom from all discipline and from heavy taxes; freedom of speech and assembly; freedom for every faction to further its own favorite plan for the building of the new nation.

And meantime, from the other side, the war kept pressing, pressing in, demanding disciplined armies, Liberty Loans, and a united people—united by force if need be and through the suppression for a time of many new-found liberties. The war meant German armies without and a host of German spies within. I felt their presence everywhere: in the Government itself and within all groups and parties, giving secret encouragement to the Old Régime, and among the extreme revolutionist groups ceaselessly working to increase the chaos wherever they could and bring down the whole edifice with a crash.

In July they nearly succeeded. There was a Government crisis, for the non-socialist ministers were threatening to resign. The great mass of the socialists, who supported Kerensky, were against these resignations, for they well knew that a coalition ministry was the only way to keep the nation united; and they felt

PHOTO. FROM THE PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE, INC., NEW YORK CITY

The Principal Street of Petrograd, the Nevskii. Above, the Tauride Palace, Headquarters of the All-Russian Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies

that the time had come for the Revolution to cash in on what it had already won. They wanted a practical government. But the Bolsheviki and the Maximalists, together with bodies of strikers and mutinous soldiers, came out to show their power and force Kerensky to set up an all-socialist ministry that should bring the war to an early close, and drive on the Revolution to wholesale confiscation of the land and all property of the rich.

The Germans were prompt to seize the chance to turn this demonstration into bloody insurrection. I was on the Nevskii that first night when the machine guns opened fire. They fired, without any reason, down a street that was literally packed with men, women and children. No genuine revolutionist could have had any motive for such an act. It was plainly the work of German spies who wanted to start a panic. I was just in front of the first gun, and for the next ten seconds I grew so absorbed in my own career that I had no time to look round. Then, from a good safe doorway, I looked back upon the street and saw it black with people lying on their faces. Bullets were flying thick and fast and all up and down the street I heard the crash of shop windows as men dove through for safety. In a few minutes the shooting stopped; but again and again in the next few days there were similar scenes of panic.

Where, then, was the Russian Government? Kerensky had gone down to the Front. Several of his ministers were virtually prisoners; and others were scattered; their power was gone. The only thing that turned the tide was the fact that the mass of the people gave small support to the rioters. The Cossacks in Petrograd resolved to uphold the Government. Other loyal troops arrived from the Front. There was street fighting for a while and then came a season of wholesale arrests. I saw whole groups of Bolsheviki marched along between files of soldiers; and the people on the streets passed them with indifference. Law and order had returned, and with it came the Government, because the people wished it so.

Kerensky and His Rise to Power

AND at the somber magnificent funeral of the Cossacks who had been killed in repressing the riots, the great mass of the citizens came out to show on which side lay their sympathies. From the cathedral portico Kerensky made an oration honoring these Cossack dead. He spoke for the real revolution. He told how it could never be obtained while the German autocracy was left in full power in the South; and a storm of cheers swept over the square. And later, as that vast multitude moved slowly up the Nevskii, singing revolutionist songs, Kerensky walked bareheaded behind the last Cossack catafalque. And on that day the Government seemed embodied in this one man.

Who is Kerensky? Born in a Russian family of the petty nobility, his boyhood was spent in a large town down on the lower Volga. He became a lawyer. Deeply sympathetic with the cause of Russian freedom, during the years of wholesale arrests that followed the revolutionary attempt of 1905, at the risk of his own career he ably defended in court many revolutionists. He was an eloquent pleader; his name became known in radical circles; and by the outbreak of the war he was in the Russian Duma, representing the most moderate

PHOTO FROM THE PRESS ILLUSTRATING BUREAU, INC., NEW YORK

Prince Kropotkin, Who Fifty Years Ago Lost His Title and Fortune in Championing the People's Cause. Above, a Scene in the Caucasus

of the socialist parties. When the Revolution came, last spring, he was made Minister of Justice in the first administration. For months he had helped to organize in cities and towns throughout the land local councils of workmen and soldiers; and now, as in Petrograd, as the power of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies grew, and things came to an open clash between them and the more conservative forces, again and again he patched up a truce; and with his success his power increased till he became head of the Government.

"How long will Kerensky live?" was a question heard on every hand. A delicate man in his thirties, for some time he had suffered from a grave kidney trouble that made his life but a question of years or even months. High-strung, and with a deep passion for the Revolution he drove himself all summer, literally day and night, snatching a few hours' sleep here and there—in the Winter Palace at Petrograd, on a train or somewhere down at the Front. He had to resort to the constant use of morphine and other stimulants. Time and again in his speeches he fainted, was brought back to consciousness, and finished what he had to say. His endurance was phenomenal.

Many said he was not the man for the place; but there was no one else in sight. At a time of endless jealousies and suspicions on all sides, all factions and all parties knew Kerensky to be sincere, and that for the cause of a free Russia he was burning up his life. Moreover, he was the go-between. More than any other radical he was liked by the nonsocialists; and of all those in the Government he was the man to whom the soldiers and workmen were most ready to listen. Through crisis after crisis, when chaos seemed inevitable, Kerensky managed a compromise, formed a new ministry, struggled on.

Practical and Constructive Aims

BUT all summer his hold was precarious, his Government in a stormy sea. At no time could it have been called a government of the people; for from the Russian peasants, who make the mass of the nation, the Kerensky ministries gained very slight support. The peasants are shrewd and want to be shown. Before they support any government, it must show that it can give them land and supply them, besides, with the plows, the tools, the seeds, the shoes and clothing, which now they cannot buy in towns because the workmen will not work. No government can long endure unless it gets down to business and meets these fast-increasing demands by measures to bring back to life the railroads and the industries.

And so, perhaps unawares to himself, forced by Russia's urgent needs, as the load of responsibility increased upon his shoulders, steadily, instinctively, Kerensky drew away from the extreme revolutionists, and strove more and more to strengthen the liberal and practical and constructive elements within and without the Government. Little by little to form a *bloc* made of the more moderate socialist and labor groups, together with the most liberal of the so-called bourgeois, became Kerensky's purpose.

Kerensky Surrounded by His Loyal Staff

To the bourgeois parties—Cadets, Progressives, Octobrists—brief space need be given here. They have ceased to function as parties with one exception, the cadets.

Cadet is an abbreviation of constitutional democrat. For years they have been the great party of liberals throughout the land. Under the leadership of Miloukov, in the Duma they opposed all attempts of the Old Régime to fasten its despotic hold. In this they had little or no success. But meantime, in the zemstvos, or provincial governments, their members played a leading part in the work of liberal reform, which has gone on for over

Continued on Page 36

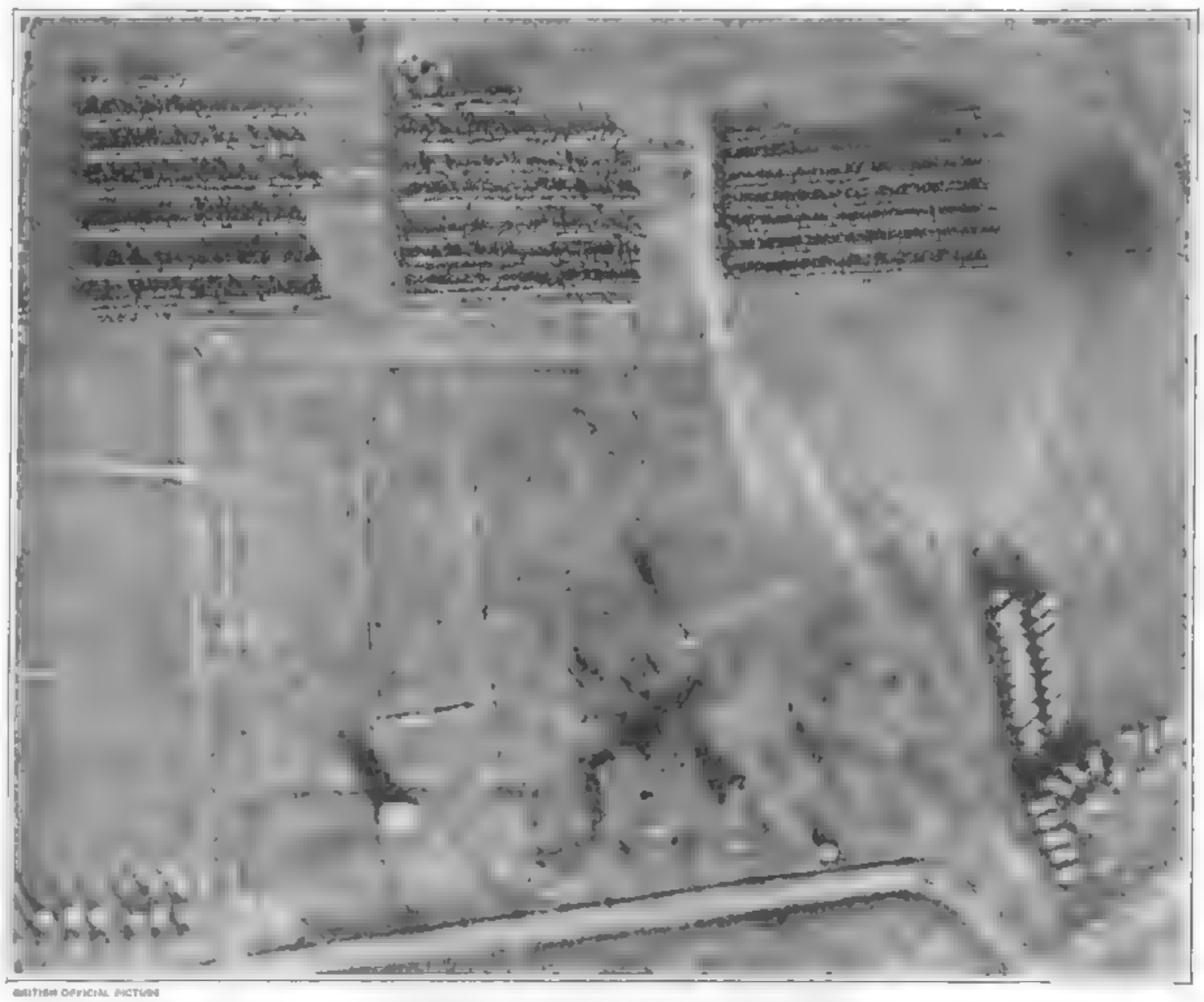
The Camera as a Deadly Weapon

By JULIAN STREET

WHEN we gaze upward at a steeple jack creeping out like a fly upon a slender flagpole projecting from the cornice of some towering building; when we see a structural-iron worker sailing skyward at the end of a steel thread or scampering squirrel-like along a ten-inch girder up in the dizzy reaches of the air, our mind is so filled with fear for the man's safety, so stupefied by his hardihood, that we are oblivious of the purpose of his work, the value of it, of everything but the thrill we get from looking on.

So it is when we hear of battles between birdmen dashing at each other with machine guns two or three miles above the European fighting lines. We are so carried away by the horribly fantastic notion of a duel amongst the clouds, so appalled by consideration of what defeat in such a contest means, that most of us have given little thought to the whys and wherefores of aerial combat.

For my part I fancied air battles as something in the nature of stupendous sporting events in which winged demigods contended, with the vast spaces above No Man's Land as their arena and two applauding armies as their audience. I imagined the famous fighting pilot—the "Ace," as the French call him—as a roving warrior of the skies seeking mortal combat where he could find it and fighting solely for the glory and the joy of it; and it was my somewhat naïve idea that when the enemy flyer dashed to his death the aims of the victor and the military purpose of the contest were, to quote the French again, "made accomplished."



BRITISH OFFICIAL PICTURE

A British Regiment Drawn Up for Review on the Evening Before an Attack. This Photograph Was Taken From a Height of Eight Thousand Feet. It May be Noticed That the Battalion to the Right Has Been Ordered to Attention. The Men are Standing in Even Lines. The Other Two Battalions are Still Standing At Rest. The Small Dots, Casting Long Shadows on the Field Before the Regiment, are Officers on Their Way to Review the Troops. The Rows of Round Objects at the Lower Margin are Tents. On the Field, Near the Road, at the Lower Margin Stands a Limousine. Officers' Cars Also Stand at the Side of the Road in the Lower Right-Hand Corner of the Picture. The White Objects Above Them are Motor Trucks

Like everyone else who attempts to keep up with the war I had, to be sure, the general idea that control of the air is highly desirable; but I had given little thought to the question of why it is so desirable, and certainly I had not definitely focused on the fact that control of the air means, in fact, control of the ground.

That is a broad way of putting it. It is the way a staff officer, with the thousand threads of battle in his hands, might express it. But then, one does not go to staff officers for details. Indeed, if one is experienced one does not go to them for anything—especially if one be a writer. For it is one characteristic of staff officers in our Army, in the British Army and, I believe, in all other armies, that they disapprove of the press. But whereas politicians of the Claude Kitchin type, who also dislike the press, are openly hostile to it and desire, apparently, to tax it out of existence, the diplomatist of the staff meets journalists with suavity.

Sky-Riders' Specialties

HE CONSIDERS them a necessary evil. Instead of having them thrown out he talks to them, telling them nothing, but telling it so handsomely that the journalists do not realize that it is nothing—not, at least, until they go away and get their reason back. One may print any information imparted by a staff officer with the comfortable certainty that it will be of no value to the Germans, and with the uncomfortable certainty that it will be of no interest to the Americans. Thus it happens that when you have talked with an officer of the British General Staff and an officer of the American General Staff you begin to suspect that the General Staff of every army is so called because it is composed of men who generalize.

For specific information it is best to go to men whose experience of war, though narrower, has been more acute. Ask a young artillery officer who has seen service at the Front about the use of the airplane in war and probably he will not so much as mention the exploits of the fighting pilot, but will dwell entirely upon the birdman's service in directing fire. Ask the infantry officer who has gone over the top and he will picture the airplane as a guardian angel flying above advancing troops, communicating their requirements to the batteries at the rear, notifying the artillerists when a barrage is needed or when it ceases to be needed, informing the troops themselves of their position on the map, and warning them of concealed gun positions and machine-gun emplacements.

Or again, go to the propagandist. He may enlarge upon the value of the airplane as a means for dropping paper bombs upon the Germans—"tracts" printed in German, which are loosed by the thousand from airplanes, over German barracks, so that Fritz may get the latest news from outside—the news his government endeavors to keep from him. Thus he learned why the United States finally entered the war; thus he received the text of the President's reply to the Pope's peace proposal; thus he hears when some new nation ranges itself beside the Allies or when a great war loan is heavily oversubscribed on this side of the Atlantic.

Dreaded Newsboys

HIS own newspapers speak contemptuously of American participation in the war, but his aerial newsboy's papers inform him of our gigantic effort to do our proper part. Though the possession of one of these tracts is an offense for which a German soldier may be punished, the Allied aviators who drop them tell us that the men rush out in crowds to catch the leaflets as they flutter earthward.

In marked contrast to the attitude of the men, however, is that of their officers. The newsboy plane is subjected to the severest kind of shelling from anti-aircraft guns, indicating that the German authorities fear pamphlets hardly less than they fear powder.

In August, 1916, a French aviator set out to drop tracts upon Berlin, intending to fly on, after having done so, and alight within the Russian lines. He succeeded in delivering his papers, but when he had reached a point fifty miles short of the Russian border, after having been seventeen hours in the air, engine trouble developed and he was forced to alight. The venturesome birdman is now held captive in a German birdcage.

A flyer who has been engaged principally in bombing of the more deadly kind will tell you that control of the air means that you can freely bomb the enemy. Another, who has been engaged in defensive fighting, says that it means that you can keep the enemy from bombing you—from destroying your ammunition dumps, gun positions and other military works, and from murdering your nurses and doctors and the wounded in your hospitals—as German raiders have lately been deliberately doing in night attacks back of the British and French Fronts.

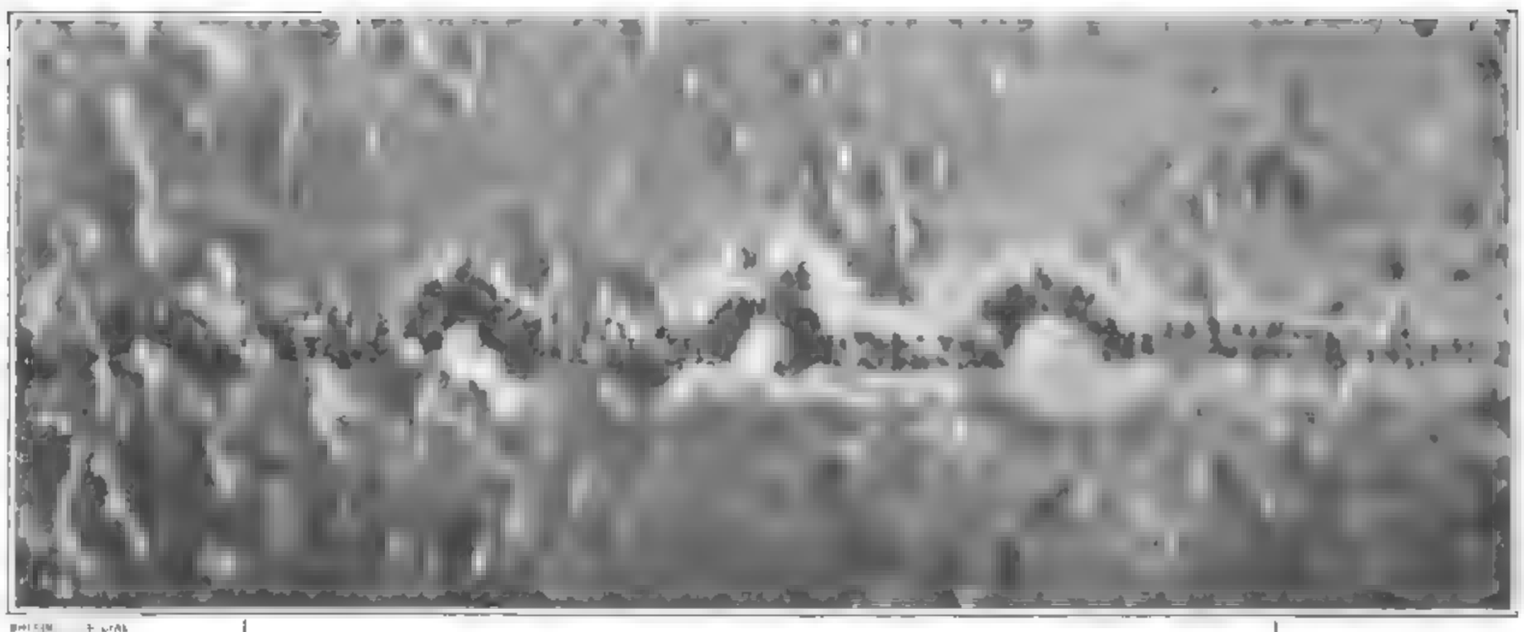
This informant, if he be a British birdman, is likely to have something to say, also, of German raids on London. He will tell you that, estimating horror and destruction as we are forced to estimate them in these times, the raids have not had very terrible results. He will point out that

Sergeant Major Haslett, of the Royal Flying Corps, Demonstrating One Type of Air Camera Used by the British. This Camera is Strapped to a Frame Attached to the Body of the Two-Seated Biplane

London, like almost all other cities, has more open area—streets, squares, parks, and so on—than area that is built upon; and that consequently a bomb dropped upon London is, according to the law of chance, more likely to strike the ground than to strike a building. You may be surprised to learn, moreover, that the important buildings of London have gone practically unscathed and that for some time past the German raiders have concentrated their attention upon the poorer districts. Their object in this is twofold: First, to horrify the British masses, in the hope of making them sympathetic to peace proposals of any kind whatsoever; and, second, to stimulate a demand on the part of the British public for air reprisals upon German cities. Probably no form of British aërial activity would be more acceptable to the German authorities than an effort to bomb Berlin; for the German authorities understand perfectly that such an effort would constitute doubly bad strategy for the British. In the first place it would remove a number of planes from the Front, where they are most needed; and in the second it would divert those planes to a service attended by the greatest hazards.

As to Air Reprisals

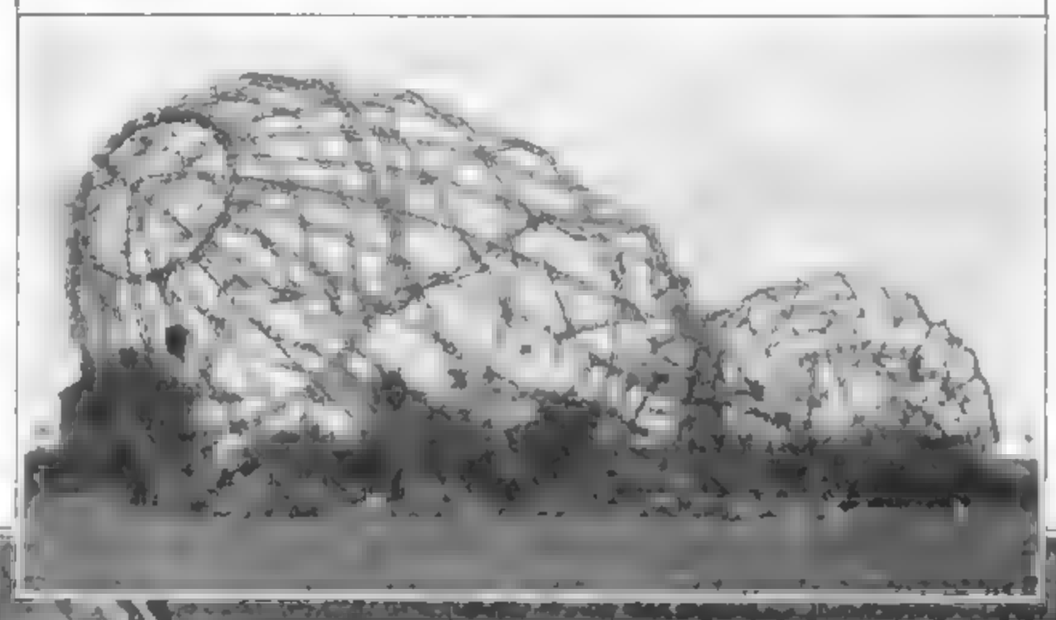
THE point is that for purely geographical reasons German planes are much safer in raiding London than Allied planes would be in raiding Berlin or even Cologne. The German flying over the water to England is in little danger of attack until he gets above the English Coast. From the coast to London is a matter of but a few minutes' flight, and the comparatively brief distance over British territory is the raider's one danger zone. British raiders attempting to penetrate to a German city do not enjoy the protection of reaches of comparatively empty sea, but are obliged to fly all the way over hostile country and are subject to continual bombardment from anti-aircraft guns. Furthermore, while they are flying into Germany the enemy has time to assemble strong aërial fighting forces to intercept their return. In attempting to bomb Berlin the British would be at a greater disadvantage, owing to the distance of Berlin from the Front, than the Germans would face in attempting a similar attack upon Paris. And, as everyone must know, the Germans long ago ceased to bomb Paris, purely because the effort proved too costly. The bombing of cities in the interior of Germany is, therefore, something not to be extensively attempted until the Allies, instead of having merely a slight aërial preponderance, have such a vast preponderance that they can afford to take long chances. And that time will hardly come until the great fleet of American planes, which has been promised, reaches the Front some day.

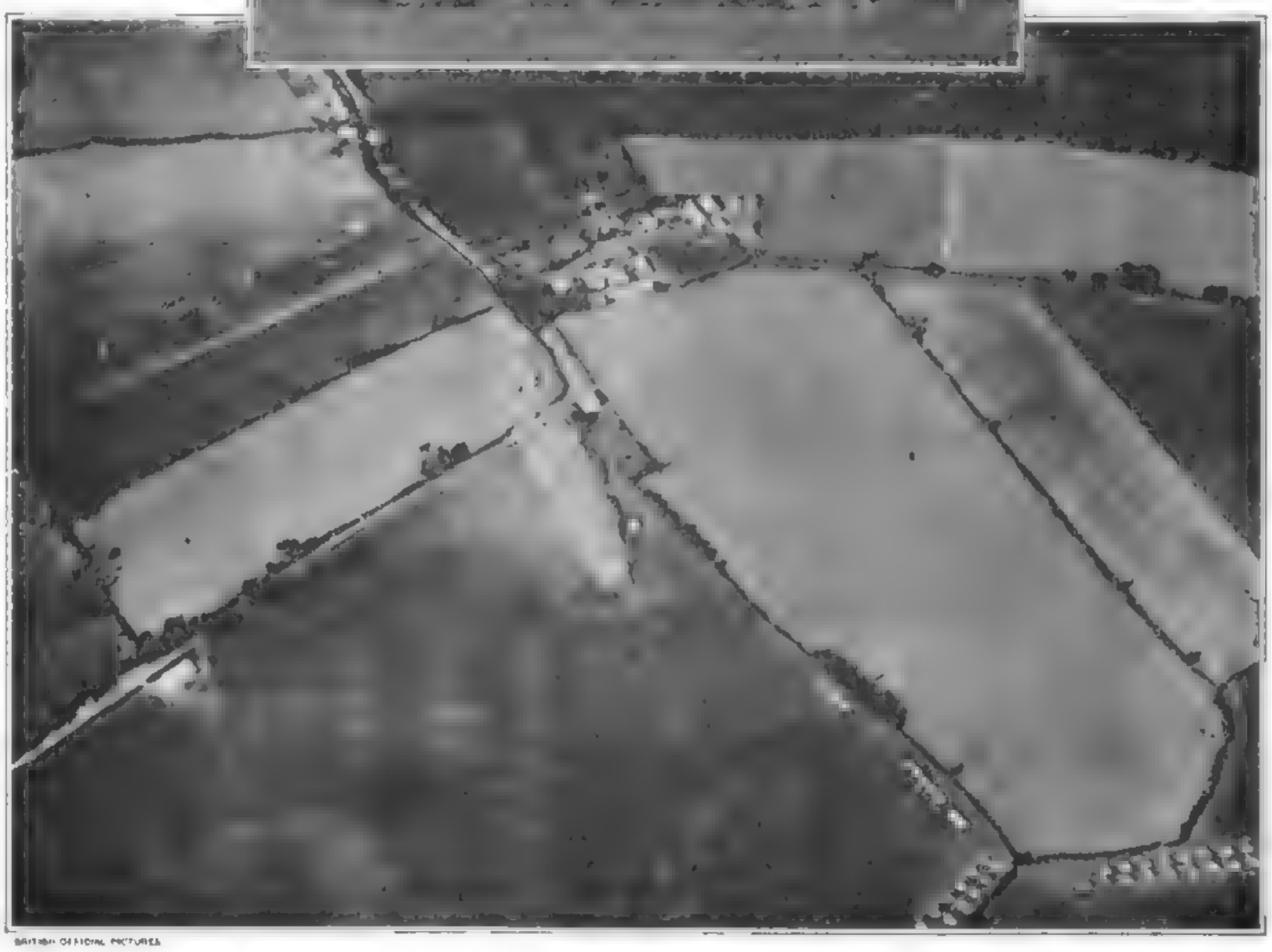


A Section of German Communicating Trench Crowded With Soldiers. This Photograph Was Taken Through Heavy Mist. It Revealed That Men Were Being Hurried Up to the Front-Line Trenches. Within Eighteen Minutes of the Time the Shutter Was Snapped the Aviator Had Landed, the Prints Had Been Made and Given to the Intelligence Officer, and British Artillery Had Begun to Drop Shells on the Trench, Which Was Soon Obliterated

The Frame of a Zeppelin Brought Down in Flames at Night in England. Men are Working on the Ground Inside the Frame. The Crew of Twenty-Seven Men Escaped Death and Went to the Little Farmhouse Seen Behind the End of the Frame. The Stalwart British Farmer Residing There Got Down His Shotgun and Ordered Them Off the Place. They Then Took the Road Leading Upward, to the Left, and Presently Met a Policeman Who Single Handed Took Them Into Custody

The Same Wrecked Zeppelin Taken From a Height of 5000 Feet. Compare This With the Ground Photograph and Locate the White Farmhouse Shown in the Ground Photograph. It Now Appears to the Right of the Ruined Zeppelin. Even Rows of White Spots Near the Lower Margin of This Picture are Tents. Along the Road Above the Zeppelin Frame are Farm Buildings and Haystacks





BRITISH OFFICIAL PICTURES

Of the birdmen with whom I have talked the one who seemed to me to have the clearest and most practical views regarding the primary advantage to be derived from control of the air was a British officer who went to France in 1914 and after serving for a time in the field joined the flying corps, becoming an observer.

This officer is familiar with the conditions of battle on the ground and in the air, and it is his deep conviction that the most important service of the airplane is as a vehicle for making military observations.

This, far from being a new theory, was the accepted idea of the French and British in the beginning, and my inquiries lead me to believe that it is the view still held by the ablest military men. For, whereas the aerial bomber may destroy important military works and the flyer who acts as guardian angel to infantry may save a regiment, the observer may save his own army from catastrophe or may be the instrument for visiting catastrophe upon the enemy.

A Typical Instance

FOR example, last July the French commenced a great offensive in Flanders. After eight days' bombardment the attack was made, and was successful. Then it began to rain. The rain lasted for three days and the initial success could not be followed up. It was impossible to move up the heavy artillery because of the mud, and the thickness of the weather made the airplanes useless. The army merely waited in a state of blindness. The fourth day broke clear. With the dawn French flyers took the air. Back of the German Front they saw many troop trains unloading men, and roads jammed with advancing transport. The bad weather had given the enemy time to gather reënforcements.

When the birdmen came back with this intelligence the further prosecution of the Flanders attack was abandoned. The reserve troops massed back of the French lines were put into trains and rushed, instead, to Verdun, where they attacked and were victorious. This series of events demonstrates twice over the value of aërial observation. The rain, preventing observations, also prevented the pressing of the French attack in Flanders; and the observations made by the French at dawn upon the first clear day, before the Germans were able to accomplish an aerial reconnaissance, made possible the transfer of troops to Verdun and the succeeding triumph at that point.

The facts that the Germans at first believed so profoundly in their Zeppelins, and that their Zeppelins failed, have been a source of great advantage to the Allies. The Germans, upon the other hand, had

(Continued on Page 22)

Good Will and Almond Shells

By Kenneth L. Roberts

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

CHARLES WILKINS, alias Silk Wilkins, alias Remington Rountree, stood at the entrance to the grillroom of the Hotel Lorraine in the attitude of one who awaits an overdue friend.

The greater part of his glances were directed out over the heads of the in-pouring holiday diners, with their pink cheeks and sparkling eyes, and their sweet, clean odor of December frost. Occasionally he turned toward the grillroom and swept the rapidly filling tables with a casual impatient glance.

Silk Wilkins was a confidence man who obtained his results through finesse and diplomacy; and, like many diplomats, the thing in which he appeared to be least interested was actually the thing which held the most interest for him.

The truth of the matter was that his numerous glances away from the grillroom were what is known in refined underworld circles as a stall. His heart lay in the little casual glances with which he swept the grillroom.

Silk was no ordinary confidence man. He liked to think that his calling was an art and that he was a great artist. Why not? He was a creator. He created confidence. . . . He had recently given some thought to the relation between Christmas and the human equation; and the thought had crystallized something as follows:

"Every man has had a great sorrow. Shortly before Christmas every year his sorrow comes to the surface and softens his usually rugged fibers. Catch a man at this time, discover his secret sorrow and play upon it in the proper manner, and he will place his entire bank account at your disposal without a struggle."

To-night he had ventured forth to put his theory to the test; and to that end his casual glances swept the grillroom for a man who possessed an especially large bank account, and who looked as though he might have had an especially great sorrow. Silk wasn't one to do things by halves.

Only one table in the grillroom lacked occupants. Until every table was occupied Silk was helpless. Out of the corner of his casual impatient eye he watched a laughing girl and her proud escort approach it. He saw obsequious waiters draw out their chairs. The stage was set. He smiled at the head waiter. He had a smile that few could resist.

"Yes, sir," said the head waiter, with an answering smile.

"At the small table just beyond the third pillar from the end of the room," said Silk affably. "Do you happen to know—isn't that Mr. —— er—Mr. ——"

"Mr. Gray," smiled the head waiter. "Yes, sir; Mr. Gray."

"I was sure of it!" exclaimed Silk. "Of course—Mr. Gray. Mr. Malcolm Gray—no, Edward —— Confound it! What is his first name?"

"Mr. Lawrence Gray, sir. He has stayed at the hotel for three years now, sir. Big real-estate operator, you know."

"Certainly; I know," declared Silk with a weary, condescending smile, as if to intimate that the head waiter had made rather a fool of himself in supplying information with which he was so well acquainted. "Frightfully crowded here, isn't it? I'll share Gray's table with him. You needn't bother. Thanks so much!" And with a wave of his hand and another of his irresistible smiles, Silk began to worm his way between the tables.

In selecting Lawrence Gray as the possessor of a secret sorrow Silk Wilkins had chosen wisely, if externals counted for anything. Romance and the fragrance of great adventure hovered about him. His close-cropped hair, with the distinguished touches of gray at the temples, his sad brown eyes and his lean, broad-shouldered figure made him one of those uncommon persons who cause women to remember their forgotten loves, and fill strong men with determination to reduce their waist measure.

Silk stooped over Gray's table with a gentle, deprecatory smile. It was one of his greatest assets. People who saw it immediately wondered where they had met him.

"Good evening, Mr. Gray," said Silk. "My name is Rountree. I met you at the real-estate dinner some time ago. You probably don't remember me—you were meeting so many people ——"

"Oh, I Couldn't! I Couldn't!" Protested the Girl. "When He Questioned Me, What Could I Say?"

"Oh, perfectly!" declared Gray. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Rountree?"

Internally Silk smiled widely. He knew his work was good.

"That's very kind of you, Mr. Gray," said he. "The room is so crowded I thought you wouldn't mind if I should have my dinner at your table."

"My dear chap," said Gray, "I am delighted! Nobody should permit himself to dine alone before Christmas, anyway. It is a proceeding that floods the soul with sadness."

"Isn't it!" agreed Silk. "Speaking of flooding, won't you let me do the honors? Shall we say a cocktail?"

"No, no!" protested Gray. "Let me, I beg of you."

"Really, I insist!" said Silk firmly. "Consider it as a Christmas gift."

Gray bowed his head gracefully in token of defeat. The testing of Silk's theory was well under way.

Three-quarters of an hour later the romantic-looking Mr. Gray and the affable Mr. Rountree had become the best of friends. Their conversation had passed from the polite to the gay, from the gay to the serious, and from the serious to the introspective—led always by Silk's industrious tongue.

"It's silly of me, I suppose," observed Silk as he watched Gray's long, nervous fingers deftly cracking almond after almond from a plate the waiter had brought him, without being instructed to do so, "but the approach of Christmas and the sight of a Christmas crowd always recall the unhappy moments of my life instead of the happy ones. Why should it be so, I wonder?"

Gray cracked an almond carefully.

"It might easily be explained," said he, "by the attraction that opposites have for each other."

"I suppose so," murmured Silk sadly; "I suppose so! At any rate, it's such a night as this that brings back to me the memory of my lost sweetheart. Two days before we were to be married the train in which she was traveling was wrecked, and she ——"

He bowed his head so that the smoke from his cigar rose for a moment into his open eyes. When he raised his head his eyes were filled with genuine tears. Gray shook his head compassionately.

"What a terrible thing!" he exclaimed. "And how sad it is to think that a vast majority of men—and women, too—conceal beneath placid exteriors experiences as terrible as yours."

"I have often thought that," said Silk. "Yet I find it hard to visualize another man's experience unless he tells me of it himself. When he does my awakened sorrow becomes less acute. Now you, for example ——"

"When you put the matter to me in such a way, Mr. Rountree," said Gray after a slight pause, "you compel me to provide means of assuaging your grief. This is not a story I ever expected to tell; but I feel that I cannot withhold it from you, in view of the Christmas season—the season of generous giving."

Very slowly Gray cracked and devoured two almonds, and so missed the gleam of triumph that illumined the eyes of his dinner companion.

"Fifteen years ago," said Gray, "I was poor in the world's goods, but wealthy in my home life. With my young wife and my three-year-old daughter I was living in a small town on the banks of the Mississippi River. I loved my wife dearly; and as for my baby girl, I idolized her. My life was a paradise on earth. Then, one spring afternoon, the river began to rise. Before dawn the next day I saw our little home disintegrate before the rush of the flood. We had been taken by surprise and were unable to flee. In the darkness we were separated. My wife and baby were swept down the river and out of my sight. My efforts to reach them were unavailing. I searched for weeks, but without results. How I escaped madness I have never been able to understand. When I had been foiled in every attempt to find them I came to New York and plunged into work with reckless abandon. I was successful from the start; but my grief has robbed success of all its joys. That, Mr. Rountree, is my story."

Frightful!" exclaimed Silk. "Frightful! "Yet it may be that they were saved. Of course you advertised?"

"I have done everything," said Gray. "Of course I hope against hope that some day I may find them; but I realize that the chances are small."

"Frightful!" murmured Silk again. "Ah—what did you say your little daughter's name was?"

Gray was seized with a fit of coughing, caused, no doubt, by a bit of almond.

"Her name," said he when he had recovered, "was Zelda."

"Zelda! What a pity! What a pity!" whispered Silk sadly, and contemplated the ceiling mournfully.

When melancholy had brooded over the table for a sufficient length of time he addressed himself earnestly to Gray.

"This has been a great pleasure for me," he said. "I shall be at liberty to-morrow evening and shall consider myself fortunate indeed if you consent to dine with me."

"With the greatest pleasure," said Gray. "Shall we dine here? I make my home at this hotel; and I am extremely fond of the brand of almonds they serve, as you have doubtless observed."

But it probably wasn't the prospect of the almonds that caused Silk Wilkins to smile so contentedly as he left the Hotel Lorraine, and to murmur the words "Pretty soft!" to himself with such frequency.

II

THE exhilaration of the Holidays coursed through Silk's veins as he nestled his chin into the welcome warmth of the fur collar of his overcoat and swung out into the tumultuous stream of life that surged along the city's greatest artery.

"After all," he ruminated, "the greatest joy that Christmas brings is the joy of giving—the joy of doing good!"

His bosom swelled and his body felt as light as air in the knowledge that his venture would give unutterable pleasure to three persons—to himself, to Lawrence Gray, and to a deserving young woman, as yet unknown.

"It's great! It's great!" sang Silk's heart within him. "What a game! To do good to three people, and harm to nobody! Was there ever such an artist as myself?" His heart fairly choked him, so delighted was he at the thought of doing Lawrence Gray—and doing him good at the same time.

Dodging bundle-laden pedestrians and escaping ravening taxicabs by hair's-breadths, he pondered and planned as serenely as though he were the sole tenant of a lodge in some vast wilderness: in fact, he probably pondered with greater serenity; for to him the crash of traffic was far more soothing than the ocean's roar, and the merry lilt of automobile horns infinitely sweeter than the song sparrow's sweetest madrigal.

The details of his scheme dovetailed so neatly that he found himself comparing them to the incidents in various

moving pictures he had seen. The moving pictures suffered by the comparison. For a moment he contemplated entering the scenario-writing field and shaming the leading scenario writers. Then he realized that the work would be too confining. Only one aspect of the plot baffled him: He was unable to decide on a heroine. He considered Victorine Rimbeck. Victorine could easily pass for an eighteen-year-old; but her home training had not been of the best, and she was more than likely to swear violently in a hoarse, penetrating voice whenever things went wrong. This was something of a handicap for Victorine.

He considered Maizie DeVere, whose real name was either Hatty Brickley or Hatty Buckley. Hatty, also, measured up to the age requirements; but her brain was the sort of brain that seemed unable to learn from observation that "I saw him" was preferable to "I seen him." He had grave doubts regarding Maizie's ability to get by.

He considered Blanche Berenson, until he remembered that if Blanche were deprived of her cigarettes for more than seventy-five minutes at a stretch her nerves became jumpy and led her into such indiscretions as throwing bric-à-brac at dear friends or at casual acquaintances. This little idiosyncrasy, he clearly saw, might easily create an embarrassing situation.

All in all, his friends among the gentler sex would never lead anyone to think they were innocent young things, even though their virtues may have been many. He sighed and shrugged his shoulders, oblivious of the passionate curses of an indignant motorman whose car had missed the shrug by a scant three inches.

"Plenty of time to find the woman," he thought. "I'll dig one up somewhere—after I've got everything else settled. The supply isn't exhausted yet, thank goodness!" Breathing deep of the city's holiday fragrance—blended odors of gasoline, rice powder and asphalt—he turned down a side street, wheeled into the Avenue, and made for the imposing steps of the Library.

His business there occupied him less than half an hour, though he called for eleven reference books on almonds and almond culture—a fact which convinced the keen-eyed desk attendant that Silk was a nut.

His next stop was at a glorified drug store, where he purchased a fifty-cent box of almonds, festively decked out with red ribbon and a libelous portrait of Santa Claus in five colors, each of which appeared to overlap the other in an astounding and almost miraculous manner.

Thus burdened, he continued onward to a dim street in the upper fifties, where his boarding house reared its battered brownstone head among its ancient and seedy relatives. An aura of dankness and disillusion surrounded these dingy structures. As Silk entered the aura and mounted the steps, his fur coat lost its appearance of richness; the jauntiness vanished from his carriage; his air of assurance was transformed to furtiveness. The rattle of his key had a sinister sound. So much for the aura of decay, and its effect on those who enter its sphere of influence.

In the hall the light burned dimly through a slight haze caused by a recent cabbage boiling. Silk wrinkled his nose in disgust and silently sped up three flights of stairs to the top floor. He always lodged on the top floor. The fact that it was hot in summer and cold in winter was offset by its proximity to the trapdoor leading to the roof—a valuable asset to one of Silk's profession.

He paused outside the door of his room and sniffed suspiciously. There was a heavy odor in the air that irritated him. He shook his head in perplexity. Well, it was no business of his, anyway. His key turned noiselessly in the lock and he entered his room without a sound.

Five minutes later, with his coat and vest replaced by a monastic dressing gown, and with his feet tucked into shapeless felt slippers, he sat at a large table splitting almond shells with a thin-edged tool he had taken from a neat satchel fitted with shiny instruments of various sizes and shapes. At length he found an almond that suited him. Removing the kernel he placed the two half shells carefully on the edge of the table. Motionless, he frowned at them for a moment. Then he wandered slowly and silently to the door, opened it, and stood in the hallway.

The heavy odor that had disturbed him had grown perceptibly heavier. He moved uncertainly toward the door of the adjoining room and listened intently. Hearing nothing, he returned to his own room.

The neat satchel yielded an assortment of pen points. He selected a soft stub, moistened it on his tongue to make it hold the ink, fitted it into a penholder and squared himself before the table. Three times he dipped the pen and three times the ink dried on it. He dropped the penholder on the table and strode to the window. On the opposite pavement stood a rubicund Santa Claus in a red-flannel suit and cotton whiskers, holding a sign. The only thing Silk could decipher on the sign was the word Help!

His irresolution vanished. He threw open the window, then hastened back to the neat satchel on the table. From one pocket in the side he took a tiny electric torch; from another pocket a bunch of skeleton keys. As noiselessly as a cat he whipped into the hall and knelt before the door of the adjoining room.

The skeleton keys ticked and clinked in the lock. There followed a sharp snap. Silk rose to his feet, drew a deep breath, and threw open the door. The beam from his electric torch flashed round the room and settled on the gas cock. A moment sufficed for him to close it and to jerk up the window. Turning to the bed he caught up the girlish figure that lay there and staggered back to his own room, pausing only to close the door of the room he was leaving.

"Little fool!" he growled, placing her gently on a chair by his open window and throwing his dressing gown over her. "Little idiot!" Manlike, he confessed by snarling at the nearest woman that he had been frightened

"I am Always Delighted to be of Assistance to Rising Young Men; So I am Taking This Opportunity of Warning You Against the Softening Influence of Christmas"

She opened her eyes. They were gray. Judging from the ashy gold of her hair, Silk knew that, as soon as she had recovered from her fright and had forgotten her troubles, her eyes would be blue. He was well pleased with his night's work.

"Just take it easy," he whispered soothingly. "You're all right; and in a few minutes you'll feel better."

The girl's eyes closed and her head fell back. Mindful of his needs in the girl line, Silk studied her closely. From his standpoint there wasn't enough of her. From the ease with which he had lifted her she didn't weigh over a hundred pounds. Still, he had noted a number of high-grade females on the Avenue who wouldn't run much over a hundred pounds to the package, but who seemed to be attracting plenty of attention; so he assumed that lack of weight wasn't overmuch of a drawback. Nor was she exactly pretty. Her mouth, for example, was too large; and she was too pale. Yet there was a something about her —— To be frank, Silk preferred the more robust charms and the brilliant complexion of Maizie DeVere. Intuition, however, told him that if the two were to be set down side by side in a drawing-room Maizie would look like a brawling fishwife by comparison. Not for nothing did Silk consider himself a great artist.

The girl stirred restlessly.

"I owe you a great deal," said she weakly. "I never dreamed I could lose my courage to such an extent as to attempt that! I am ashamed!"

Silk nodded.

"There isn't any excuse for things like that, so far as I can see," he admitted. "It's the worst form of quitting." He rubbed his chin reflectively. "Still," he comforted her, "you probably weren't normal or you wouldn't have done it. The way I figure it, when anything of that sort happens to a person he has thought so much about himself that he forgets there's anybody else in the world. The part of his brain that deals with himself becomes inflamed and swells up, and crowds the other parts until they can't move. When that happens he's apt to do anything."

The girl's gray eyes looked deep into his.

"Very likely you are right," she said wearily. "My money was gone and I had no friends. The landlady wanted the rent, and I was so hungry I couldn't stand up in the store. And Christmas was so near ——"

Silk stared at her, open-mouthed, until the sight of two glistening tears rolling down her cheeks galvanized him into action.

The top drawer of his bureau yielded a tin of saltines and a carton of ginger wafers. The window ledge, when raided, revealed a bottle of grape juice, a jar of olives and a tin of Gruyère cheese. When they had been assembled he slammed down the window and swung the girl up to the table, chair and all.

"Dip in!" he commanded.

"This goes to show," remarked Silk after a time, "that I was right. You forgot that there was anyone else in the world. You forgot that there was somebody with a heart in the room beside you. You forgot that there are people with hearts on the floor below. You'll find them up and down the street, and throughout the length and breadth of the city, and sown broadcast over the world. It's not a hard old world, as some people say; it's a soft old world, and those who think it isn't aren't willing to look into people's hearts. Why, even our landlady has a heart, if you're willing to hunt for it!"

The girl shook her head doubtfully.

"Of course," said she, "I know there is something in what you say; but, just because some people are soft-hearted, I couldn't go to them and beg, could I?"

"Why not?" asked Silk defiantly. "We're all beggars. The business man begs for trade with advertisements; the clergyman begs his congregation to refrain from evil; the lawyer begs the jury to acquit his client; the politician begs for votes; the lover begs his sweetheart to return his love. If everybody stopped begging the world would stop going round.

"The trouble with you," he protested, meeting her look of skepticism, "is that you think of a beggar as one clothed in rags, whining a tale of woe into unwilling ears. But—bless you!—there are millions of better and pleasanter ways to beg. Why, you have begged me for help without knowing you did it! And I'm going to give it to you."

"I couldn't accept," said the girl firmly.

"What nonsense!" said Silk. "Though you didn't realize it, you begged me for food when you told me you were hungry; and I gave it to you. You accepted it, didn't you?"

"Yes, but that's different," said the girl.

"Not a bit of it!" cried Silk. "It's exactly the same. Come now; let's get down to business. I take it that you have no father or mother, or you'd have gone home to them rather than try—what you just tried."

The girl nodded her head.

"I suppose you came to New York to study painting," Silk continued, "but found that you weren't so good as you supposed, and ——"

"It was singing I came to study," the girl interrupted. "They told me that I should be a success, and took all my money; but when it was gone they laughed at me and turned me out.

"I tried everything; but I couldn't earn enough to buy food and pay rent too. You see, I didn't know how to do anything. I'm such a fool!"

"Bosh!" said Silk. "The position I have in mind fits you as though it were made for you. You will live in a beautiful home and have all the spending money you want. You will have a loving and indulgent father, who will do everything for you and send you to the greatest singing teachers in the city."

"It can't be honest!" protested the girl.

"Oh, absolutely!" Silk assured her. "You'll have to tell a few white lies at first; but the inexpressible happiness you will cause will offset them a thousandfold."

Deftly he narrated the harrowing tale of his friend, Lawrence Gray. With a master hand—or tongue, to be more exact—he depicted the raging flood and the tragic disappearance of Gray's wife and daughter. In a voice that caused the heartstrings to vibrate in sympathy he sketched Gray's fruitless search for his loved ones and the anguish which time had been unable to dull.

"Poor Mr. Gray!" exclaimed the girl.

"You can never know," said Silk, "how he has suffered, and how I have suffered in his sufferings! Suddenly it came to me to-day that we have been fools—he and I. Why should he suffer when he might so easily have his daughter back again? Why should I allow him to suffer when I can find his daughter for him? Do you see?"

"I'm afraid not," said the girl.

"It's very simple," Silk explained. "You shall be his daughter. You, miraculously saved from the raging flood, shall suddenly appear on the eve of Christmas to rejoice his heart and make glad his declining years!"

"How preposterous!" cried the girl. "I couldn't lend myself to such deceit!"

"But think! think!" urged Silk. "You would bring happiness and peace to one whose life has been a torment. You would be wealthy; you would be adored. And as for the ethics of it, why should you question them when you were about to commit the cowardly sin of taking your own life?"

"Oh, I couldn't! I couldn't!" protested the girl. "He would suspect that I wasn't what I claimed to be. I could never convince him! When he questioned me what could I say?"

Silk laughed. "I don't know much about girls," said he; "but I've noticed that the easiest thing they do is to evade questions they don't want to answer. I'll tell you the essential things to say; and you'll find that you won't need anything else." He handed her the penholder and a small slip of paper. "On this," he ordered, "write: 'Zelda Gray. Almond-Packing Department, Paradise Valley Fruit Company, Ellensville, California.'"

After a moment's hesitation the girl pressed her lips firmly together, seized the penholder, and wrote.

"Now," said Silk, folding the paper into a tiny pellet, "you are Zelda Gray. When you were three years old you were swept down the Mississippi River by a flood. You were saved by some kindly people named—named—well, what's your own name?"

"Sheldon," she replied.

"By some kindly people named Sheldon," he resumed. "They also saved your mother; but she lived barely long enough to tell them your name. The Sheldons took you to California, where they invested in an almond grove. Two years ago your home was burned down and the Sheldons lost their lives. Since then you have been earning your living by packing almonds for the fruit company."

Silk picked up one of the almond shells, moistened the edges with liquid cement, placed the paper pellet in it, and carefully fitted the other shell to it.

"Last month," he went on, "depressed by the sameness of your life, you wrote your name and address on a bit of paper, put it in an almond shell, and packed it with the other almonds, in the hope that it would bring about a break in the monotony of your existence."

The girl flushed. Silk noted with approval that her eyes had changed from gray to blue.

"To-morrow night," he continued, "your father will crack open that almond. On the bit of paper he will read the name of his daughter, given up as lost these many years. Joy fortunately never kills, or I should fear for his life at that moment. Frantic with delight, he will telegraph you. This is what he will say"—Silk picked up the pen, frowned at the ceiling, and then wrote industriously.

"He will say," said he, reading from the paper when he had finished: "'I have just learned of your existence, after many years of search. I am wiring you five hundred dollars. Come to me at once! You will find me at the Hotel Lorraine, New York. Everything will be prepared for you. I shall expect you on the fifteenth of December. Father.'

"On the fifteenth of December you will arrive at the Hotel Lorraine. Your father will have reserved a suite for you. He will have engaged a maid to serve you. Your every whim will be gratified. What a Christmas it will be for you—for you and for dear old Lawrence!"

The girl looked at him with troubled eyes.

"I shall be afraid," she sighed. "Dreadfully afraid!"

"Nonsense!" said Silk. "You will be tremendously happy in the good you are doing. Think of your father, not of yourself. Of course you will need money. You must allow me to loan you a hundred dollars. Later you can repay me if you wish." He pressed bills into her hand.

"I don't know what to say ——" began the girl.

"Don't say anything!" ordered Silk brusquely. "Go back to your room and go to sleep." He led her to the door and patted her shoulder paternally. "I shall see you again to give you your final instructions," he continued. "Remember what you would be now if I hadn't saved you—and don't fail me!"

Gently he pushed her into the hall and closed the door between them. He waited until he heard her door open and close again. Then he rubbed his hands together contentedly and lit a cigarette.

"Pretty soft!" he whispered. "Pretty soft!" A cynical smile curled his thin lips. "Talk Christmas and they all grow soft!" he sneered. "Once she starts to spend Gray's money she'll give me a million before she'll consent to go back to a hall bedroom and eight a week. I know 'em!"

Ten minutes later Silk was ensconced between the sheets, sleeping the dreamless sleep of one whose work has been well and conscientiously done.

III

LAWRENCE GRAY broke a lump of sugar in halves and reflectively dropped one of the halves into his coffee cup. "What a strange thing friendship is, Rountree!" he said. "Two lives may run in channels that cross each other repeatedly and yet remain as unconnected as two heavily insulated wires. Two other lives may meet and touch for only a moment, as lives go; but in that moment a chance word calls friendship into being and the currents of both lives are changed."

"Quite true," replied Silk, eying his cigar ash thoughtfully. "Friendship does indeed move in mysterious ways; and not the least mysterious thing about it, to my way of thinking, is how acquaintanceship ever has a chance to ripen into friendship in these days of hustle and efficiency and constant activity."

"That," said Gray, "is one of the great drawbacks of modern civilization. The word friend has come to be one of our most abused words. A resident of a city makes numerous acquaintances with whom he may dine, go to theaters and movies, take motor rides, or attend dances. He refers to all of them as his friends, though he has never taken the time to sit down beside one of them and search out his soul. Their friendship may be based on no greater bond than a common liking for Charlie Chaplin and fried eggplant.

"The life we live to-day doesn't permit average men to cement friendships in the solid, substantial manner that our fathers and our fathers' fathers knew. When the pinch comes, nowadays, a man may find that he doesn't know his friends well enough to bare his heart to them, or that they have so little faith in him that they hesitate to make sacrifices for him. Sometimes I wish that automobiles and the movies and stenography and fast trains might be suspended for a year in order that the human race might find time to develop its friendships; for without friendship human sympathy and understanding vanish away like a cornfield's green after the first frost."

Before Silk could formulate an adequate reply their waiter materialized from nowhere in particular, as waiters have a knack of doing, and adjusted a few dishes preparatory to setting Gray's plate of almonds before him.

Silk was seized with a fit of coughing. Napkin to his lips, he turned away from the table until it should be over. His position concealed the movement of his left hand toward his waistcoat pocket. He turned back quickly—so quickly that his right elbow came into contact with his goblet of water. Gray drew back hastily to avoid the deluge. Silk started forward, as though to recall his act. His left hand hovered for the fraction of a second over the plate of almonds. Even the waiter would never have known that when the hand was withdrawn the number of almonds in the plate had been increased by one.

"What infernal stupidity!" exclaimed Silk, as the waiter mopped industriously. "A thousand pardons!"

"It's nothing!" laughed Gray, hitching his chair up to the table again.

His glance fell on the almonds and was held by them. He leaned forward and scrutinized them closely. He selected two from the plate, examined both of them, and then cracked one open. He ate the kernel, turned the other almond over several times, and finally cracked it.

"Hello! What's this?" said he, abstracting a pellet of paper from the crushed shell.

Silk leaned forward, visibly interested.

"Paper!" he exclaimed. "Somebody has been loading your almonds."

"How peculiar!" said Gray, loosening and unrolling the pellet. He smoothed it flat on the table and stared at it.

"What is it?" asked Silk eagerly as Gray continued to stare. He leaned over and picked up the slip of paper. "'Zelda Gray,'" he read slowly, holding it up to the light, "'Almond-Packing Department, Paradise Valley Fruit Company, Ellensville, California.'"

Once more he read it. He turned it over and scrutinized the back. Then he looked up excitedly.

"Gray," said he, "what was your daughter's name?"

"My daughter's name?" murmured Gray numbly.

"Yes!" cried Silk, seizing Gray by the wrist. "It was Zelda, wasn't it? Don't you see what this means, man? You've found your daughter! After all these years, Fate or Providence, or whatever you want to call it, has thrown her straight into your arms! Man, this is the most wonderful thing I have ever known!"

Gray rested his elbows on the table and bowed his head in his hands.

"I can't believe it!" he murmured. "My little daughter Zelda!"

Silk examined the paper again.

"She's earning her living, Gray," he said. "Poor kid! Think of what she must have been through! What a Christmas this is going to be for her—and for you!"

(Continued on Page 43)

"For Six Days I Have Lived in Anticipation of This Moment; But Never Has the Anticipation Equaled the Realization"

KAMERAD OR CAMOUFLAGE

The Impressions of a Soldier of France

I MIGHT as well queer myself at the start by stating that I am one of the manufacturing lightning-change artists who made money hand over fist from the very start of the war, and in offering my apology for this fact all I can say is that no soldier of the Allies ever had any reason to bestow his dying curse on any of the stuff we shipped to the Front. I have taken particular pains to trace its action, and it was good.

When the war began we were in Paris—my wife, Dorothy and I; and after listening to the inspired prophecies of my barber, my banker and a friend in the American Embassy I went down to Bodega's and had a drink, then took a suite of rooms for the wife and Dorothy at the Crillon and tore out for London, embarking for New York a few days later nicely quartered in the cabin of the second engineer, which was charmingly papered with clippings of pretty girls from the Sketch and the Tattler and had the homelike burnt-oil smell I grew up in. It cost me a little more than my yacht, but it was worth it.

"Fancy Their Having the Impudence to Advertise Their Institutions as German and Therefore Superior"

When I got back to Paris a few months later I found wife and daughter doing their bits as fast as they could tear them off. Wife had subscribed to the Croix Rouge and Femmes de France and was maintaining a couple of cars of the American Ambulance Field Service and had opened an *ouvroir* for making surgical dressings; and Dorothy had adopted a *filleul*, which, as you probably know, is the French for godson and in this connection means a soldier who is more or less alone in the world and needs somebody to write him joy-letters and send him the sort of things that his mother and sisters and girl friends would send him if he had any.

Now it seems that this *filleul* of Dorothy's was the only son of the mayor of a little town in the north of France which was occupied from the first jump of the Germans and where he had everything invested in an automobile concern. He had just bought and paid for a consignment of new cars, which of course the Germans had nabbed, but I must say he took the loss like a good sport. Pitchforked into the whirlpool as he was, he seemed to find a good deal of fun about it until his father was marched up to a wall and shot, with the curé and the local justice of the peace. Some hot-headed boy had taken a shot at the Germans, and these three paid the price.

Gaston's Luck Changes

DOROTHY and Gaston exchanged letters for about six months and he sent her some snapshots of himself. I liked the youngster's looks. He was clean as a hound's tooth and seemed to show the same spirit that was in his letters.

It was understood that Gaston was to spend his first leave of absence as our guest, and we were expecting him from day to day when his letters stopped coming. Then business made it necessary for me to go back home and I brought the family with me, and it wasn't until three months later that we learned of Gaston's having been wounded and taken prisoner. But even then they hadn't got his goat by a jugful. He wrote that a piece of shrapnel had "arranged" his neck so that it gave him a haughty air—"*ça me donne l'air très fier*," as he put it; from which we gathered that the muscles or vertebræ or something had stiffened.

At any rate it didn't interfere with his making a break for liberty, and putting it over, too, though he played in hard luck doing it, as some poilu who had soured on Boche deserters drilled him through the ankle as he was crawling up to the French first-line trenches. Even then Gaston took it with a grin. "It's rotten luck," he wrote—or words to that effect. "If only my neck and my ankle could change places! The first is stiff as a dead rat and the second works on a universal joint, but the doctor seems to think that he can patch me up so that I may be able to get back again."

The next that we heard he had been in hospital and had two operations—one on his neck, which was highly successful, and the other on his ankle, which was not. This was the first letter in which he showed any sign of discouragement, and even that was cheerful, considering what the poor boy had been through. But about this time Gaston's luck changed, thanks to his having as sweet a little godmother as Dorothy. She nailed me in my lair and convinced me that wealth was not everything and that I could never enjoy it right until I had a private secretary who could look after my French correspondence and lend a hand in helping to straighten out a lot of French business that sometimes puzzled us.

So I caved in and wrote to Gaston, offering him the job, and inclosed a check, little thinking all that was going to come of it. And then Gaston came himself to show me.

This was in August, 1917, the beginning of the fourth year of the war and the fifth month of our part of it. All good Americans had accepted the situation loyally and with good cheer and stood prepared to support the Allied cause by making personal sacrifices. A very considerable proportion were already making them, especially our fighting men and their families. A great many were making a virtue of necessity, and still others, like myself, giving freely from their plenty, partly through patriotism and the sense of civic duty, partly through the moral pressure brought to bear, and because doing what they considered to be their reasonable share brought the agreeable self-consciousness of duty performed. Very few yachts were in commission as pleasure craft and most people of moderate circumstances rather welcomed a good excuse for the curtailment of luxuries. We were all complacently pleased at the consolidarity with which our Government and the people behind it were rising to the situation, and secretly proud of the way in which we were stretching our legs preparatory to rising in the might of our millions of men and billions of dollars.

Meantime we were pleased to note that Haig was bucking the line for a touchdown on German soil and Petain strengthening his pounding interference, while Cadorna with his wonderful Alpini was hopping from peak to peak and enfilading passes and ravines through which it was impossible to conceive that the enemy could dream of forcing its way. The Italians, to be sure, had warned the Allies that their end was getting weak in the matter of munitions, but these would be forthcoming by and by, once we got really going. Meantime "Attaboy, you're doing fine!" to Haig; "Go to it, Jacques, you got 'em on the run! You're all right! Pershing's right behind you!" And to Cadorna: "Bravo, old scout, we're with you—in spirit. Just wait till we get a few ships and things and we'll pass you the macaroni!" Then a few pageants and parades and bands and flags. Flags and flags and flags.

Upon my soul, I'd be willing to make a fat bet that there were more national ensigns flying in New York City alone than on the whole of the Western Front. If a man felt that maybe he wasn't quite up to the scratch or ought to enlist or had been a bit of a pacifist or had a name that ended in "heim" or "stein" or "hoff" or "berg," he bought another flag and hung it out and left it hanging out all night, which no fort or man-of-war would have the gall to do. It made him feel a little better about himself—and more solid with the neighbors.

But however inconsistent the propaganda for recruiting men and money, the right spirit was there and we were proud of it and hoped that the echoes of our national whole-heartedness would reach over there and cheer the boys up. At last we were at war, and as thoroughly awake to the crisis as a man reading his morning paper in bed and heartily indorsing the vigorous call to arms therein contained. We knew that our Government was driving ahead as hard as it could, and we were proud of it and of our determination to support it staunchly—when the time came.

More Pride Than Imagination

IT WAS therefore with a pleased anticipation of the encouraging effect which our nation-wide movement of preparation was bound to have on a soldier of France that I got into my big touring car and went down to the wharf to meet Gaston on learning that the Rochambeau was leaving quarantine. My wife and daughter were at our country place near Greenwich, but were coming in that morning, and I had said that we would meet them for luncheon at Sherry's if the ship docked in time. I was glad to show my prospective secretary this attention, and looked forward with a considerable amount of pleasure to making his acquaintance. Aside from having my full share of American hospitality, I was proud of what I had to show this plucky Frenchman, who had been through the mill and had suffered life in the trenches, more than a year as a prisoner of war, two crippling wounds, the murder of his father and the entire loss of his little fortune—with the fortitude shown in his letters. I was proud of my country and what we were doing; proud of my own part in it; proud of my wife and beautiful eighteen-year-old daughter; of my handsome country place with its elaborate model farm which we had reason to hope might some day prove self-supporting.

Looking back from no great distance I can see that I was just a darned old fool of a wealthy manufacturer who had suddenly got about four times richer on account of the war and therefore disposed to regard it and its instigators with a certain amount of leniency. No son or brother of mine was serving with the colors, with a fifty-fifty chance of getting shot to pieces. Only a younger brother of my wife—and I hoped that it would make a man of him! Like a good many others who had no one dear to them going to the Front, I lacked the imagination to realize just what such a sacrifice meant; in fact I knew a good many people who did have dear ones preparing to go to the Front and who did not themselves appear to realize what it meant. There seemed a sort of vague universal feeling that the war was the devil of a long way off and being fought out by the European nations—whose affair it really was, when you came right down to brass tacks—and that though we

were cheerfully willing to back the Allies in the matter of food and money and ships and munitions and even men, after all we hadn't really been made to reach for our guns, so far as any danger to our country was concerned; and it seemed as if they ought to bear that in mind and remember that our boys were in a way their guests.

Of course nobody but a born fool could have doped it out this way if he had sat down to think. But we didn't want to sit down and think. We preferred to take it for granted that it was going to work out all right somehow and that our lads would tear the enemy to pieces for a little while and then it would be all over and they'd come rolling home across the ocean and we'd have the very deuce of a time and drink up all the ice-cream soda in the old town. Loving wives, doting mothers, devoted sisters and adoring sweethearts whirled the boys into khaki with tears of pride and joy. There was dread for the future, of course, but that was vague and distant. It wasn't as if the front-line trenches had been at Bridgeport. If it had, the women would have given their men as the French women did—bravely but with white, strained faces and tortured eyes. And when they had gone they'd have turned to and dug the slackers out of their holes, and a pacifist would have been as hard to find as an angleworm in a chicken run.

But the war was so far away and everything going on so nicely and they were having such pleasant weather for their fighting and giving our boys such a cordial welcome over there that everybody was enthusiastic, even though anxious. We were all making momentous history and I was helping and very pleased and proud to welcome an ally who had also helped. War looked to me like a lot of flags and signs and big crates of munitions rolling out of my three plants and big round dollars rolling in—and here I was going down to the wharf proud of what I had to show of our war exhibit to a man who had seen the grim business as the massacre and demolition and horror which it is.

When I arrived, the ship already had her nose in the slip and a bunch of little tugs with their pug noses against her flank were powwowing stubbornly as they straightened her out against the slue of the flood tide. Even at a considerable distance I located Gaston as the center of a lively group of passengers for whom he appeared to be the hot favorite aboard. A few minutes later the ship was docked and Gaston came across the gangplank and I would not have needed the snapshots he had sent Dorothy or his slight limp to have known him.

For this war has done something to the faces of the men who have borne the brunt of it. An entirely new physiognomy has come into being—one that might be called the war face. All persons who have been in Europe since the fighting began must have noticed it. The expression of the features is unmistakable. It is not precisely a sternness or harshness or melancholy or anything of that sort, but a peculiar rigidity of the features and somber look in the eyes when the face is in repose. It is set like a seal upon those who have gazed upon terrific things and is rather like a mask drawn over the face, as if the mind back of it had learned how to hide its feelings behind a bomb-proof camouflage.

But Gaston whipped this off and smiled on catching sight of me, and you would have thought from his buoyant and grateful manner that the President himself had come down to meet him. He was better looking than his pictures a little above medium size, strongly built, with a square bony frame, good, straight, clean-cut features, lean cheeks and a pair of steady dark-blue eyes. Most of the time they were twinkling and brimming with high spirits, but let him grow thoughtful and contemplative for a moment and that war mask slipped on again unconsciously.

About everybody aboard the ship came up to say good-by to him, and most of them called him Gaston, not patronizingly but with a note of real affection and as if proud of the familiarity. A little later, when we were in the car, I commented on this and said that if he didn't mind I'd call him Gaston myself at which he seemed tremendously pleased.

Of course Gaston made a great hit with my wife and Dorothy, though I could guess that Dorothy was a bit disappointed at not finding him in uniform. But he didn't need it. Anybody could spot him for what he was. An elderly Frenchman sitting at the table next ours caught sight of the little ribbon in Gaston's buttonhole and bowed, Gaston of course returning the salute. Dorothy was all curiosity and wanted to know right off what the decoration was and how he had won it. Gaston shrugged and seemed a little embarrassed.

"Oh, we all get them, mademoiselle," said he. "At least those of us who are lucky enough to be under the eyes of an officer during the attack—and come out of it alive. Of course there are a great many more dead soldiers than live ones who deserve it, and there are a great many live ones who do not get what they deserve because nobody happens to be looking. But that is the fortune of war."

We drove straight out to our country place after luncheon, and during the ride Dorothy did most of the talking, though I could see that Gaston's eyes were busy. I was naturally mighty interested to know what his first impressions of us were and sort of tried to draw him out after dinner that evening, but without much result.

"It is all so wonderful monsieur, that I am a little dazed," said he. "If you do not mind I should rather wait until I have seen a little more before trying to express myself." And then with true French politeness he went on to say how touched he was at our great kindness to a poor poilu and a lot of that sort of stuff so I shifted to something else.

"Well, Gaston," said I, "you'll have a good chance to form some impressions during the next week or ten days. I've got to make a run out to Chicago via Buffalo and Niagara Falls, where we get a good deal of our stuff for the plant. I want you to go with me, and I'll promise not to bother you for any opinions until we get back. The chances are we'll swing back through Washington, as I've got to see our Secretary of War and I want to have a little talk with Hoover about a food scheme I've doped out—something to help the small farmer and cut down the price of living so that a lot of us who like our three square meals a day can manage to get 'em and yet feel that we are doing our bit on the food proposition —— What's the matter, my boy?"

Now I've explained already, in my clumsy way of putting things, how the minute Gaston stopped to think or listen that war face I've tried to describe changed the look of him. He was wearing it now, but at my last words it seemed to lift a little, as if it wasn't on quite straight.

"Just that expression, monsieur." He smiled and made a little gesture with both hands. "'Doing our bit.' That is what the English were so pleased to say—at the beginning of the war. Pardon, m'sieur."

"I get you, Gaston," I interrupted. "You're right. It's a darn poor slogan, I'll admit. The days when folks could

(Continued on Page 30)

The Biography of a Million Dollars

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

XIV

I WENT back to Pasc Thomas at the factory, frothing at the mouth. "You know what the game is? Do you know what that crook is trying to do?" I said when I got him off by himself where those two McAdams—those spies of Billings'—couldn't overhear us.

"No. What?" said Pasc, sitting staring, with his long hands hanging on his knees.

"He wanted me to go in with him, and freeze you out."

"You don't mean that!" said Pasc.

"I'll show you what he did," said I. And I told him just exactly what the scheme was. The further I got with it the stiller he sat, looking off.

"Do you see it now?" I said when I got through.

"I don't know as I do," he said, coming back to earth for a minute.

"Why not? It's as plain as the nose on your face," I told him. "He gets his line on the business—and sees there's a fortune in it. Then he gets these two fellows, these two sneaks, these slink-eyed Scotchmen, into the factory. And the minute he thinks he knows it—he's got it learned enough—out comes that long white hand and grabs it."

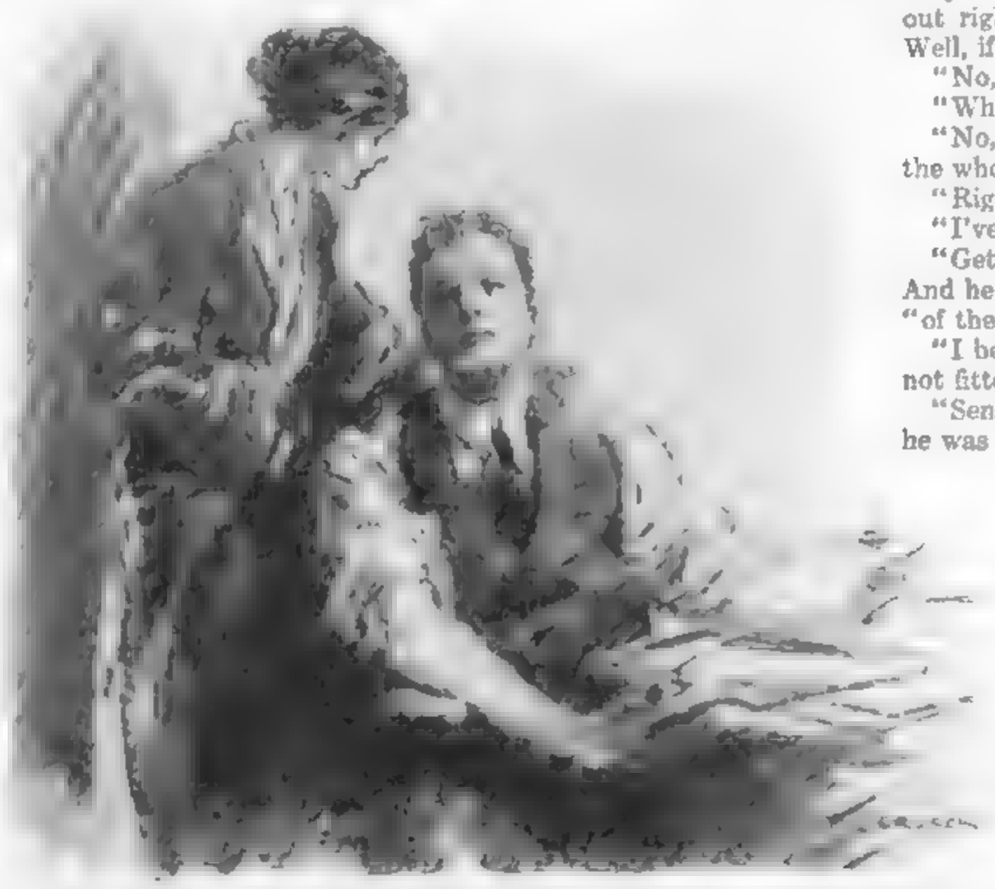
"He didn't want you to get out," said Pasc.

"No. He needed me for the present. He hasn't got the selling end learned yet," said I. "But he'll get me some way, when he's ready—or he thinks he can, anyway—by sitting back and cooking up some other crooked trick, and springing it on me when the time comes."

"I don't know about that either," said Pasc, talking lower and lower, the louder I talked.

"Well, I do," I said; "it's you go now, and next me, and then he gets it all. That's the program. We all go out one by one till he gets it.

"Oh, no," I said. "No! I can see through a millstone. He thinks he's got us now where the hair's short, where we don't dare to fight. But there's where he fools himself. He's going to have the warmest fight he ever had yet, before he gets this; he's going to hear from ——"



"All Right," Said Polly. "Maybe You Won't Say That Some Day—If You Keep Going All Night and All Day Too"

And all at once I looked up and I realized Pasc wasn't paying the slightest attention to me; just sat looking off.

"What's the matter with you?" I said, stopping short. "Are you sick—or what?"

"No," he said, starting up and catching himself, and coming back to earth again.

"What does ail you then? Ain't you interested? What are you thinking of—staring off like that?"

"I think," said Pasc finally, clearing his throat—"I think he's right!"

"Right!" said I, going up into the air. "Who? Proctor Billings? What do you mean? Oh, I see. You mean he's got it figured out right—that we can't get away from him any way. Well, if ——"

"No," said Pasc. "That ain't what I mean."

"What is it, then? What do you?"

"No," he said, talking slow. "I think he's right—about the whole thing."

"Right!" I yelled.

"I've got to get out. But you'll stay."

"Get out!" I yelled again. "You! Well—I guess not! And he can't force you out, either! You get out," I said, "of the company? Why?"

"I believe it will be the only sensible thing to do. I'm not fitted for it, just as he says."

"Sensible!" I said, watching him close—to see whether he was crazy or I was. "Fitted! What do you mean by that? Who's to be the judge of that—a man like Proctor Billings, who's walked through a machine shop three times with chamois gloves on?"

"He's right," said Pasc again.

"He's nothing of the kind," I came back. "What are you talking about?"

"But it's more than that," said Pasc, going along in a kind of level voice.

"More?" said I. "What does that mean?"

"It means," he said, "it's happened just right for me. Almost providential."

And I sat there, watching him, with my eyes hanging out on my cheeks. "The fact is," said Pasc, "I've got to quit anyhow!"

"Quit!"

"I ain't been very well all the spring," he said.

"Those headaches?"

"Yes. There hasn't been a day for the last three months I haven't had one of those condemned things splitting my head open. And now lately the doctor's been giving me warning I've got to quit."

"Why didn't you tell me about it?" I asked him.

"Oh, I don't know," said Pasc, looking off. "What good would it do? We couldn't either of us stop, the way we were fixed. Though occasionally," he said, "I did have

to knock off and go home, when you were away, and leave McAdam in charge."

"I'll bet you ——" I said, stopping, thinking.

"What?"

"That's how Billings heard it," I said—"about your being willing to get out."

"Probably so," said Pasc.

And then we sat still a minute. It was an awful thump to me!

"Was he pretty positive about it?" I asked him.

"Who?"

"The doctor."

"Yes; he said I'd got to quit or there'd be trouble. There is some now. But not so dangerous if I quit right away."

And he sat still a minute longer, letting that soak in. I wouldn't have it. I couldn't make myself believe it.

"I don't believe it's anything, anyhow," I said, "but just your stomach. I know from experience. I can always trace it back to that."

"No, that ain't it with me—these headaches that I have, so the doctor says," Pasc told me.

"What is?"

"It's nerves. Nerves exhausted," said Pasc. "But that ain't my theory of it either. I think I can go back further than that."

"To what?" said I.

"Like half the folks, nowadays."

"What's that?"

"Speed," said Pasc, smiling that old quick smile again. "Speed. I ain't geared up for this kind of thing—this last year or two. It's got going too many revolutions a minute for me—about the way it did with that Myrtle, and her bookkeeping."

"Don't be a fool, Pasc," said I. "comparing yourself to her"

"I mean it. We've got speeded up too fast lately for human beings, I believe. You can stand it, maybe; I thought I could," he said, looking at me the envious way sick folks look at well ones. "But I can't. You don't mind it at all, do you?"

"No," I told him. "It's meat and drink for me. I can take all they give me. And I believe myself there's something else the matter with you, besides work, if the truth was told. You're naturally tough. I still believe there's something else behind, in spite of what your doctor says."

"Maybe there is," said Pasc, opening up one of those sudden grins of his again. "Maybe Zetta's got it right. She always claims the trouble with me is carburetor on the brain.

"That is my trouble, too, in a way," he said; "and always has been, from a boy—getting thinking, some idea riding me round in my head. It sounds like a dumb idiot to hear another man tell it, but I get an idea on my mind, and I can't shake it off. It comes in and takes possession of me. And I can do nothing at all after that but sit thinking, thinking. And it's worse of course when you're tired out. Your brain gets loose then; you lose control of it, and it goes following the thing round like a hound. Like a fox hound," he said, "you have to go home and leave at the nightfall. And sometimes—waking up—you hear him going following, tireder and tireder, all night along. Nights are the worst," he said, pushing his long brown stringy hair back from his old wrinkled forehead.

"I guess I'm no different," he went along, thinking, "from a lot of folks in our line—round machine shops—thinking out improvements. You see them all over. You can spot them as far as you can see. Only I struck this thing that went so well it kept me jumping nights and days both. And nights and days are too much for me."

"So you think you've got to go," said I, after quite a while, thinking it over.

"Yes."

"Gad!" I said. "I can't get used to it!" And I got up and stood at the window.

"I can't," said Pasc.

"I always sort of felt we'd keep going along together—always," I said after awhile.

"So did I, Bill," he answered me.

And we both stayed still for a minute or two. I stood watching out the window at a couple of dogs, and a comic-opera singer on a billboard across the road.

"This thing was our baby, Pasc," I said to him—when I thought I wanted to. "We fathered it and mothered it, and sat up nights and lugged it round, and sweat blood and cussed over it."

"I know it," said he.

And we shut up again. I looked round for a second. He sat there hunched up, with his long hands and wrists hanging down, and those pale-blue eyes staring off, forty miles in back of nowhere.

"But I guess there's no getting round it now," he said finally; "I guess it's got to be. I've got to go off and get built up again.

"I've got to get rid of this thing gnawing in my head—or get it worked out. Somebody's got to work it out!" he said, sitting up a little, and clamping those far-off, absent-minded eyes back on mine again. "Before long, somebody's got to work out a carburetor on an entirely different principle from now, with the grade of gasoline going down the way it is—if we're going to keep going on."

"Laugh if You Want To," I Told Them. "Go On! I Might Have My Million Some Day, at That"

I had to smile to hear him—after he'd just been saying he'd have to give it all up.

"Keep going on," I said. "What do you care? You got yours. You ain't responsible for keeping the world going on, are you?"

"No," he said, staring back, "I don't suppose I am, more than anybody else. But I have to just the same—keep going on with it, like the rest of the folks, whether I want to or not. And with this thing now—this carburetor thing I've got on my mind—I guess I'm about like the fellow when that old Thirteen-Fourteen Puzzle was going; the one they said locked himself up in a room fighting it, and told them if he didn't come out alive with the answer they could bury them both together. But I'm on the right track now, I believe," he said, brightening up a little. "I'm on an idea now that's a hundred per cent better than anything they've got yet."

I had all I could do to keep from laughing.

"No," he went along, not noticing me. "I've got a queer job for the rest of my life, apparently. I've got to go off and get my health back; and fight this thing on my brain. I'll have all the money I'll need, apparently—and more too, if what you say is true."

"You're a funny duck that way, ain't you?" I said to him. "You never did care a whole lot for money."

"No, I never was very ambitious that way, I guess," he told me.

"You're just the opposite from me," said I.

"I don't know but what I am."

"Just the opposite," I told him. "I'm out for the coin, with the rest of them. I'm out for the almighty dollar. They can talk about the evils of it, and all that, and how they'd go without it; but I notice there's none of them ever refuse it when it comes their way. It may be an evil, but no man ever got heart disease yet trying to run away from it.

"And if you're out, Pasc," said I—"if you think you've got to be—it puts a little different look on this business for me. In the past, working it together, it's been a kind of pet and hobby with me—a kind of part of us. Our own business! But now, with you out and me going on with Proctor Billings, it's all changed to me. It's dog eat dog. From this time on I'm out for the spondulics—for all there is in it. I'm out for big money! To hell with the business—except for what you can turn it into! I'll work this thing like Billings and the rest of them—on the basis of the multiplication table—no favors asked or given.

"If that's the game," I said—"and I guess it is—I can play it with the next one. Let him try on some of his tricks. Let him try to flip me out!"

"I don't think he will," said Pasc. "I don't think he has any idea of it."

"Well if he has," I said, "let him. I'm nobody's fool. I can watch and keep my mouth shut, myself, if I have to—watch his tricks, and get on to him. And on the other hand, if I do keep in with him, as you claim, I'll have the best schoolmaster in this money business in this part of the country."

"If you don't get fighting him," said Pasc, grinning.

"Don't you fret about me," said I. "I can stop fighting, when I have to—when I think there's something in it. And I think there will be this time. I'm going to sit round and watch his tricks," I said, making up my mind right there, "and learn that game of his. Stay right with him everywhere—in this business, and outside—if I can work it. Watch Billings running that money machine of his. It'll come in handy to me, not only squeezing the most I can out of this thing of ours, but there ought to be something else, every now and then, on the side, if you only have sense enough to see it and pick it up, that would help fat up your bank account—if a man keeps his eyes open."

"You'll get to be a terribly tricky man, Bill, I don't doubt," said Pasc, looking at me with that faint old leathery smile he had sometimes, round his mouth.

"That's all right," I told him. "But I know, and you know, there is just such a thing: that those fellows with the money, like Proctor Billings, have got a system for grabbing everything and turning it into money; a regular machine for turning money out—just as sure as we've got a machine shop here, you might say, for turning out speed. And they've got their methods, just like any other trade. And it won't do me any harm to sit down and watch them do it—see how a man like Proctor Billings manipulates it, to turn out a million or so every year or two—out of nothing!"

"You mean to say," said Pasc, thinking of something else all the time, "that he thought that share of mine in the business might be worth three hundred thousand dollars, when everything gets started, at seven per cent interest?"

"I can't tell you what he thinks," said I. "But I do. I'm sure of it now. You'll be sure of that much in a year or two—if he'll put himself and his money right behind it now."

"It don't seem true, exactly," said Pasc, looking off. "It don't seem possible. But I'll be glad for one thing, anyhow—it'll give Zetta a chance to amuse herself finally. It will pay her back a little for having a half invalid on her hands. Get her out of housework, and the movies for amusements," he said, going on—"give her some money to spend dressing herself; and let her move round and have some lively times, the way lively good-looking women of her age want to. And do, when they ain't hitched up to an old cripple like me, with a case of carburetor on the brain!"

"Oh, shut up. Don't be a fool!" I told him.

XV

WELL, I was president of that new corporation, the Hoodlum Motorcycle Company, and Proctor Billings was treasurer, just as he planned it. I was protected in my rights by an agreement; but he was to have a kind of general veto control—as long as his money was financing it. But not a minute longer!

"There are two main things," he said to me, after we had it fixed, "as I analyze it. The first is to speed everything up—speed up and rush out the goods for the demand—while it's on. That's your end."

"You watch me jam it!" I told him.

"And the second thing is to get the money to carry it, and to get that new factory up. And that's my province."

"It works out well, don't it," said I, "when you come to divide it up. We two ought to knock the tar out of that proposition."

"I hope so," he said.

"I know so," I told him. I was feeling good, to see it going the way it was; and I was getting on a little better now, more friendly. I'd have been friendly with the devil himself, making so much money as we two were together.

"And so far as keeping down costs goes, and all that detail work," said Billings, "I don't think we can do better than those two Scotchmen, those two McAdams—that is if you have no objections."

"Objections, no!" I told him. "They don't trouble me any. Let them burrow, I don't believe you could beat them for that business."

I didn't care much about seeing them round—those two silent hangdog things, slipping to and fro about the place. But I knew enough to know they knew their business—under Proctor Billings' direction. Queer things—tougher than bull beef; work all day and all night, and keep their mouths shut—like Indians on a long run. They liked the game for the game's sake, I could see, watching them—besides the money. They worked together—one holding down a cent, while the other one skinned it.

So we started out on that new arrangement—Pasc out of the management practically, except for a consultation now and then, and what improvements he worked out; keeping his own hours, dropping in when he felt like it and the doctor said he might. And Billings and I went out after business—I after the trade, and he after the finances.

He knew his line, I had to hand it to him—jollying him, when I got to know him better, at the twists and turns he took in the money end of the thing as we got along.

"You're a past master at it," I told him. "I can see that. Your old man put you on the ropes before you were out of skirts. You were wise on this money business long before he put you into this banking machine of his."

I used to get right after him after a while.

"Oh, I'm on to you," I used to say. "Your old man turned out the money here in this bank in a regular machine—just the same as we turn out motorcycles or old Allen turns out bicycle spokes. And he handed over his trade to you. But I serve you notice right now," I told him: "I'm watching you all the time, to learn your tricks—to see what your plant is and how you run it—just the same as you watched us. I'm going to learn before I get through, how one of these money machines is put together and operated. How you smooth-handed boys go to work to get the dollars, without ever having to soil your fingers."

It made him squirm some—I could see that, when I got after him that way. But what did I care? I was just as good as he was. And I knew, anyhow, he'd take most anything from a man whom he was making so much money with as we were together.

I don't know as there's much to say about that next year, except that everything went our way, and we doubled up the business again. I don't know as I could remember anything particular if it had happened. We were too busy to remember anything but that one main idea—the business always jumping up faster and faster; and we people in the plant rushing round like crazy men, getting up at six o'clock and getting to bed at midnight, tearing the days and nights to pieces, trying to keep up with our new business.

"You'll kill yourself," said Polly. She was all the time kicking about it.

"Kill myself, nothing!" I said. "The more work like this they feed me, the better I like it. I can tear it up, and ask for more. All I wish is that the day was a hundred and twenty-four hours long instead of what it is."

"All right," said Polly. "Have it your own way. Maybe you won't say that some day—if you keep going all night and all day too.

"You're human, like the rest of us, if you don't think so. Your digestion's all out of kilter now, and you know it.

"Wh-why wouldn't it be," she'd say, getting excited and stammering—"sit-sitting round the restaurants with those men in all that tobacco smoke, eating all that heavy, greasy food!"

"Oh, go hire a hall, Pol," I told her. "I know what I'm about. Go to sleep! You're getting so you croak like a tree toad in a summer dry spell—all night long."

But I was showing considerable speed, at that. A weaker man than I was wouldn't have stood it—rushing round keeping the plant keyed up to the last notch; getting that new factory started, and the extra stuff bought for it. And when I wasn't there I was going jamming round the country, getting new agencies established, sleeping on Pullmans and eating most anything, most any time, taking out the trade, getting them satisfied and friendly.

"It's lucky God gave me two men's appetite—in this business!" I used to tell them. "Half my value to the company's my eating ability with their customers."

"How about a drink, Bill—now and then?" said the fellow I was talking to.

"You never saw me yet," I said, heating up, "when I turned a hair."

"No, Bill, you're a wonder!" said he.

I guess that was right. I guess if I hadn't been extra husky I never could have stood it. Nor if that thing hadn't been going our way so strong. You can always manage to get out of bed in the morning and go at it again if you know you're making money enough. And we were making enough in that company now to make a dead man get up and hustle. By the end of that year there was no question about it—we were going to be rich out of it.

Pasc Thomas didn't seem to be improved so very much after he got out of the management. There was nothing new; just his nerves, just his sleeplessness—his mind still out of his control, chasing round after carburetors and valves or some other hundred per cent improvements on the motor. He wasn't any better that summer, and Zetta finally came to me with an idea about it. She'd got so she talked pretty free to me—about everything.

"I kind of believe I'd like to take him out to the West," she said. "Go to Yellowstone Park and the Rocky Mountains; and then go down, maybe, and spend the fall and winter in Los Angeles—if you can fix it. Give him a change of air, and a change of mind; give him a chance to see the country, and turn his ideas in a new direction.

"And I'm speaking once for him and twice for myself, I guess," said Zetta, "saying it. I wouldn't mind getting out and seeing the country a little myself. I certainly am sick of this town. It's full of dead ones. From all I can see, all the women round where we live want to do is to read the family history, and turn up their noses at anybody that's shown any signs of life since 1642."

Her face got kind of red and flushed, talking about it.

"So I believe I'd like to do it," she said, "both for his sake and mine, if you can fix it for us to let Pasc get away from the factory entirely."

"I can do better than that, I believe, now," I told her. And I took it up with Billings.

"Yes," he said, thinking and looking down. "I think we're in a position to do it now. I think there is no reason why we shouldn't cut off his salary now, and start paying him his dividends on that preferred stock."

"It's making it twice over."

"Yes," he said. "Five times."

And so we started in on the preferred dividends.

"You've got to score that up to Billings' credit, anyhow," said Zetta, tickled to death with the thought of getting loose, traveling.

"Yes," I said. But I could see, too, that there was something back of it; that Billings figured it was good policy to have the preferred paying dividends.

They Worked Together—One Holding Down a Cent, While the Other One Skinned It

I remember that night before Pasc and his wife started off for the West, and the dinner party Polly and I gave them up at our house—the four of us together, in our new house. We'd moved then, just lately, into our house on Bellevue Terrace. We made it a kind of anniversary of that other time—that first time they came to our other house—our house on Collins Street, just before that Labor-Day race that started us going.

"It seems good, don't it," said Pasc—"just us four together again?"

"It certainly does," said Polly.

"It don't seem possible," said Zetta, looking at me with that kind of fixed stare she'd got in her eyes, since Pasc's poor health—"all that's happened!

"But it is," she said, breaking off her stare and talking louder. "That's the main thing." And she laughed that loud, nervous laugh of hers. "That's the main thing—we've got it now! We've got the wherewithal—and we can live! Eh, Pasc?"

She looked handsomer than ever that night. She was dressed up to kill—in one of those flame-colored dresses she used to wear, after that, evenings.

"Eh, Pasc?" she said, calling across the table to him.

He opened up that quick smile of his—and shut it up again without talking.

"You old crank, you poor old rooster, you!" she said to him. "You never could learn to enjoy yourself, if you lived to be a thousand years old! Could you?" she said, and threw a kiss at him.

"You know what he's doing now?" she asked me. "He's gone back, and working on that darned carburetor again. Started up again, just as we began packing up to go away."

"I just had this idea," said Pasc, looking sheepish, "I thought I'd get down before it slipped me."

"Out comes the old envelope and stub, eh?" I said to Zetta.

"Yep!" she told me. "It's something a hundred per cent better this time!"

"You bet," said I—"always!"

"But he's going to cut it out on this trip," she said, her face coming down sober, "or I'll know the reason why. I'm going to get it off his mind for once—and my own!" she said. Her voice was getting kind of sharp and jangly. "For one while! That's what we agreed before we started. And I'll see he keeps his agreement."

"Good for you, Zet," I told her. "I bet on you!"

"You'd better," she said. "Now let's talk about something that's agreeable. Let's talk about the money you're going to make."

"That sounds good to me," I said, laughing.

"How much is it going to be this year, Bill?" she asked me, looking at me with those devil-may-care black eyes of hers. "Your share? A hundred thousand dollars?"

"Not this year," I came back at her. "Next! You got that one little detail wrong, that's all."

"Otherwise I'm all right?" she said.

"You're all right all the time—to me!" I told her.

"You remember that time," she said "that other time we're celebrating now—when we all sat together in the old house on Collins Street trying to figure out how we could possibly pull it out, and get the old Hoodlum started!"

"And your ring!" Polly struck in.

"You bet I do," said I. "And that reminds me," I said, looking over at Polly; and I reached in and dug that diamond ring I had for her out of my left pocket—the biggest stone I could find in town. "That reminds me of something that's got to be done right now."

And I got up from the table and got a chair and dragged it up back of her.

"Just to show you my memory's good," I said. "Shut your eyes now!"

And I reached over, while she shut them, and pushed it on her finger.

"There!" said I, putting it on. "Don't say I never gave you anything!"

"Bill!" said Polly, laughing. "That—that isn't the right finger. You've got it on the engagement finger."

"That's all right," I told her. "Any old finger goes with us, don't it, Zet?"

"You bet it does—with you, Bill," she said.

"And if Pasc says anything, I'll go to the mat with him," I told her—"right now!"

And Pasc grinned.

"Take your hand away, anyway," said Polly, "so she can see it."

She sat there for a minute, when I did, that fine dark-red color of hers mounting up to her cheeks.

"You've knocked me speechless, Bill," she said finally, turning it round to look at it.

"It's the biggest I could find here in town, Zet," I told her. "It's a quarter of a carat more than my ring is."

"It's a wonder—that's what it is," she said, still staring at it. "Bill, you're a peach to me.

"Go as Far as You Like," Said I. And She Did—She Kissed Me—Somewhere on the Northeast Corner of My Ear

You always were," she said, flushing up some more.

"Sh-h," I said. "It's all right, but don't let my wife know about it." And the rest of us all laughed and got red.

"She'll never know from me," said Zet, turning and pretending to sit up close to me, where our chairs were together—and then looked down at the stone some more.

"But it was great of you, Bill and her, too," she said, and smiled at Polly. "But you most, of course, Bill," turning back to me.

"Of course," said I.

"I certainly love 'em," she said. "I never could get enough of them, especially like that! Why, I'd kiss a man for less than that, Bill!" she said, looking up at me all at once.

"Go as far as you like," said I. And she did—she kissed me—somewhere on the northeast corner of my ear.

"Here—that'll do!" said Pasc, grinning.

"That's for remembering," she said to me.

"Oh, I don't forget things like that very often," I said; "not if I know myself."

"I know you don't," said Zetta. "But here! I'm forgetting something myself," she said; and went over and got it from Pasc. "You can't guess what I've got for you, Bill," she told me.

"Is it anything like that arrangement you got Polly," I asked her, "with the lace all over it?"

"No," she said, and pulled out a watch charm—a Hoodlum, all made up and cast in gold.

"Pasc had it made for me, exactly right," she said. "And see—that diamond is the headlight!"

"It's a beaut," said I. "It's a dandy!" And I sat looking at it.

"Do you like it—really?" she said, looking over at my chain. "Do you think it's as good as your Elk's emblem?"

"He'd be silly if he didn't," said Polly.

"I would, that's right," I said. "I don't know when I've had anything that struck my fancy so."

I didn't, either; it was certainly all right.

"For all kinds of things," I said. "For a keepsake, for one thing; or for just the way it's made up. It's a model, ain't it—a real model? It's a Hoodlum, just to the T. That's what it is. It's a regular razulah," I said—"and don't you forget it!"

"I'm glad you think so," said Zet.

"To say nothing of the girl that gave it to me," I told her.

"Well, we'll have to be going before long, won't we, Zet?" said Pasc finally. "If we're going to get everything ready for starting in the morning."

And then we drank a toast or two to them—when they said they'd got to go.

"Here's to us!" said I. "Here's hoping. All we want—and a little more of it! A long life ——"

"And an amusing one," said Zetta, taking it away from me. "Plenty of amusement!" she said, and got up on my chair.

"Here's one," she said, "for all of us! Here's to the old Hoodlum—long may she pop!" And she waved with her handkerchief.

And after that they went along home.

"Take good care of yourself," I heard Polly telling Pasc. "Come back here all rested. Don't let that giddy girl drag you round too much and keep you from your rest."

"No danger. Don't worry!" said Zet, laughing and flashing her teeth. "It's carburetor that ails him. That's what's breaking up our home."

"Isn't she the wild one when she once gets started?" I said to Polly, talking them over with her, the way you do with your wife, getting ready for bed.

"Absolutely lawless," said Polly.

"But just as good hearted as she can stick."

"Yes, she is," said Polly. "But what she wants most is excitement. Crazy all the time for something to do!"

"It's funny too," I said, "with Pasc just the other way so—especially now he ain't well. I don't know as they ought ever to have married. And yet," I said, thinking, "they seem to think the world of each other too."

"They do," said Polly. "That's the worst of it."

"But if he gets tired of her," I said, "there's plenty that'll have her. She certainly is one good looker. She can come and sit on my knee any time she wants to."

"Can she?" said Polly. "We-well, she wouldn't if she had to live with you and knew how cross and ugly you were to live with these days. I'm not worrying about any woman running off with you especially! All I'm afraid of now is, when you get up so ugly as you do when you don't sleep right lately, you'll go out some morning and b-bite some poor child in the street, and have to pay damages for it."

"Is that so?" said I, pinching her.

"Y-yes. And now let's go to sleep, if you intend to get any—or let me—before you've got to get up and start in on that new factory to-morrow morning. If you don't want to kill yourself you'll have to get some sleep sometime, especially now!"

XVI

WE WERE just getting the new factory finished that time when Pasc and Zet were starting for the Coast, and getting into it between times—trying to—without stopping filling our orders. And those were certainly some strenuous days. It was quite a place—this new one. Proctor Billings had built it and leased it to us on a piece of land he owned along the railroad, on Thomas Avenue, a new street he opened up and named after Pasc.

I was there all that next day, working my head off getting things started; and late again at night, going home for supper. And going out through the shop to my auto I ran into old Tom Powers, coming in on his job for the night. It seemed kind of funny to see him there, after being in the old place so long—and I stopped and talked with him a minute about the new plant.

"How do you like it, Tom," said I, "as far as it's got?"

"It's a grand place," he said. "You ought to be well satisfied with it."

"I am," I told him. "It's some different, eh, from the old days when we were starting up in that one floor on Elm Street?"

"Yes," said Tom. "There's some change."

"But it was a good old shack at that, Tom," I said. "You can try as you like, but you can't quite forget the place you started out in."

"You can't; that's right," he answered me.

And we stopped a second or two.

"I hear 'em saying," he went along, "Mr. Thomas is out now entirely."

"Well, no," I said. "He's got his stock there yet, Tom, but he won't be very active here again probably."

"Well, he'll have money enough, that's one thing," said Tom. "Where is he now? What'll he be doing?"

"He's gone out West, for his health, to have a little rest."

"Aha," said Tom, wagging his old skull. "But he won't rest, just the same."

"Why not?"

"That kind never does," said the old man. "I know. I know myself from experience. When your mind gets started on a thing."

"You do, Tom, that's right," said I, looking at him. "You do, don't you? How's your machine? How's the old Miracle coming these days anyhow?"

"Oh, I can't complain," said Tom. "She's coming along. I think I can see now the way to get round that one hitch in it."

"Good," said I, patting him on the back. "Got her moved over into the new place?" I asked him.

"I have."

"Well, I guess you're right, Tom," I told him, smiling, and thinking about what Zet had said about Pasc and his carburetor. "You fellows are all about the same. You won't let up until they bury you."

"That's right too," said Tom.

And I told him, in a word or two, what Pasc was trying to do with the carburetor and the higher-speed motor.

"That's what they're after," said Tom.

"They're going faster and faster," I told him, "especially with those aëroplane motors. They heat up so, they can't do anything with them."

"You saw in the paper how the Wright boys had sold their flying invention to those Frenchmen?" said Tom.

"Yes," said I.

"You never thought it would amount to much," he said, reminding me.

"No," I answered him, "I didn't. Well," I said, "your time will be coming next, Tom—with the old Miracle!" And I slapped him on the back and walked along.

He stood there looking down, with his hand by his side, leaner and older, and more like an old skeleton than ever. I heard him clearing his throat, and then finally he called after me.

"Mr. Morgan," he said.

"Yep!"

"You hear about my boy?"

"No."

"He just had a bad accident in one of them racing bowls."

"Yes, I did!" I said. "I lied. I did hear about that. Certainly I did!"

I had. But I'd been so busy that time that it had just passed out of my mind. I'd heard it a night or two before, stopping at the garage for gas—overhearing some of those bottle-shaped boys hanging round there talking about it.

"How did it happen?" I asked one of them.

"That Shang Murphy," he told me, stopping chewing gum a minute. "He'd been laying for him for two years, you might say."

"I thought they were both riding on the same team—for the Rajah people."

"They were," he said; "but not lately. That Shang got a bad spill a while ago, and they never took him back on again; so lately he's been riding independent, on the outside."

And he stopped, the way they do—not talking to you till you make them go on.

"He was sore," he told me finally, "at Chuck especially. He thought he got him off the team—and swiped his place as their principal rider. So he had it in for him. He always did have, at that, ever since that first race Chuck beat him, riding for you."

He would know, of course. That's all they talk about, those wise boys in front of the garages—the women going by and how fast they can run a car or a motorcycle. And more so, naturally, in a town where the factory is.

"Is that so?" said I. "How bad was Chuck hurt?"

"They say it's his right hand," he told me. "A wheel got it."

"Gad!" I said. "That's getting to be an awful game—those bowls—with the speeds they're making now. They ought to do something to stop it."

It all came back to me, of course—what I'd heard about it—when old Tom spoke to me. I told him so.

"How's he coming out?" I asked him.

"Well, he won't race any more probably," he told me. "Anyhow, that's what they said at the hospital."

"I understand it's his right hand," I said; "about like yours."

"Not so bad," he said. "But smashed up quite a lot too. I don't know just how much—but so he won't have the strength in it to race on one of those damned things again."

"How about working—at a trade in a shop?"

"They tell me he can do it, after a while."

"You ought to be glad then," I said—"if it'll get him into something regular, out of that devilish racing."

"I am," said old Tom. "But his mother is most!"

"What's he going to do?" I asked him.

"That's what I was going to ask you about," said Tom, standing over on his other foot. "His mother wanted me to ask you if he couldn't come round and see you after he gets out of the hospital."

"Sure!" said I. "Send him round. If I've got anything I can give him, he'll get it. I got him into the thing; I ought to be willing to help to get him out.

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 22, 1917

How to Meet the War

WE ARE going to spend nineteen billion dollars—roughly, half our normal national income—on war this year.

The fact unduly excites some people. They want to start out with an ax and cut right and left. But there is nothing in that. We've got to economize very drastically on the old peace schedule; but we have not got fairly to wipe the slate clean as to the old habits of living, spending, doing business, and set it all down in new terms.

The adjustment to war is going forward steadily and, on the whole, quite smoothly. Buildings undertaken in a hundred and fifty leading cities in October contemplate an outlay only half as great as last year. Costs of construction, difficulty of getting materials, labor and capital force a contraction. Materials, labor and capital that would normally have gone into buildings are feeding the war.

Railroads have unified operation and must unify still further, cutting down passenger service, pooling equipment and terminals. All that releases a great amount of transportation service for war purposes.

The Government controls the distribution of some basic materials, like steel and iron; it controls the distribution of fuel; it controls transportation by land and sea. It can apply pressure to cut down consumption of materials and labor in almost any direction. For example, it has cut down production of touring cars, thereby diverting materials and labor to war purposes. It should never use this power to destroy a business, but spread the burden judiciously round, so that every business may survive.

By voluntary consent and cooperation the use of capital—which is as vital to any business as steel or fuel—has been put under a war restriction. Private corporations are coming into the market with bonds and stock which would compete with the Government's requirements for capital to only a small extent. This voluntary restriction might well be extended, or organized, by a Government agency—say, the Federal Reserve Board—with the duty of passing upon all corporate applications for capital that involve flotation of bonds or stock in the investment market.

Pretty largely the means for effecting the adjustment to war needs are already in successful operation—and without any violent tearing apart of the old business fabric.

The Individual's Part

THE use of steel, iron, copper, fuel and transportation is subject to the Government's controlling hand. The national supply of investable capital has been put almost exclusively at the service of the Government. Distribution of foodstuffs in the larger channels is under Government control.

The Government has a dam, which it can raise or lower at will, across the big streams of production and consumption. But a hundred million tiny streams are still largely under private control. How they are managed is almost as important, in the mass, as how the Government operates the big dams.

Unless twenty-odd million families produce and save the best they can the nation will fall immeasurably short of adequately meeting the requirements of war. There are slackers and shirkers. Anybody with the price can still have beef, bacon and white bread three times a day if he is hoggish enough to take food out of the mess kettles of men who are fighting for his country. That is what it finally comes to!

There is still the individual obligation to produce and save to the best of his ability. Keep the Hoover food card in the kitchen and follow it. Save fuel.

What the war requires of any man not in uniform is a slight thing, easily done, involving no hardship and hardly a real inconvenience. It involves simply the exercise of a rational war-basis economy, which will do him much more good than harm. Save exportable food; save coal; save money for the war loans.

Postal Zones

PARCEL-POST rates are properly based on a zone system; the longer the haul, the higher the rate. Parcel post carries merchandise, and the carrying charge is absorbed in the price of the article. If the carrying charge is a few cents more the selling price will be a few cents more

The producer of merchandise is entitled to the advantage of his geographical location. They raise potatoes in Maine and they raise potatoes in California. The Maine grower says: "It isn't fair to haul potatoes from California to Boston as cheaply as from Maine. I am entitled to the natural advantage of a shorter haul to that market."

Substantially they are just the same potatoes, and it is immaterial to the consumer where they come from.

They raise ideas in Maine and they raise ideas in California. They are not the same ideas; and neither Maine nor California wants a barrier to the interchange and circulation of ideas. The new postal provisions propose that, intellectually speaking, the Atlantic Seaboard shall subsist upon its own potatoes and the Pacific Coast upon its own potatoes. Neither section wants that.

Purveyors of merchandise want the natural advantage of lower carrying charges to the nearest markets. Purveyors of information and ideas do not want any such advantage. Newspapers and periodicals in the West are as much opposed to these new sectionalizing postal rates as are those of the East.

There is no analogy between parcel post and second-class mail. The reasons for establishing a zone system in the one case do not apply to the other. Congress says that system is based on cost of the service. But Congress does not know what the cost of the service is, and the argument would not apply if it did. Hardly an item in its budget is based on cost of service. It costs twice as much to collect customs revenue in one district as in another, but the rates are the same for all districts

City Housing

OUR friend Smith has three rooms and a bath, for which, unfurnished, he pays four hundred dollars a month. Our friend Robinson also has three rooms and a bath, for which, unfurnished, he pays thirty-five dollars a month

They are in the same city—New York—and about three miles apart.

The house that Robinson lives in is a better example of architecture than the one Smith lives in. His apartment is about as large and as comfortable, and quite as attractive to the eye. But when you step outside you find yourself in a mean, dirty street, with narrow, broken, uneven sidewalks, bumpy, ruinous granite-block pavement, everywhere a patched and ragged aspect. There is no bit of green in sight, no relief for the eye—a wilderness of dingy brick and mortar cut through by shabby streets.

Leaving Smith's apartment, you find yourself in a broad, beautifully paved avenue, as carefully swept and scrubbed as a good housewife's floor. Trucks and carts that might drop litter are not permitted upon it. You look across it into a fine park.

The city, of course, furnishes all those pleasing accessories of immaculate street and enticing park; but Smith pays the landlord a prodigious rent for them.

The people down Robinson's way don't want the city to furnish any such accessories for them. They would be aghast at the idea of having their streets beautifully paved, with clean, shining sidewalks, ornamental lamp-posts, and a big lovely park within a minute's walk.

They know mighty well that if the city supplied those things the landowners would mark up the price of property a thousand per cent and rents would be so high they could not live there.

The Labor Situation

THE Government has fixed the price of wheat, coal, iron, steel and copper. Its Priority Board is saying who shall have first call on certain materials and on fuel and transportation.

The reason is that the demand for those things much exceeded the supply. If bidders simply pitched in, every fellow for himself, bidding against one another, prices might go to any height, and there was no likelihood that supplies would go where there was most need of them for the public good.

The demand for all those things pretty largely resolves itself, in the end, into a demand for labor. Thousands of plants say they are short-handed. Farmers in the East complain that munition factories are draining the farms of labor, and spring seeding may be restricted because harvest hands are not in sight, and many munition factories want more hands than they have.

Plants are bidding against one another for labor, somewhat as they might have been bidding against one another for steel and coal if the Government had not intervened. So an agitation has started for conscription of labor as fuel, basic materials and transportation have virtually been conscripted.

Neither will anything come now of the agitation for a twelve-hour day in industries that have established a shorter workday; though that may come later.

Control over materials, fuel and transportation will shift labor to the more necessary industries. High wages should draw labor of both men and women from idleness or from occupations of small usefulness—jobs that minister to laziness and display—into more useful industry. Laziness and display should not now employ labor that may be productively employed.

But above all, the developed labor supply should be kept at work. That, at present, is more important than any other aspect of the matter. A strike is a crime against the country.

Working for the Government

IF YOU think government ownership is a good thing for labor, ask your postman.

He will tell you that his salary was fixed ten years ago; and, though cost of living has greatly increased since then, and workmen in private employment have generally received substantial increases, his employer has taken no cognizance of those facts.

After having served as a substitute he is put on the regular force at eight hundred dollars a year, and receives an annual increase of one hundred, if efficient, until he reaches twelve hundred a year. The average for the first nine years of substitute and regular service is said to be about eight hundred dollars a year.

The maximum is about twenty-five dollars a week. It might be instructive for you to find out where and how a man with a family can live on that amount in a big city at the present time.

There is a bill before Congress to adjust salaries of postal clerks and letter carriers in first-class and second-class offices. It proposes a thousand dollars a year for employees in the first grade, and successive promotions—for efficient employees—to a maximum of fifteen hundred dollars in the sixth grade. It ought to pass.

The National Association of Letter Carriers, in annual convention assembled, adopted a memorial in support of this bill. It is an exceedingly modest document, couched throughout in the language of dutiful servants, "respectfully appealing" for consideration of their claims.

That is the Government employee. For a breezily contrasting picture of the private employee, you may have read, almost any day lately, of the union delegate's walking into the boss' office, thumping the table and tersely remarking: "Come across!"

War Charities

SOME time ago a war-benefit bazaar was held in New York. Receipts were almost eighty thousand dollars and net proceeds for the war fund about seven hundred dollars. Then there was an investigation, some indictments, and an ordinance designed to prevent similar impositions on the public in the future.

Like ordinances or police regulations are in order everywhere.

A hundred and one agencies appeal for money to alleviate distress caused by the war. Most of them are honest; but some are badly managed, and some are gotten up to give jobs to interested persons. No war-benefit entertainment ought to be permitted without responsible assurance that the proceeds will go to a useful war purpose—and not to pay salaries and commissions.

There is always the Red Cross. There is the Y. M. C. A. There are some other agencies which are known to be dependable and efficiently managed; so that money turned over to them will really count in lightening the total burden of the war. And there are some side shows whose usefulness, in view of the whole situation, is doubtful.

Don't hand out a dollar simply because the lady is wearing a red-white-and-blue sash. In any case for every dollar that will be handed out there is crying need of ten dollars or fifty. Millions of people are suffering.

Applicants that cannot make out an impeccable case and stand the rigidest investigation ought to be discouraged.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Charles Hanson Towne

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE—at the foot of this column—says he would rather write a poem than eat. He has never been able to make up his mind whether he prefers editing or writing; Nature or human nature. He is gregarious; but he also loves solitude. He never reads best sellers, except in manuscript. He sees no reason why a poet shouldn't be a perfectly practical person.

One of the greatest thrills he ever got was when he saw a man on a train cutting one of his poems from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He became so excited that he ventured to speak to the stranger.

"Oh, I was just collecting samples of type," the fellow answered.

Sir Douglas Haig

THE man who broke the "unbreakable" Hindenburg Line in the recent British drive needs no introduction, as the toastmasters say, to an Allied audience—nor, it is a safe bet, to a German one either. The picture in the oval of Sir Douglas Haig and the President of Portugal was taken at the time the latter made a visit to the Portuguese Expeditionary Force in France.

Harry Lauder

TO MANY young Americans to whom until recently he was merely a voice Harry Lauder has become a real person. With his song recitals, given in a number of the training camps, he has diverted and inspired the men who are soon to cross the Atlantic to fight for the cause for which Harry Lauder's only son died. The picture of Mr. and Mrs. Lauder shown on this page was taken in New York at the time of the last suffrage parade.

James E. Watson

SENATOR JAMES E. WATSON, of Indiana, has the unusual distinction of having been elected to the House of Representatives before he was thirty years of age. For many years he was Republican Whip of the House and on the Ways and Means Committee, and last year was elected to the Senate.

Although a speaker of force and brilliancy, he has during a ten months' session of Congress maintained a Sphinx-like silence, and is known in Washington as a Senator who works seriously at the job rather than as a speaker. The snapshot below shows him at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, with his son, who is an officer in the Regular Army.

Annette Abbott Adams

An Autobiography

I WAS born in Prattville, a small village in the Sierra Nevada mountains in California, in 1877. My father, a native of Ohio, who came to California in the days of "Forty nine,"

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THE CAMERA AS A DEADLY WEAPON

(Continued from Page 11)

taken into consideration before the war not only the subject of aërial reconnaissance but the subject of bombarding from the air, as well—a form of activity which the Allies were later obliged to take up.

At the beginning of the war the French were ahead of other nations in the air. Having been the first to prove aviation possible, the United States went to sleep; but the new science appealed to the imagination of the French, and their genius was promptly applied to its development. The aërial activities of Great Britain prior to the war were not comparable with those of France, but were far more comprehensive than those of this country.

Thus when the war broke out the now almost antiquated military axiom that the airplane is the eyes of the army had in France been accepted and acted upon; in England it was coming to be accepted; while in the United States it was talked about in a large and futile way, without results.

With the first British expeditionary force there went to France a handful of fairly good planes; but as Great Britain began to realize the vital importance of the airplane and to make up her deficiencies, new planes were flown from England to the Front in such large numbers that sometimes on one day more new machines joined the army in France than were dispatched with the original expedition.

Most of the early French planes were built for observation work. But it was soon found that these planes, being heavy and slow by comparison with later types, were subject to attack. The Germans built faster planes for this purpose; the Allies built still faster ones to fight back and to act as convoys to observation planes—precisely as destroyers and battle cruisers act as convoys to transports. So the race has gone on as the war has progressed. Eight distinct types of plane have been evolved by the British, the latest of them a battle plane, the small wing surface and enormous driving power of which remind one of Orville Wright's saying that "if you have a strong enough engine you can fly with a kitchen table." Like earlier battle planes this one carries a machine gun in a fixed position forward. To point his gun the pilot must point his machine, swooping directly at his adversary and firing as he comes. The propeller is in front of the gun, and the firing of the gun is so timed by machinery that the bullets pass between the propeller blades as they revolve. Owing to the small wing surface of this plane it is necessary to develop a speed of eighty or ninety miles an hour on the ground before flight is attempted. The engine is, however, so powerful that this speed is very quickly reached, and after a little forward dash the machine rises abruptly, attaining in the air a speed of a hundred and forty to a hundred and sixty miles an hour. Some aviators will tell you that "climb" is even more important than speed in a battle plane. The new plane can rise to a height of ten thousand feet in eight and a half minutes. It has to be operated always at great speed. When the pilot wishes to alight he dives sharply, swerving off horizontally one or two hundred feet above the ground and making contact with terra firma at a speed of nearly a hundred miles an hour.

Supermen of the Air

Naturally only the most expert and dauntless superpilot handles this type of plane. Naturally, also, the man who flies it becomes a hero of heroes, not only to the flying corps but to the whole world. Young, alert, intrepid, clear of eye and skin, dressed in a trim tunic which distinguishes him from the poor race of earthbound men, he is the embodiment of an ideal manhood; of physical, mental and spiritual fitness perfectly coördinated. Compared with him the ordinary aviator seems a mere air chauffeur, while the observer, riding as passenger in a slow two-seater, becomes by contrast hardly more picturesque than an old gentleman out for an airing in a safe and comfortable limousine.

But though the fighter is the "whole show" from the popular standpoint he is far from being the whole show in a military way. He is, as it were, a wingèd D'Artagnan; but D'Artagnan was, after all, only a guardsman of the king, as the air fighter is guardsman of the observer. Or, to adopt a football metaphor, the fighter is the interference, while the observer is the man who runs with the ball. It is the observer that the enemy desires above all to bring down; and by the same token it is round the observer that his own convoy of battle planes operates in protective formation. For it is one of the first rules of the air that, come what may, the observer must be brought safely in.

The observer may be a pilot as well, or he may not, but he must certainly be familiar with the conditions of ground warfare in order to understand what he sees from the air. For this reason the highly trained observer is usually an experienced soldier who has transferred into the flying corps. With the pilot this is not necessarily the case; in all probability his military career began with aviation. If he develops a great gift for flying he may become the pilot of a battle plane, but in order to become an observer he must have something more than nerve and dexterity. Those things he must have, but he should also be a man of acute perception, of imagination, of vision.

The French escadrilles approach the subject of air observation with characteristic dash, performing brilliantly, whereas the British tendency has been toward standardization and the development of an intelligence service as mechanically perfect as it is possible to make it. All of which brings us down to the subject of the camera as a deadly weapon.

Convincing the Staff

We hear much talk of the novelties of this war—the submarine, the tank, the wearing of armor, camouflage, hand-bombing, poison gases, flame throwing, airplanes. Yet with a single exception not one of these things is strictly new. They are merely modern improvisations on old themes. A crude submarine was tried in the Revolutionary War, and in the Civil War a Confederate submarine sank a Federal vessel; the Greeks, as we know, fought with fire; and as for poison gas it is but the more deadly successor of the Chinese stinkpot. The gas mask, though new to warfare, is not new to city fire departments. Air reconnaissance was made from balloons in the Civil and Franco-Prussian wars. Flying is, however, really new. And so is aërophotography.

The first appearance of the camera in any connection whatsoever with war was when Brady took his Civil War photographs. Brady, however, was not a part of the military forces, and did not represent the Government, but worked on his own initiative. His pictures are, of course, of the greatest historic value; and though he had not the advantage of the modern high-speed shutter I have heard a photographic expert of the British Army say that the present war has developed no pictorial work to equal Brady's.

Next, with the invention of the halftone method of reproducing photographs in print, came the news photographer who, as represented by the indomitable "Jimmy" Hare, reached ascendancy in the Russo-Japanese War, but who, far from being summoned to the battlefield as an aid to operations, was merely tolerated as a necessary nuisance.

The use of the camera in our army, in the British Army and probably in all other armies began with the engineers, who took ground photographs for purposes of record, principally in connection with field-engineering problems.

Now we know that prior to the present war the science of photography had, like so many other sciences, been developed more highly in Germany than in any other country; but to what extent the Germans were equipped to utilize photography for purely military purposes, at the outset, we do not know—or if we do know we do not tell. It seems fair to assume, however, in view of their vast military plans and preparations, that they were the first to use it. But whether the Germans or the French were first, this is the first war in which the camera has been recognized officially as an aid to purely military reconnaissance.

Attached to the original British expeditionary force was a small but efficient unit of Royal Engineers, equipped to make ground photographs to be used as a means for checking up maps and to visualize for the artillerists the targets at which they fired. Many of the first ground photographs were made at great hazard, by soldiers who crept out to advanced positions in No Man's Land and made panoramic photographs of the enemy's Front.

For aërophotography the British had at that time no provision. Before the war some casual efforts in this direction were made in England with hand cameras, but as the results were valueless the idea was abandoned. This had the unfortunate effect of establishing a precedent. Aërophotography had been tried and pronounced a failure. There was no further use in experimenting with it. So the young officers who went to the high command with new proposals were informed.

Now if there is one kind of bureaucrat who is likely to be less hospitable than another to a new idea it is your military bureaucrat at the beginning of a war. That is likely to be true in any army. Gold lace is too often a perfect form of insulation against originality. Precedent is too often the fluid which flows, in place of blood, through the veins of your middle-aged staff officer. Moreover, he is busy. He resents new proposals. What is his training as a soldier worth, he asks himself, if he can learn anything from young cranks, as he considers them, who come to headquarters with all manner of fantastic schemes? Only recently he had been compelled, against his will, to learn the new military maxim that the airplane is the eyes of the army; yet here were young fellows, hardly more than boys, talking of plates and lenses and laboratory work, and all manner of things having nothing to do with military operations, and proposing something about making the camera, in turn, the eyes of the airplane. Rot! Didn't he know what a camera was? Weren't his children at home always making snapshots? A camera was a toy—something to be used for taking pictures of pretty girls in gardens, and at the seashore.

So things stood during the first awful months through which that gallant little army hung on grimly against untold odds, adding one more golden page to the history of British arms and writing in blood upon the soil of France one more sermon on the price a nation pays for being unprepared for war.

At last, however, came the day when, in the course of planning operations to be carried out jointly by French and British forces, French officers produced photographs which had been taken by their airmen, and indicating certain smudges thereon declared those smudges to represent barbed wire. In the attack that followed, the British found barbed wire at the points where the smudges showed upon the photographs.

Automatic Picture-Taking

Nothing more was needed to persuade the staff of the value of aerophotography. They must have it, and have it in a hurry! The young officers who had previously wasted breath in trying to convince them were sent for. The old hand cameras that had been tried before the war were unearthed and given to the young officers with orders to go ahead. The young officers looked them over, pronounced them worthless and declared that a fresh start must be made, beginning at the very beginning—that there must be special cameras, special lenses, special plates, special laboratories, special laboratory methods, and—not the least important—special men. The high command groaned and agreed. Thus it came about that, early in 1915, the first British school of aërophotography was established in connection with the Royal Flying Corps, in a pair of huge packing cases of the kind used for shipping airplanes.

It began with two eager men reaching out after a new and urgently needed science; now, less than three years later, the number of trained experts employed in this branch of the British service runs into four figures. Nor is it an exaggeration to say that, rapidly as the airplane has developed under the pressure of war, the camera and the photographic laboratory have kept pace with it. Authorities on lenses, magnification, telephotography, color photography and light filtration gave their knowledge; scientific devices undreamed of in connection with photography when the war broke out have been discovered and applied, and the result is that achievements, such as the original photographic experts of the flying corps hardly dared imagine, have not only become realities, but realities of almost daily occurrence.

The nature of the newest discoveries cannot be discussed in detail for the reason that the British know that some of their devices far surpass anything with which the Germans are acquainted. But there are some things which may be said. The matter of actually taking the photographs is almost purely mechanical. The photographic plane merely ascends to a given point, when, by pressing a button or pulling a string, the camera is set in action. Some photographic planes carry several cameras attached in such positions that several groups of pictures may be taken at once. The exhaust from the motor is sometimes used to operate cameras of a kind that takes rapid successive pictures. Photographs that are perfectly clear and highly valuable have been taken from a height of three and a half miles. By means of color and light filtration certain things, often invisible to the eye, are made to stand out sharply in photographs of one especial kind.

New Photographic Feats

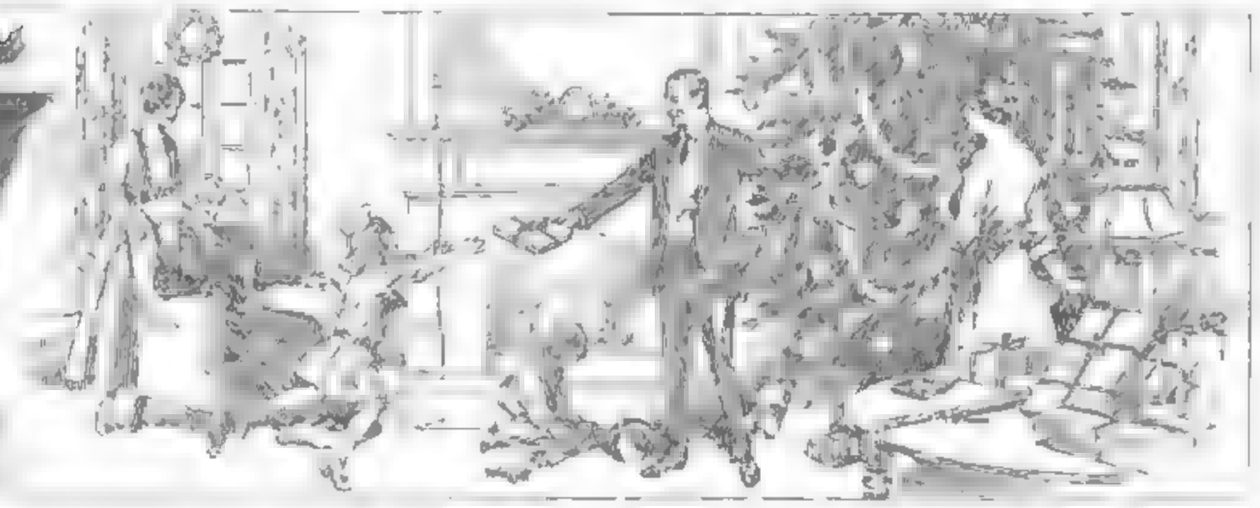
Without stating the exact nature of these pictures or the precise purpose for which they are taken, let us fancy a case in which an aviator could not see men lying still upon the ground, wrapped in camouflage coats, but in which by means of light filtration the camera sharply reveals them. That will suffice to indicate the nature of what is being done with one special type of camera. But more wonderful yet is the trick that has been learned of taking clear photographs under weather conditions so unfavorable that the photographer is unable to see the earth, or is at best barely able to discern it. For example, a photograph of a section of German trench, closely packed with soldiers, was taken through a thick mist. It revealed the fact that the enemy, fancying himself safe under cover of the mist, was bringing up reserves for an attack. Within a few minutes after this photograph was taken the aviator returned to earth; within ten minutes after he had landed finished prints of this picture were in the hands of the intelligence officers, and a minute or two later the section of communicating trench shown in the picture, with the men in it, was under a fire so heavy that it was completely obliterated. From the time the photograph was taken to the time the shells were dropping was not more than eighteen or twenty minutes.

All aërophotographic experts will tell you that their science or art, or whatever you choose to call it, begins where the most skillful studio photography ends. Instead of taking amateur photographers and training them for aërophotography they take experts and carry them along in a post-graduate course. This applies not so much to the men who actually take the pictures as to the laboratory men stationed at aviation camps with motor trucks fitted with highly standardized equipment for developing, printing and enlarging. The importance of perfect work in these branches is very great; plates and prints must be absolutely free from spots; for a dot no bigger than a pin point, or a slight change in tone, resembling a spot made upon a plate by chemicals, may mean volumes—as some episodes I shall presently relate will show. Speed is also of the utmost importance in laboratory work, since conditions change momentarily, and since the "reading" of the finished prints by the experts of the Intelligence Division often requires long, patient labor with a magnifying instrument.

And therein lies one of the chief advantages of photographic observation over observation with the eye. Instead of a quick impression gathered while flying, and perhaps also under fire, which is what the eye observer gets, the camera makes a permanent record, which may be studied at leisure in a place of safety. Instead of seeing one thing as the eye does, and then jumping to another thing, the camera's eye takes in impartially every detail that comes within its range of vision. Objects at the margins of the photograph are as clear as those near the center. Nothing is overlooked. Also the camera's eye is infinitely sharper than

(Continued on Page 26)

"This gladdest day in all the year
I bring this wholesome Christmas cheer,
Enjoy and smile, and hope again
For peace on earth good will to men!"



Christmas will still be "Christmas"!

The one day in the year when we are all bound to look on the bright side of life, and make the most of every sensible enjoyment. Above all, let your Christmas dinner be as cheerful and inviting as you can make it. Give it the added zest and relish of an appropriate soup course. If the dinner is a hearty one, begin it with

Campbell's Consommé

In this delicate and appetizing Campbell "kind" you have an ideal introduction to the Christmas menu.

Made from choice beef and doubly clarified by an improved method of our own, it is rendered as clear as amber, and extremely inviting.

We flavor it slightly with selected vegetables, fine herbs and a touch of French blending. Its attractive appearance and piquant flavor appeal to the most critical taste, and make this delightful Consommé especially appropriate with a very hearty dinner or any formal occasion where many courses are served.

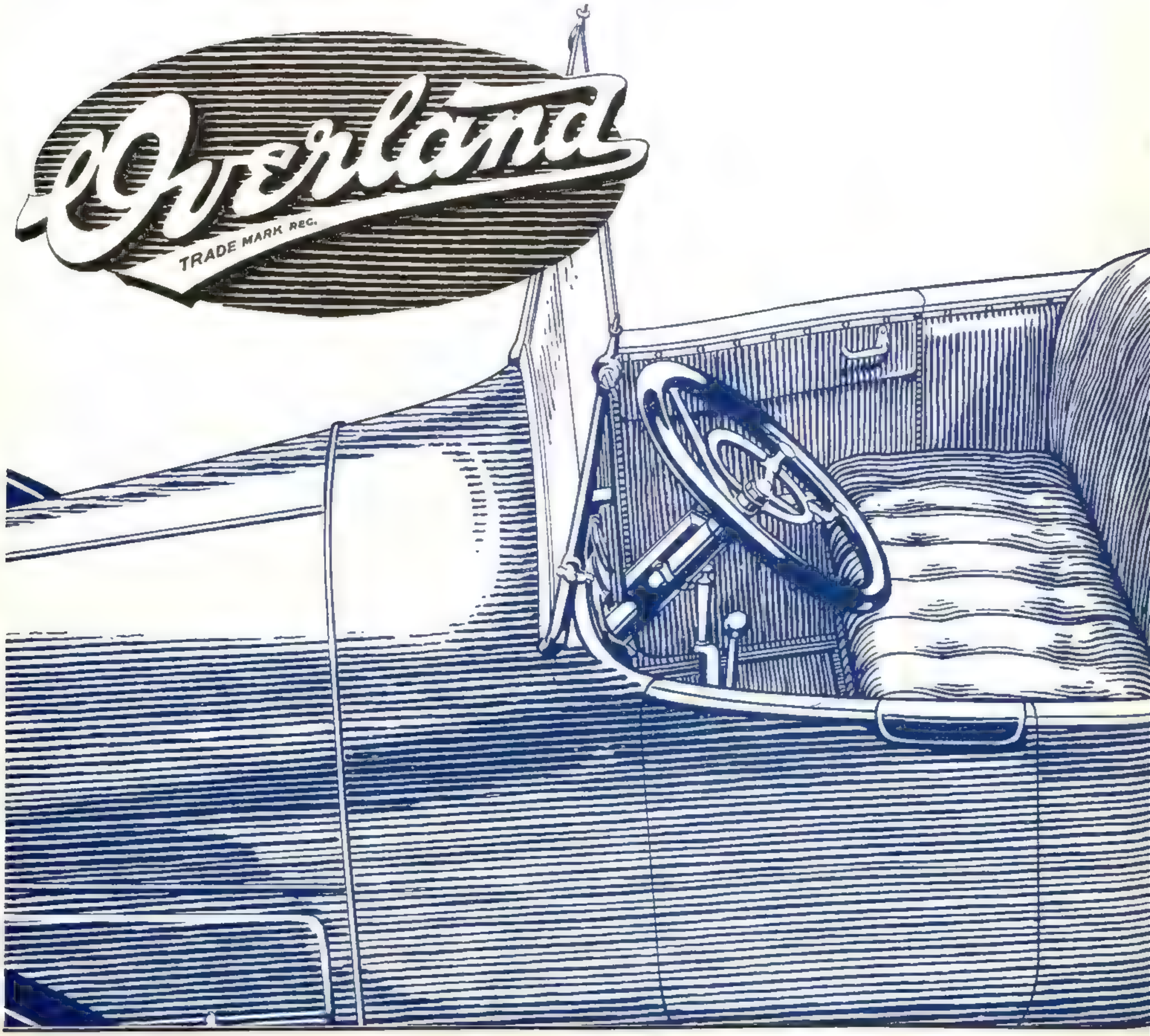
Like all *Campbell's Soups* its use involves neither labor nor delay. You simply add hot water, bring to a boil and serve.

Today when you order from the grocer, remember to include some of *Campbell's Consommé.*

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



The Wise Christmas Gift

THIS Overland car makes your Christmas money *count*—makes it *live* longer and do more *good*.

With it you can measure up to the extra demands upon your time and energy.

Light Weight—Big Power

HERE is a business car—built for thrifty utility!—for home-efficiency—work-efficiency and individual-efficiency.

You need *this* car to live a 1918-life.

It is, in your daily life, what the machine guns and aëroplanes are for the army; what automatic tools are for factories; what railroads are for commerce.

It is a service expert!

So designed, constructed and perfected as to run better—run longer and run cheaper.

Its business is to keep going.

And going sweetly, obediently and sufficiently for all requirements.

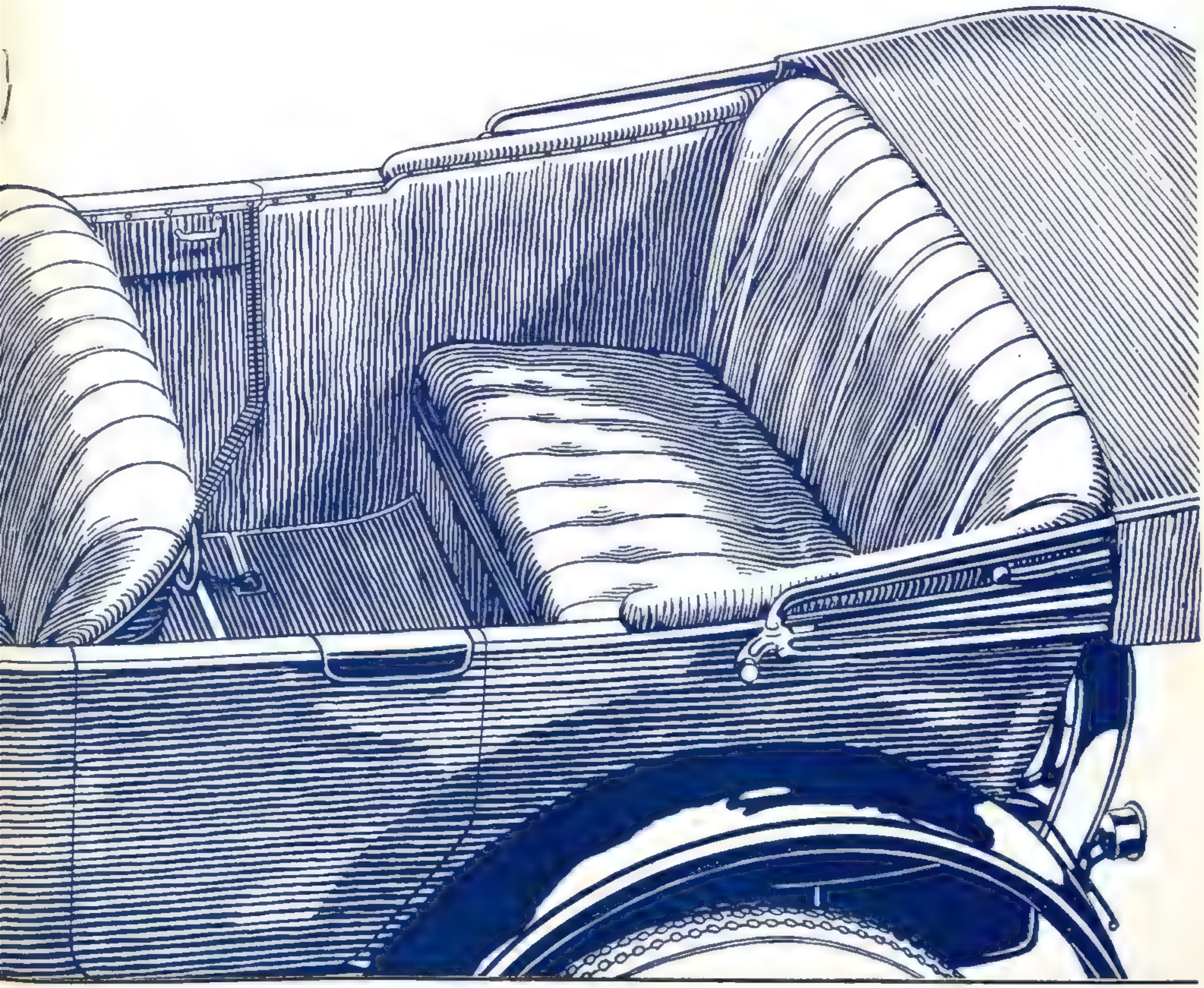
The 32-horsepower motor is a miser with fuel and a spendthrift with power.

It is rugged, dependable, quiet and always adequate.

Every structural feature is built of the quality and quantity of materials that provides for *extraordinary* demands.

This is *how* it is built and what it is built *for!*

More than 80,000 Model 90 Overland cars already are making more



—Big Room—Small Cost!

than 80,000 owners happier, healthier and wealthier.

It is a money-saver when you *buy* it and while you *use* it.

Now for its *excess* value over and above its economical *usefulness*—

No other car near its price gives such comfort, beauty and roominess.

This car gives you social-pride in addition to mechanical-power.

It has big-car appearance and touring comfort without extravagance.

Consider its complete equipment – Auto-Lite starting and lighting, vacuum system fuel feed, 31 x 4 inch tires, non-skid rear!

It has 106 inch wheelbase and buoyant cantilever rear springs.

Everything for its control is within easy reach of the driver.

It has deep upholstery, plenty of leg room, and exquisite finish.

Its serviceability *satisfies* the business man its style *gratifies* his family.

Get *your* Model 90 Overland, the car that *pleases* while it *serves*—the car that gives more for the money!

Model 90

Light Four

$795

f. o. b. Toledo—Tax Free
Price subject to change without notice

Willys-Overland Inc., Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor Cars
and Light Commercial Cars

Canadian Factory, West Toronto, Canada

(Continued from Page 22)

the eye of a man. It picks out tiny items that no human eye can detect, and sometimes these items are of the first significance.

But the camera does more than that. Often it corrects the eye observer's impressions as to the nature of the things that he has seen. A case in point is that of an eye observer who, returning from a flight back of the German lines at a time when gas was being used, reported four gas tanks at a certain place. A photograph a few minutes later revealed the supposed gas tanks as harmless logs of wood.

The camera is also the deadly enemy of camouflage. Devices for concealment that baffle the eye of the ocular observer are revealed in photographs, sometimes faintly, sometimes with a clarity that is actually ludicrous. And fully as important, the camera, so to speak, remembers. What it has once seen does not pass out of its mind but becomes a permanent record. Thus, a picture of a certain piece of Front, taken at a given time and under given condition, may be compared with other pictures of that same piece of Front taken at other times, and still others, and so on, day after day or, if need by, hour after hour. The progress of new trenches is noted as they are being dug; every change in the landscape, however slight, is observed and interpreted. It was through the camera that one of the first lessons of camouflage was learned, at the beginning, by both sides—the lesson that the shadow is an all-important thing; that the object you wish to conceal must not cast a shadow, but should, if it stands above ground, be situated in a shadow cast by some larger object. For changing lights are very trying to camouflage; what is concealed at midday may be sharply revealed in the early morning or late afternoon.

In one case, where a French town held by the Germans had been shot to pieces by Allied artillery, a late photograph revealed that one of the houses, which had long been roofless, had suddenly acquired a roof. The airmen, knowing that it is not in the nature of the Hun to rebuild a structure in a captured town, for the benefit of anyone but the Hun himself, kept photographing this house, and presently, by a brilliant piece of deduction, it was found out that the new roof concealed a heavy gun. Precisely how this discovery was made from the photographs cannot be told. It may only be said that it was accomplished by a piece of photographic detective work strongly suggesting the methods used by Mr. Sherlock Holmes in his fictitious exploits.

The valuable items of information to be gleaned from an important bromide print are not as a rule the perfectly plain items; in other words, what you see in a photograph is not generally so important as what you are able to deduce from what you see.

Where Experts Come In

That is where the expertness of "G.S.O. 3" comes in. G.S.O.3 is the familiar designation of the British staff officer whose duty it is to study photographs and gather information from them. The more you learn of the deductions made by this individual the more they stun you with their constructive imaginativeness. G.S.O.3 at his best is more like a wizard than a man; and at that he will probably admit, like an honest British soldier, that at reading aërophotographs the French are perhaps a shade more skilful than he is. He admires intensely their achievements in this direction and does not hesitate to say so.

It is to G.S.O.3 that prints are rushed as soon as they are made. Sometimes he causes photographs to be made at very brief intervals. Sometimes two or three soldiers, represented by pin-point dots upon a print, may be followed on a walk that they are taking, their progress noted by the altered position of the dots in successive photographs. Three or four photographs of the same bit of terrain, taken at different hours on the same day, may reveal the progress of some new trench that is being dug or of some other work. And even so, trenches are dug so rapidly that forces attacking at dawn come upon works that did not exist when the last photograph was taken, about sunset on the previous day.

Or again, it is the other way about. Sometimes the Germans are caught by the camera when they do not know that they are being caught. And it is then that the war god has his little joke. I have seen photographs that tell such a joke progressively—quite as Goldberg, or Tad, or Bud Fisher, or any of the others who draw daily comic strips for newspapers tell theirs. The first photograph, taken from a great height, showed the commencement of work on an important piece of military construction back of the German lines. Anti-aircraft guns were thickly planted about this point, to drop or drive away observers, and German battle planes were kept in readiness to fly to the attack when Allied planes appeared. In this way it was hoped to keep the work a secret.

The German Hen

It is, however, a point of honor with the various escadrilles of France and the sundry squadrons of the Royal Flying Corps to get the photographs they are ordered to get. If one observer goes for a certain piece of information and does not in due course return another goes on the same errand; if the second does not presently come back a third departs; and so on until the object is accomplished or until the command comes to desist. Sometimes the second man out upon one of these dangerous missions passes over the wreck of the first man's plane, a tragic little spot on the ground below marking the end of a comrade with whom he breakfasted that morning. I have seen photographs of the first man's wrecked plane taken by the second flyer as he passed above it. You see, it takes nerve! But nerve is the commonest kind of commodity among the birdmen.

The staff desired progressive pictures of the new German military work. So in spite of the anti-aircraft guns and the battle planes the members of a certain British flying squadron went out, day after day, and got them. Turning the pictures over, one sees first the beginning, then the progress of the work, then its completion, then the putting on of camouflage. In one photograph half the camouflage is on. In the next it is all in place and the position of the work is indicated only by what looks like a faint blur. The next photograph shows, directly over the completed work, a white spot like a ragged ball of cotton or the mark of a blemish on a photographic plate. Then comes the last picture—a black hole in the ground and ruin all about. And that is where the war god's joke comes in. The white spot represents the explosion of a heavy shell, which, instead of having been dropped upon the work when it was started, was withheld until the job was done and even camouflaged. Then—*Bang!*—and it was gone.

"We believe," said a British birdman, referring to this episode, "that this sort of thing quite discourages the Hen."

"The hen?" I repeated, mystified.

"Yes," said he.

"Who is the hen?" I asked.

"The German."

"How do you spell it?"

"Hen," he repeated. "H-u-n—Hen!"

He told me of another instance in which the "Hen's" labor went for nothing.

One day a birdman brought in a picture of a certain tract of ground in back of a German first-line trench. This tract had been photographed repeatedly before. Nothing new was revealed in the picture save that just beyond the German trench appeared two spots looking like discolorations caused by careless laboratory work. But careless laboratory work does not occur in aërophotography at the Front. It cannot be allowed to occur. What did these spots mean? That was the question which confronted G.S.O.3.

And this is what they meant:

A certain British tank had been in the habit of making an occasional raid across the German trench in this region. Several times it had for certain reasons taken a course that led it across the trench at about the point where the two new spots occurred. It had strafed the Germans considerably on more than one occasion, that tank. They had learned to look for it. They expected it to come again, by the same course.

But it never did go that way again. G.S.O.3 said that it had better not. He said that it would be best for the tank to choose another path the next time it went calling on the Germans—because the two new spots were mines, which had been made ready, on the old route, to receive it.

The reader may be disposed to doubt my veracity when I declare that I know of cases in which infinitely more subtle interpretations of aërophotographs have been made. In one case a photograph was shown in which several clumps of trees occurred. The officer handling the photographs indicated one of these thickets and remarked that within it a German officer was domiciled. That clump of trees looked like any other clump of trees. There was not so much as a dot, representing a human figure, standing near it. So far as I could see there was nothing, absolutely nothing, to reveal a German officer. The tops of the trees were thick and close together. It was impossible to see through them. After pondering the matter for minutes I came to the conclusion that if I had to fathom this mystery or else be shot I should forthwith place my back against the wall and tell them to bring on the firing squad.

Then I was shown. And though I may not say what I was shown I can say that it was something apparently so insignificant, something seemingly so remote from all connection with a German officer, that the reading of that single photograph constitutes the most superhumanly brilliant coupling of observation and deductive reasoning that I have ever known—an achievement beyond all praise.

Practice Picture-Reading

Would you like to experiment with the A B C's of photograph reading? Then compare the photograph on page eleven taken from the ground, of the wrecked Zeppelin, with that taken from the air. By considering the position of the Zeppelin with regard to the small white farmhouse—immediately at the right of it in the aërophotograph—you can put your pencil point down upon the maplike photograph at practically the place where the ground photographer stood when he snapped his shutter. Having established that point you have located yourself on the ground photograph with regard to all the surrounding country, as explained by the aërophotograph.

You know, for example, that if you were standing where the photographer stood when he photographed the fallen monster, with the little farmhouse behind it, you could turn to the left, and walking out of the picture come to a hedge—the continuation of the hedge showing between the Zeppelin and the farmhouse. If you scrambled through the hedge you would reach the road. If you turned to the left, following that road away from the farmhouse, you would first pass farm buildings on your right, and, farther along, other farm buildings on your left. Or if instead of going away from the farmhouse you followed the road toward it you know that at the corner of the house the road would turn sharply to the right and that you would find the huge frame of the Zeppelin lying directly across the road a few steps beyond the turn. Let us assume that it would stop you. You might then turn back and pass into the neatly furrowed field at the rear of the farmhouse. Walking down that field in the direction in which the furrows run you would find a hedge at the end of it, and passing the hedge you would come upon two rows of tents—an encampment of soldiers detailed to keep curiosity seekers from hunting souvenirs amid the ruins of the Zeppelin. Then if you turned to the right and followed the line formed by the two rows of tents you would come to another hedge, and crossing it would find two more rows of tents—these at the far extremity of the green field over the upper corner of which about two-thirds of the fallen monster rests. You can judge quite accurately of the length of such a walk by using the known length of the average Zeppelin as a basis for measurement; or if you do not know how long a Zeppelin is then you can use the estimated length of the farmhouse roof as a basis, or the width of a military tent, or of an English lane. As this aërophotograph is taken at an angle the perspective may throw your measurements out a little. The ordinary military aërophotograph is, however, taken vertically, making an absolutely accurate map.

Accurate Work

A similar experiment may be tried by comparing the ground photograph of the farm courtyard with the first photograph taken from the air, above it. By comparing details of the building as seen from the ground with details as seen from the air you may establish the precise point in the courtyard at which the ground photographer stood to take his picture. Having established that, and having familiarized yourself with the aërophotograph, you can look at the ground photograph and know just where you would go, if you were on the scene, in order to reach the nearest German trenches, and just where those trenches would lead you were you to follow them. The aërophotographs were, in this instance, taken from a point almost exactly above that from which the ground photograph was taken. But how would you make sure of that if you didn't know it?

The reader is by this time probably convinced that the taking of military photographs from the air is not merely a matter of going up and snapping away with a camera, hit or miss, in the hope of getting something useful. Nor is it merely a matter of obtaining photographs of this bit of German territory or that. The whole Front is photographed, for miles back. Each sector is divided into plots and each plot has its number. A birdman is told to go and get a fresh picture of, let us say, Plot G, 137, at 6500 feet. He does it. His indicator tells him when he is at the proper height and his finder tells him when he is over the plot he has been sent to take—for of course he knows his terrain. If shrapnel from the anti-aircraft guns sends him up above the height from which he wishes to make his picture he will take it from a higher point, say 10,000 feet; and the photograph thus obtained can be brought to scale afterward by enlargement. Almost always he gets his photograph. And if occasionally he fails that does not necessarily mean that the anti-aircraft guns or the German battle planes

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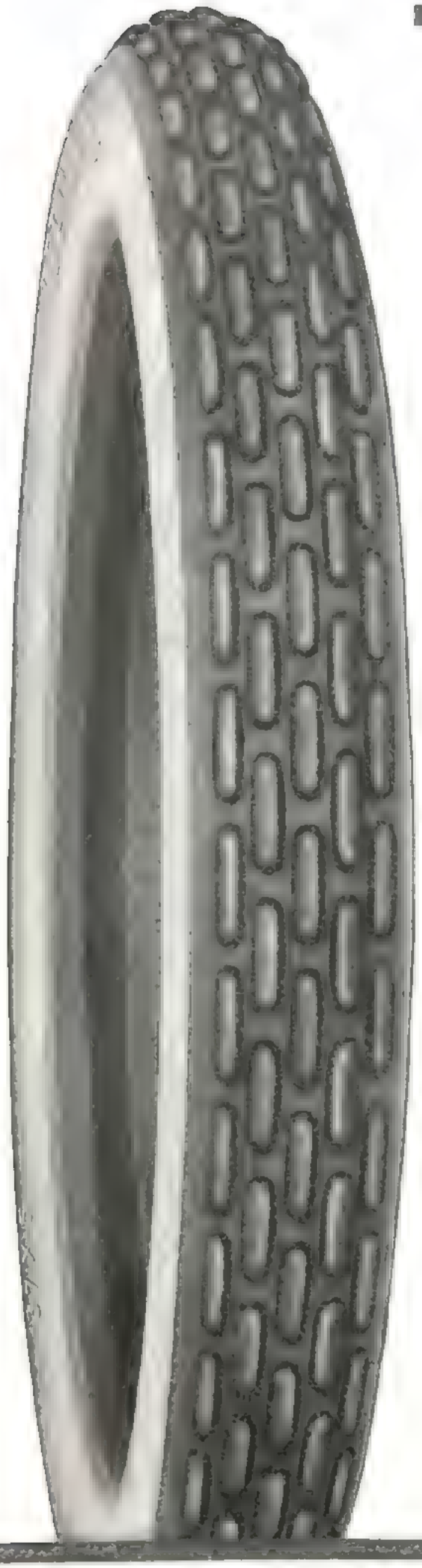

Depending On The Republic

Users of Republic Tires are placing more and more dependence in their tires.

When one set of Republics has finally worn out, they simply buy another set of Republics.

Experience with Republics, and doubtless with other makes, has shown that Republic Tires do last longer.

Republic users tell us that their tires do not chip or cut as readily as some other tires they have used.

We know that this is due to the Prōdium Process.

Their experience has shown the greater non-skid effectiveness of the patented Staggard Tread.

They say that Republics have removed every element of chance from tire-buying.

Republic Tire users put dependence in Republics, because of their good experience with Republics.

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Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

Made in all sizes; oven removable. With or without canopy and warming closet

This story will interest every woman

It is only sketched here that you may know how great an improvement has been achieved in an oil-burning range

For 87 years the name Acorn has meant to women improvement in ranges

First coal then gas then electric —and now it is an *oil-burning range*

Now the Acorn Power-Heat Oil-Range brings the comfort of clean and quick and easy cooking to every home that lacks gas or electricity

ALWAYS Acorn IMPROVING

A flame *within* a flame

YOU probably will never need all the heat of this new oil-range, but it is there if you want it.

Acorn Power-Heat is derived from oil—oil that is first turned into vapor by a newly invented burner and then burned in a "flame within a flame" of intense heating-power.

This Acorn burner takes a gallon of oil and gradually converts it into thousands of gallons of burnable vapor.

Half cent an hour for cooking

With each gallon of oil the new Acorn Power-Heat burner consumes many thousand times its own quantity of *air*, therefore one gallon of oil is made to last for about twenty hours. This means one-half cent an hour per burner at *full power;* much less for ordinary cooking.

Abolish the high cost of fuel in your home. Put in this Acorn Oil-Range and let it pay for itself in reduced fuel bills.

Acorn

RANGES

OIL, COAL, GAS, ELECTRIC

Combinations: Oil Coal and Gas-Coal

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This Acorn Power-Heat Oil-Range sums up the experience and inventions of men who have been foremost in the oil stove industry for years.

Clean as a gas-range

Fumes and oily odors are absent. The reservoir will not soil your hands with oil. No oily film on burners or elsewhere for your fingers or dress to touch. No wick-trimming trouble, hence no soot on cooking-utensils. Made in all sizes; oven removable, with or without canopy and warming closet.

This new Acorn will be on sale at leading dealers' within a few weeks. If you want intense, quick-cooking heat at your instant command, ask to see it. Don't buy an oil-range until you do see it.

Meanwhile, send for "A Flame Within A Flame." Your copy is waiting for you in our office. A postcard will bring it.

(Continued from Page 26)

succeed in "crashing" him, as the British say—in shooting him down. Many an aerophotographer has had his plane riddled with bullets and pieces of shrapnel, yet has returned with his photographs; and others have had their plans disarranged by pieces of shrapnel that have hit their cameras. This has happened at heights as great as 10,000 feet.

As in equipment, so in everything else, standardization is of the utmost importance. Every detail of the work of the photographic division of the flying corps must interlock with other details. This is true literally, even of the maplike photographic prints secured. Instead of being regarded as individual prints they become the tiny fragments making up one huge print of the entire sector—a gigantic photographic map, of such accuracy as no cartographer can achieve. This map at headquarters expresses, perhaps more concretely than any other thing, the new military science. What it really is is a vast, living, changing photograph of war—a photograph that tells the story of the war day by day, hour by hour, as that story is recorded by the cameras of the birdmen. To keep these maps alive, to keep them living always in the present, hundreds of thousands of photographs are taken every month.

When the British offered to present to the Government of the United States all the knowledge they had gained through fighting the war, the American commission, then in Europe, asked that certain British experts be allowed to come to the United States and teach us certain things. Among the things our army had to begin to learn was this new science—aerophotography. The British expert in this branch, whom our commissioners asked for, was Maj. C. D. M. Campbell, who went to France with the first expeditionary force and was later one of the two officers to do the pioneer work in flying-corps photography.

So, though Major Campbell is a very useful officer—whether lecturing on aerophotograph interpretation to senior officers taking the course at Aldershot or carrying on the work in a more acutely practical way at the Front—the British generously let us have him; and along with him his expert sergeant major and tons and tons of equipment representing every single thing having to do with aerophotography as practiced by the British—from cameras of various kinds down to the rubber stamps with which the prints are marked. And all that he knows and all that his sergeant major knows is now known—as nearly as such things can be learned short of actual war practice—to the aërial section of the photographic division of our signal corps. Also the signal corps has all the paraphernalia. And all that the officers in charge need do in order to hasten the day when we shall have an efficient aërophotographic service of our own is to adopt in its entirety the system which it has taken the British three years to develop, and which if we had to build it up ourselves without guidance, would mean a long period of experimentation and delay. The British do not say that their system cannot be improved. On the contrary, they themselves are constantly improving it. But they do strongly advise us to adopt their system or the French system or any system we may prefer, so long as it is a complete system already created, and not a patched-up thing.

More Men Than Material

Even if—as now seems probable—we do adopt the British system, from cameras down to rubber stamps, we shall have enough to do in learning to manufacture the material and train the personnel. Laboratory men must work like a gun crew. All their equipment must be of superexcellent quality. So must the cameras. Most of the raw material for the finest lenses came before the war from Germany. Some came from France, however, and that is where it comes from now. The photographic division of the signal corps is calling upon citizens who own fine German lenses to sell them to the Government. By analyzing these, American lens experts will be able in future to reproduce them; but of course each precious lens analyzed means a lens destroyed.

The excellence of quality achieved in France and England has been attained only by the encouragement of strong competition between independent manufacturers of lenses, cameras and photographic material, with favor shown to none and the development of high quality as the sole object in view.

In the matter of men for this service we are better off, Major Campbell says, than in material. We have the makings of a splendid force of laboratory men; all that is required is very careful selection and training. The great danger in this country, as it was in England when aërophotography was first taken up, is that to the average person a camera is a camera, a roll of film a roll of film, and a plate a plate; degrees of excellence are little understood; when you get into the upper realms of photography you are much like an airman breaking an altitude record—company is scarce up there. The exacting expert is, therefore, likely to be regarded as a crank; and there is always the chance that persons who do not recognize, as he does, the need for absolute perfection will dismiss his recommendations and buy equipment which is thought good enough, but which will later have to be discarded.

The United States Government is going in for a campaign of photography in this war which, when it is in operation in a large way, is expected to be more comprehensive than anything attempted in Europe.

How Leaks Have Occurred

All photographers at the Front, whether aërophotographers, engineering photographers, news photographers or motion-picture men, will be members of the military forces. The purpose of ground photography will be to supply war pictures to the American press and to compile a photographic history of the war on a vast and comprehensive scale.

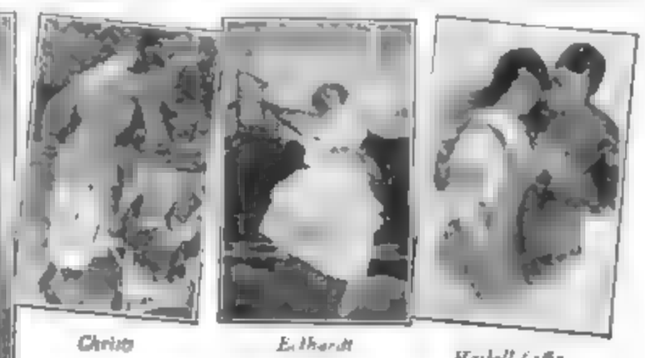
As in aërophotography so in ground photography the Allies learned a great deal by experience; and some of the experience was bitter. One of the first mistakes they made was in issuing permits to individuals, representing news-service syndicates, to make photographs inside the lines. Though there was at that time supposed to be some censorship over photographs it was inadequate, and large numbers of prints containing information of value to the enemy reached Berlin. That such a thing occurred does not necessarily indicate evil intentions on the part of the photographers, but it does very definitely point the necessity of strict censorship over all photographs of military or naval subjects. It makes little difference to the Germans whether they get information from their own secret agents or through the bad judgment of men who would rather be crucified than aid the enemy.

To illustrate: A photograph of soldiers back of a certain section of Front showed them wearing boots of a type that had been discarded some months before and was at the period of this occurrence used only by reserve troops. This revealed to the intelligence officer the fact that reserve troops were stationed at a certain point, the inference being that they would not stand as firm as veterans under attack. Thus this photograph informed the enemy of a weak spot in the line.

Yet suppose the censor had refused to pass the picture? You and I, who do not know about the latest army boot, might consider the ruling stupid and arbitrary. And again, if we complained to the censor, and if the censor explained to us his reason for suppressing the picture, then we should be in possession of the very information it was his business to conceal. That is one reason why censors should have absolute power.

Photographs taken by the large staff of expert ground photographers, who will be sent to France as a part of the photographic division of the signal corps, will not be released to the press excepting through the Committee on Public Information. Under this arrangement there will be no more exclusive photographs of the war originating from American sources. Such a situation is somewhat saddening to the publishers of papers, particularly illustrated dailies having a high reputation for enterprise in the news-photograph field, since it tends to wipe out competition. The policy of the Committee on Public Information in this matter has, however, been wise, for if the committee were to attempt to arrange a system under which exclusive rights to certain war photographs could be obtained by this newspaper or that, then a great howl of protest would rise, each paper thinking that some rival publication was being favored; whereas

"Somewhere at Sunrise"—Riesenberg



Christy Eckhardt Haskell Coffin

Send for Swift's "Premium" Calendar-1918

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A. W. Eckhardt "Wigwag Signals"
Sydney H. Riesenberg "Somewhere at Sunrise"
Haskell Coffin "The Girl I Leave Behind Me"

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This is the finest calendar of all the famous Swift series, for in these splendid paintings the strong national feeling of the hour has inspired four of our country's greatest artists.

Paintings beautifully reproduced in colors

On the back of each picture are dozens of facts you want to know—how to recognize a lieutenant a captain, a major, an ensign. Wigwag signals—how to give warning of the enemy's approach. The different types of battleships, torpedo boats, submarines. The different airplanes—monoplanes, biplanes.

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or—4 labels from Swift's "Premium" Sliced Bacon cartons.
or—4 covers from Brookfield Sausage cartons
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(If you live in Canada send 10c extra to pay duty.)
Address Swift & Co., 4129 Packers Ave., Chicago

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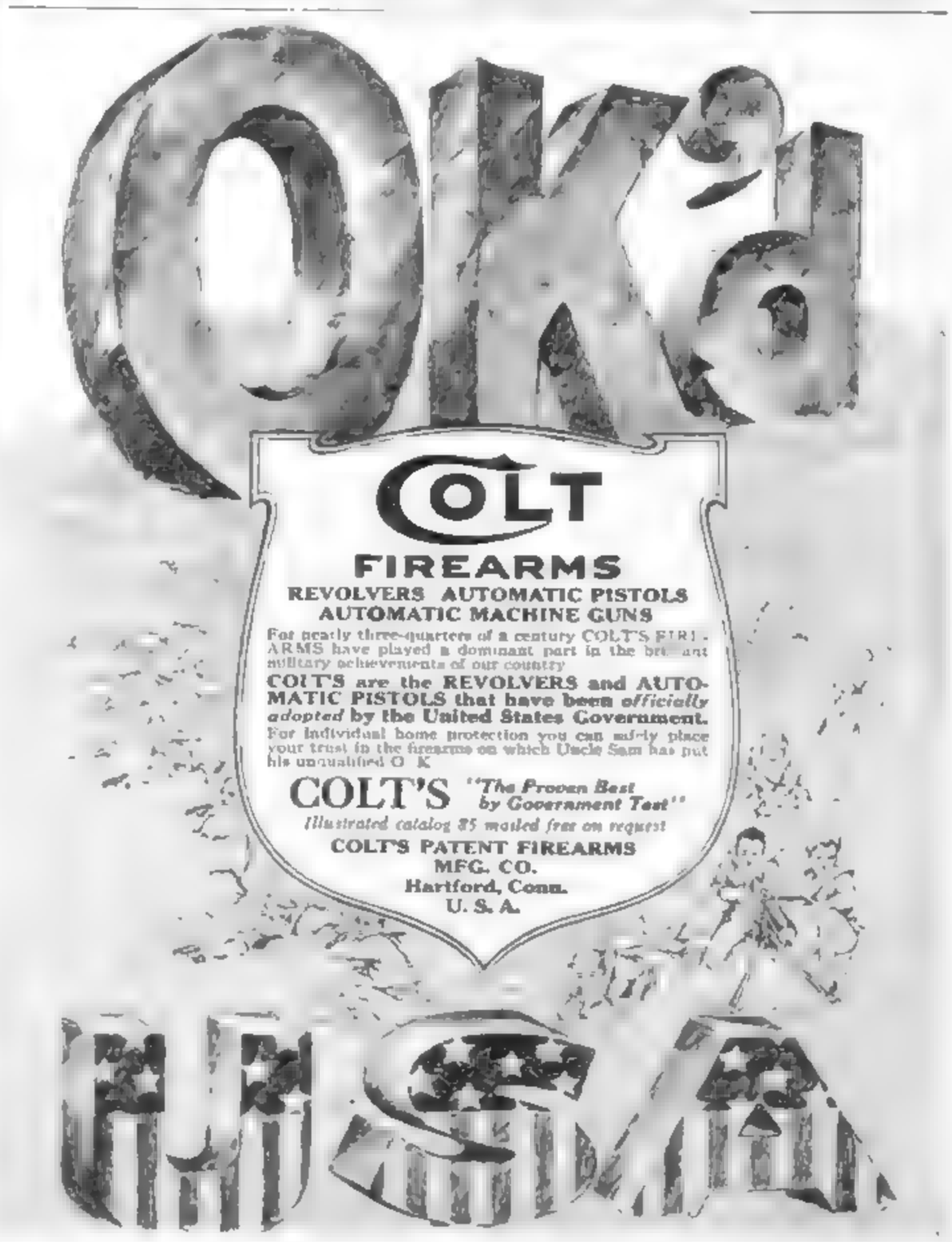
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was what Stevenson called it in his quaint way. It's a condition which confronts the average girl or woman

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
207 Independence Square
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under the present plan all are on an absolutely equal footing.

But the news-photographer's camera, much as we need it, cannot be considered a deadly weapon excepting when it backfires, so to speak, and becomes deadly to its own side by imparting information to the enemy. And with us there is every reason to feel certain that such a thing will not occur—thanks to what we have learned from the early experiences of our Allies.

Neither is the moving-picture camera, the war activities of which are also under the control of the signal corps, to be regarded as deadly, except in a very secondary sense. Motion pictures will be used for publicity to keep our people at home acquainted with the life of the boys at the Front and with the continued war activities of our Government. They will keep the war before us and will emphasize the need for work and sacrifice upon the part of every citizen. Only to that extent may they, perhaps, also be considered as weapons.

The one camera which is most truly a weapon, a terrible lethal instrument, is the camera attached to the airplane. And of that camera I have told you all I may, and a large part of all I know. It is a hard thing to find out about—doubly hard; for aside from the fact that much of the story of aerophotography must for military reasons be kept secret, the birdman is the most reticent of human beings. Reticence is with him a cult.

Other branches of the service in the British and French Armies already had traditions of long standing when the war broke out, but the Royal Flying Corps of Great Britain and the Escadrilles of France were practically brand new; therefore, while building themselves up as organizations they had also to build up traditions, and one of the first of these was a tradition of silence concerning exploits in the air. This conversational repression springs primarily from a desire to avoid anything resembling boastfulness, but it is enhanced by the fact that everyone who meets an airman, especially an airman who has seen service over the Front, begins to ask him questions.

The veteran airman therefore comes to feel that he is regarded as a sort of freak, and that the whole world is on a conspiracy to make him "talk shop." As a result he carefully acquires conversational heliotrope, with the purpose of keeping himself firmly on the ground in face of gales of interrogation intended to lift him into the air. His dexterity in dodging leading questions becomes second nature; he balances himself against them instinctively, as against sudden gusts when flying. There is only one way to draw him out—do not try in the beginning to force him conversationally into the air. Get him off his guard. Make him think of you as a pleasant acquaintance or a friend. Then, when he has begun to trust you, swing round and ambush him, like a sly, swift battle plane darting down upon an enemy flyer from an apparently innocent cloud.

In this way you may learn some of the slang of the flying corps, and by putting on pressure you may hear of some personal adventures—these related reluctantly and very badly.

One of his best slang words is the word "kiwi." A kiwi in the vernacular of the Royal Flying Corps is a member of the corps who does not fly. Such members are necessary—officers and men who attend to supply and repair work. They wear the distinctive tunic of the flying corps, but they have not upon their breasts either the pair of embroidered wings that mark a pilot or the single wing that is the badge of an observer. Now the flying men are just a little bit inclined to poke fun at the groundlings in a veiled and perfectly good-natured way, and their tendency to do so is not diminished by reason of the fact that though the kiwi does not fly he likes to talk about the flying corps. And that is how he got his nickname. For a kiwi—a real kiwi—is a bird found in New Zealand. But though the kiwi makes a noise like a bird, and though it has feathers and a bill, the thing which distinguishes it from other birds is that it always runs upon the ground, having no wings with which to fly.

Once, while gathering information for this article, I had to question a British birdman for a long time. I knew he hated being questioned, so presently I apologized.

"Oh, that's quite all right," he said politely if a little sadly.

"No," I returned. "It's a shame. I know that everyone you meet asks questions. I know how it bores you."

"Well—yes," he admitted. "But you have to get your article. That's all right. The thing one really minds is idle, silly questions. They ask you: 'Is it cold in the air?' And they're always asking how we can ever laugh and joke together when things are pretty bad—when sometimes four of us start off together from our quarters in a motor in the morning and perhaps three, or two, or only one comes back in the evening. They ask how we manage under those circumstances to go on as usual. But I don't see what else we could do, really. How else could we act? If I am in France, and I get up of a morning knowing I've got some work to do, and that I may not get back from it—well, doesn't it annoy me just as much if I have to shave with a dull razor or if the shaving water's cold?

"Once I was at a dinner with some other flying-corps chaps at a big house in England. There was a dowager at the table and she kept asking questions. Everyone tried to shut her off. Our fellows all tried; even the hostess tried, but it was no good. At last it got us rather out of patience. Awful questions too.

"Finally she turned to a pal of mine and demanded: 'If your engine stops when you're in the air, can you get down?'

"'No, madam,' he said. 'That's the annoying part of it. If your engine stops you have to stay up. As a matter of fact, the upper air is full of our poor comrades, drifting about and slowly starving to death. Their engines have stopped and they can't get down!'"

KAMERAD OR CAMOUFLAGE

(Continued from Page 16)

feel a certain amount of pride in showing their neighbors how they were doing their bit have passed ——"

"But there never should have been any such days with their country at war, monsieur! From the very start everything has depended on their doing not their bit but their all! That is the only way in which this war can possibly be won. Our enemies were the first to appreciate that fact."

"Yes," I admitted; "they sure beat the Allies to it in that respect—not the Belgians and the French of course."

"We invaded countries had no choice, monsieur," Gaston interrupted; "for the Belgians to resist as they did was sheer greatness of soul, knowing that they were certain to be ground to powder between the millstones, no matter what happened in the end. We French had at least a fighting chance, but we never should have had it by merely doing our bit. And we should have been crushed, and the English after us, if England had kept on being content to do her bit."

"Well," I said, "I guess you're right. Britannia sleeps hard, but she's a stiff-necked old party once she gets going. I get your idea, though, and that is that America could save a lot of time and expense by cutting out this do-our-bit stuff and throwing her whole weight into the collar right off. Well, that's what I sort of feel we're doing, my boy."

Gaston's war face had set as tight as a plaster death mask. "In that case, monsieur," said he, "the Allied cause is as good as won."

Lying in bed that night before I went to sleep I thought over this brief talk. "If Gaston feels that way about the business after the merest glimpse at the eastern edge of this country," I said to myself, "what will he think when he has dipped into it a little way?" Here was a bright young French business man, well educated, thoroughly acquainted with the geography and commercial development not only of his own country but of certain parts of England and Germany as well. He had told us of having passed a good deal of his childhood with maternal relatives in Alsace and that he spoke German as well as he did French and English, and that it was owing to this fact alone that he had managed to escape from the German prison camp.

But his ideas of America were absolutely vague, such as we can scarcely imagine in a foreigner with any fund of general information. I could guess about what they were like from having talked with other intelligent Frenchmen—and British too—who had never crossed the Atlantic Ocean. Their picture of this country is that of an enormous tract of territory inconceivably rich in natural resources which are fairly well developed in spots, but with vast areas of raw, primeval wastes between, these teeming with wild cattle and beasts of prey and Indians and cowboys and brigands and things in the center of the continent and Africans and Mexicans that require periodical rounding up and lynching in the southern part. Whatever other ideas they might have got in later years have been put back where they were before by the movies.

This is not very surprising when you stop to think. The bulk of the French cinema shows give their audiences two distinct impressions of America the first being big cities with a crazy bunch tearing up and down the streets in racing cars or over the roofs of the skyscrapers in bathing suits and nightgowns and things, and the second a similar crazy bunch tearing through the sagebrush and deserts and mountains of Arizona on cow ponies. The Southern California pictures were generally thought to have been taken at Nice or Cannes or somewhere else on the Riviera. Consequently America as a whole was represented to the French popular mind as a choice between sagebrush and skyscrapers.

No doubt Gaston's idea of our great country was colored by this popular educator, and he may have been expecting to plunge outside the fortifications of New York into the staked plains or a redwood forest or something of the sort, where the chauffeur would have to look sharp to keep from running us into a holdup—and maybe he wasn't far wrong in this last respect. But the Boston Pike with its long, continuous town and crowding population must have been a good deal of a jolt to him. I couldn't help but wonder what a man who had been brought up to think of towns like Havre and Rouen and Amiens and Lille as great centers, and even such places as Strasburg and Frankfort in the light of big industrial cities, would have to say in the course of such a little spin round the country as we were about to take, with the train buzzing

(Continued on Page 32)

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United States 'Royal Cord' Tires have *won* the reputation as the most elastic, resilient, enduring, of all cord tires,

—won it by performance—by doing the work a tire should do a little better, a little surer, a little longer, than any other make of tire:

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The many layers of many powerful little cords in these tires,

—like the lithe, sinewy, enduring muscles of a physically perfect man,

—give them the elasticity, the resiliency, the endurance which is so exclusively theirs.

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Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires supreme.

(Continued from Page 30)

through big manufacturing centers that he had never even heard the name of at the rate of about three each hour. I just couldn't help but wonder how it was going to strike him, and I'd seen enough of Gaston already to know that he would take it all in and give me his impressions straight.

Two days later we started on our tour, traveling by day not because a sleeper in August is what Sherman said of war to a full-blooded man of my habit but because I wanted Gaston to get a good look at the country. Mind you, this desire of mine to offer my secretary a personally conducted tour was not based on any good-natured idea of his entertainment or the vainglorious one of showing him what a great nation we are—not by a long shot! Like many others in my position at this critical moment a question of the most vital importance to me was that of how long the war was going to last and how deep we were in for it. So far nobody I talked with had been able to give me what I considered to be a soundly framed, steel-riveted prophecy, and it seemed to me that the opinion of this alert-minded young French business man, with his knowledge of European conditions and now seeing America for the first time with open mind and eye, might be of the greatest conceivable value.

I had spent the two days before leaving in putting Gaston in touch with my affairs and explaining to him the nature of his duties, and once started on our journey I told him frankly what I expected of him in the way of a clear, unbiased estimate of the situation so far as he might be able to weigh it from whatever he might manage to observe.

"Just cut out the French politeness, my boy," I said, "and let me have it straight. Don't be afraid of riling me or hurting my feelings or ruffling my vanity, or any of that stuff. I'm too old a bird and in this thing too deep to mind a few knocks. This country is full of ostriches with their heads stuck in holes, and I want to keep mine up in the air and see things as they are while the running is good."

This sort of talk from me seemed to amuse Gaston like the mischief, and from the interest he took in everything and the questions he asked I could see that I had placed a safe bet in taking him on. We visited Buffalo and Niagara Falls, then went on to Chicago; and the farther we went the keener Gaston grew. Just as I had expected, he was astounded at the tremendous commercial activity and dynamic force of which he saw the evidence on every side.

But what seemed to paralyze him the most was the way in which the Germans were woven into everything, and the farther West we got the more his astonishment increased.

Violence in the Future?

"You've got plenty of German names yourself up along the frontier of Alsace-Lorraine, haven't you?" And Gaston was obliged to admit that they had. "Before America got into this war," I went on, "you people over there all prophesied that the first thing we'd have on our hands if we came in would be a German uprising, and your papers published estimates of the probable numbers of organized and equipped Germans we could probably count on. The Allies were croaking like a lot of carrion crows about the inevitable sabotage, incendiary fires in munition plants and warehouses, and the blowing up of public buildings and transports and railroad bridges. Well, you see it hasn't happened—that is, to any alarming or significant extent. How do you account for it? Our secret service can't be beat, but no secret service in the world could handle such a general cataclysm as you people predicted. So how do you account for it?" And I paused, meaning to account for it myself by going on to say that it was due to the consolidarity of the entire nation and the pervading sentiment of true Americanism, when Gaston said quietly: "It may be that the moment has not yet been considered ripe."

"What?" I exclaimed. "You mean to say you think they're perhaps only biding their time?"

"That is how it looks to me, monsieur," Gaston answered. "So far there has been no actual need for them to strike. They are very well pleased with the way America is going about the war, and meantime their propaganda goes secretly ahead, aided to a considerable extent by some of your own prominent statesmen and politicians and private citizens. Our enemies are not fools and would not choose this early period of war enthusiasm for an open effort. The German mind is too astute. Its policy is first erosion and the perfection of their plans. The signal for action would be some great debacle to the Allies."

It struck me that night that I had got a darned sight more than I had counted on in begging Gaston to give me his views straight from the shoulder, never mind if it was a good jolt. I was reminded of a time some years before when I still put a certain value on my shape and had said the same thing to a trainer who had been a heavyweight prize fighter until booze got his belt.

But the punch he carelessly handed me had done no worse than to give me a headache, whereas the one I had got from Gaston gave me an unsteady feeling round the solar plexus. And it seemed to get worse instead of better. I didn't want it. I couldn't see how it was going to help me any in my business or in my pleasure. This stuff was a disagreeable topic that I had tried to keep as much as possible out of my mind, like pneumonia and the tax on war profits and how much I was being trimmed by my farmer and housekeeper and head chauffeur.

Disquieting Ideas

What I had hoped to get from Gaston were some interesting views on how we might best win the war eventually through industry and thrift and food economy and the perfection of our military machine and all chipping in cheerfully to do our bi —— I mean, our best. Instead of that he had started in by whispering "Boo!" and showing me a bogy with his pocket full of bombs.

I had no way of knowing what Gaston was going to give me later on in the way of his impressions on food conservation and the elimination of waste and military preparation and all that; which turned out to be good measure too. Perhaps he didn't know, himself. All I knew was that he had sailed in by starting his motor on high speed—and the shock to my spine was unpleasant. It seemed uncalled for and upsetting and I was disposed to resent it, not quite realizing that he had tackled the job at what struck him the hardest on first inspection of the business. And the worst was still to come.

Having a number of people that I wanted to see in Chicago I gave Gaston a day off, telling him to look the town over and amuse himself the best he could and to show up the next morning in time to catch our train for Washington. As he went out at about two o'clock I said: "Now don't feel as if you were in the enemy's country, Gaston, just because you may happen to see a lot of Germans ramming round."

Gaston looked at me with a smile and was going to answer when from outside the door there came over the open transom one of those foaming Teuton splutters that gurgle out of a German drummer when he seems to feel that he is not getting as much of the hotel as he has bought and paid for. And the apologies of whoever it was that he was cursing out about the business were in the same tongue, but servile and abject.

I drew down the corners of my mouth and looked at Gaston. He had slipped on his war face a good deal as a soldier in the trenches might slip on his gas mask at the sound of the gong. His blue eyes were almost black and looked like sudden death. The business end of a bayonet couldn't have had a more forbidding glint. Then he gave a glance at me and laughed.

"He sounds like a German officer, monsieur," said Gaston. "Our head prison keeper had a voice like that—and spoke like that. No, monsieur, I do not feel at all as if I were in the enemy's country. I feel, if you will permit me the liberty of putting it in that way, like a wolf hound who scents the gray beast in the house of its master's friend."

Now here was a nice, cheerful sort of private secretary that I'd brought all the way from France to spare me worry! The worst of it was he was beginning to make me feel his way too, and when I went out a little later and rode down the street in my taxi it seemed to me that almost every other name on the shops and offices and restaurants and bars was German, and that so far as the names were concerned I might have been in Frankfort or Cologne. For the first time I had a realization of the extent to which Germans and German institutions were woven into the very warp and woof of our national life. I told myself that it was neither just nor reasonable to indulge a sweeping prejudice against a race which had been so intermingled with our own from the very birth of our nation and played so important a part in our growth and development, merely because conflicting interests and ideas of the present day had arrayed its fatherland against us as an enemy. Men of German name and blood had served us ably as statesmen and scholars and in the arts and sciences and had done their honest part in making our great country what it is. Germans had fought and bled and died under the Stars and Stripes to preserve the unity of the nation. They had helped to build up our vast commerce, and as industrious and law-abiding citizens had toiled and wrought and achieved more perhaps than any other factor of our cosmopolitan population to build up this vast Middle West. Many of these founders and funders of our present-day prosperity were descendants of those who had come to us because of the very principles for which as a nation we stood; for the sake of the very precepts of liberty and democracy which had drawn us into the present war.

Was I now to condemn them all as potential traitors because of the arguments of a young Frenchman who, as a recent victim of that very tyranny which had led the bulk of our German population to seek freedom on our shores, felt moved to denounce them as a menace more grave than our lack of military preparedness and economic unfitness and generally admitted unreadiness for the waging of a victorious war? What did Gaston know about us, anyhow? What did any of those people over there know about us?

I was wishing that I'd kept Gaston with me so that I could give him the benefit of some of these broad-minded ideas when my taxi struck a traffic jam and ducked down a side street to get round. Here we got stuck again and, looking round, I could see many German signs. They shoved out and hit you in the eye. Some of them were in German script. Most of the signs were in English though. A big one spread across a basement advertised a shooting gallery, and down on the corner of the street there was a gun shop. "If Gaston sees this he sure will have a fit," I thought to myself. And at that very moment I saw Gaston himself coming out of a little restaurant with a German name and, as I live, he was wiping the froth off his lips!

The next morning on the train I asked Gaston what he thought of Chicago. He began to chuckle all over, then looked at me sort of half-doubtful, half-embarrassed.

"I had a most amusing day, monsieur," said he. "I don't know what you will think of me, but to tell the truth I spent the most of it being shown round the city by a Boche."

"Well," I said, "you seem to be getting the American idea pretty fast, my boy. Some Fritz you had official relations with over there, or just a chance acquaintance?"

A Day With the Jailer

"You will be astonished, monsieur," said Gaston, "but he was my jailer. He used to share with us some of the good things that your daughter was so very kind as to send me. How funny to run into him over here! He is the proprietor of a restaurant and when he was my jailer he had just come out of hospital after being *amputé*. He was discharged and got back to Chicago about a month before the rupture of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany. What a situation, is it not, monsieur?" And Gaston began to chortle again.

"You don't seem to take it so seriously as you did a couple of days ago," I said.

"But I do, monsieur," Gaston answered. "More so than before. One may be very serious and yet see the funny side of the business."

"All the same, Gaston," I answered, "I can't quite get your idea in chumming up with a Boche after all you've been through and the way you feel about the beggars. What's the idea?"

"Monsieur," said Gaston earnestly, "a Boche is a Boche. I feel about them just as one might feel about wolves or tigers or hyenas or any other *bêtes mauvaises*. But it often happens that men make individual truces with the public enemy, especially amongst those who have fought. Civilians are much more bitter than soldiers in their hatred. I had a friendly feeling for my Boche jailer, because he was so much better than the others and a brave man. And I really learned a great deal from him yesterday, so that I am more than ever convinced of the things which I have expressed to you so awkwardly and on such slight observation."

Well, here it came again, and as we were alone in the compartment I let Gaston drive ahead. He was red-hot in earnest now, and laid it on good and thick. His first bewilderment had given way to profound conviction. We were living on the rim of a volcano—a darned active one, of which only the rumblings had reached us. The country hadn't yet waked up to the fact that it was actually at war. Arms on public sale, and shooting galleries with the young German idea learning how to shoot, sniping at pipes and things. Plenty of guns and pistols and ammunition to be had most anywhere. And the barefaced cheek of Germans, advertising their stuff and flaunting their wares in our faces as German and therefore superior. Fancy an alien enemy having the nerve to think of such a thing in Germany, or France, or England—or any country other than ours, which had got a taste of what war meant! It was the result of geographical separation from it all, and our American tolerance and good nature and a sort of happy-go-lucky faith in our luck and the contemptuous assumption that after all a German was a sort of beer-muddled fool.

Gaston Asks Questions

"Well," I asked irritably, "hasn't our secret service shown up their spies for that?"

Gaston nodded. "Some of them, no doubt," he answered. "Maybe they were the ones assigned to the job of being shown up as fools." Or maybe the way America stood for Bernstorff and his crowd gave the Germans the same idea of us. It really must have seemed hardly worth while to take any particular pains as long as they could pull the stuff off so carelessly—and a lot more of that sort of thing, until Gaston began to see that I was getting a little fed up with it.

Then, like the trainer I've mentioned, he stopped sweating and hammering me and applied the massage. But the balm he used had a sting in it even then.

"Monsieur," said Gaston, "as I look out of the window of this car while the train rolls through city after city with their great manufacturing districts and warehouses and repositories of food and fuel and wealth of raw materials of every sort I say to myself: But this America—it is outrageous! It is inconceivable in its force and power! It is stupendous, not only in might but in its driving energy. Such resource—such might! The mind of a little man grows faint in merely contemplating it. Do you realize, monsieur, that the important commercial centers of *ma pauvre petite France* could scarcely be found in the course of this little round, as you call it? And yet you say that we have scarcely nibbled at the edge of what this country actually contains."

"That's right, Gaston," I said. "So far you've only had a smell of the United States of America."

"That is what is so perplexing, monsieur," Gaston answered; "because even that little, which must be many times greater than France, does not smell in the least like war. And yet it is now four months that this country has been at war. Frankly, monsieur, I am very much puzzled. I should never have believed that there was at this moment any place in the civilized world where the evidence of luxury was so universal. So much light! Such an abundance of food! And such multitudes and multitudes of able-bodied young men. Why are they not with the colors? Why are they not at least in training camps? Pardon, monsieur, I am asking for information, not to criticize. With the great abundance of food and coal and iron and these limitless factories that our train is running through all day long —— *Mon Dieu*, monsieur, why are we being pounded to pieces over there since America has entered the war? Is it that this country does not realize that it is at war—or because it does not wish to realize that it is at war?"

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"It's worse than that, Gaston," I answered. "This country really thinks that it is at war!"

Gaston nodded. "I understand," said he. "But up to this time it doesn't really know it!"

The accumulated mail of several days was waiting for me in Washington, and here I found Gaston to be anything but a social guest and business figurehead. Like most French business men he wrote a perfect copy-book hand and composed a most excellent letter, never for a moment at fault to express himself, whether in French or English. Correspondence has always been my *bête noire*, as I both write and dictate badly; but with Gaston's aid it was almost a pleasure. I had also some copying of a confidential character, which kept him busy for a couple of days. One of the first acts of his leisure moments was to call at the French Embassy, where he inscribed himself in the visitors' book, and the third evening of our visit I came in to find him in a state of huge excitement and delight. An embassy messenger had come to our hotel and delivered to him personally a cordial note written by M. Jusserand himself inviting him for an automobile ride to visit Fort Myer.

This did not surprise me in the least. With my wife and daughter I had been in Washington during the visit of the French Commission, and the ladies' French maid, who was a war widow and had also lost her brother at the Front, had gone to the embassy to make some inquiries in regard to her pension. A few days later this modest young woman had likewise received by special messenger a note written by the Ambassador himself inviting her to present herself at a certain hour at the embassy when General Joffre was to receive a number of worthy French people like herself. I remember that a certain passage of this kind invitation read: "I am sure that you will be delighted at the opportunity to shake the hand of this great Frenchman," or words very similar.

The gentlemen of our own diplomatic service would not do badly to take a lesson from this French kindness and official courtesy to compatriots of humble station. Of course it was a little different in the case of Gaston, who had been promoted to the rank of *sous-lieutenant* on the field of honor, and likewise decorated. But I am sure that he would have received some similar polite attention if he had been merely a poilu who had fought and suffered for France. So he joyfully accepted the invitation and spent a red-letter afternoon, but I must postpone giving his impressions.

We remained a week in Washington, then returned by a day train to New York, where we went to a large and fashionable hotel swept by Central Park breezes, and here a very disagreeable incident occurred the night of our arrival. We had gone up on the roof garden for dinner, and as I was eating my little-neck clams it suddenly occurred to me that I had forgotten to lock the valise which contained my portfolio, in which were some highly important papers and documents relative to my business. There really did not seem to be anything to fear, but in time of war one cannot be too careful about such matters, so I gave Gaston my keys and asked him to run down and rectify the omission.

German Spies Everywhere

A few minutes later he returned slightly pale and his dark-blue eyes flashing from his war face. I saw at a glance that something was wrong.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"You did not think of this oversight a moment too soon, monsieur," Gaston answered. "When I went into our rooms I found a Boche in the act of examining your papers."

"What!" I cried, my robust appetite killed at a single blow. "It can't be possible!"

"*Que si, monsieur,*" said Gaston. "Fortunately the scoundrel had just taken the *portefeuille* from the valise. I do not think that he had had time even so much as to glance over its contents. When I had got through choking him ——"

"Choking him?"

"*Parfaitement, monsieur!* That was naturally my first act. When I had released my grip on his throat he tried to but out of the room. So I gave him a little more shaking and then asked him what the devil he meant. He tried to tell me that he was the floor valet and that it was a part of his duty to take out and brush the clothes of the guests before hanging them up. As he spoke with a German accent I answered him in that tongue, assuring him that for five pfennigs I would take a stick and dust his jacket and hang him up in it. I served him with some of the Prussian-officer talk I learned to speak during my sojourn as the Kaiser's guest, and I thought that he was going to faint."

"Bully for you, my boy!" I growled. "It's a good thing for the rascal I didn't go down myself. He'd be taking a joy-ride crosstown to Roosevelt Hospital. What then?"

"I threw him out into the *couloir*, then put the important papers in my pocket, locked up the *portefeuille* and came to monsieur to report. I told him that if I caught him in there again I would throw him out of the window. He was very badly frightened."

"Well," I said, "I guess there's been no harm done but to spoil my appetite—and that will recover. I'll report the thing at the desk, but the chances are he's got away."

Fearless and Careless

Being blessed with a certain amount of philosophy and the digestion of an ostrich, I did not allow this incident to ruin my dinner, and after a few glasses of champagne I decided not to take any further action in the matter, not caring to advertise myself as so careless an individual. Gaston made no further comment and was rather silent during the meal, but as we were enjoying our cigars and the cool breeze that wafted across from the Hudson I said:

"I suppose a man in my position has got to expect this sort of thing just now, Gaston. You people over there are used to it and always on your guard, but we Americans are too far away from the danger."

Gaston leaned forward in his chair. "But you are not, monsieur!" said he in that vibrant throaty voice of his. "If you will permit me to say so, monsieur, you are closer to it here in America than we ever were in France. We at least knew our enemies. Here you do not. You belittle them. You make jokes about them. You tolerate them half contemptuously, half good-naturedly, and you seem to shrink from hurting their feelings. You do not like to talk about alien enemies—especially when you feel that there may be some present. Even in the short time that I have been in this country and as little as I have had the opportunity of studying the situation I am conscious of this. Your people are always quite ready to express their patriotism and what should be done to the enemy over there, but they shrink from discussing what should be done with the enemy right here. It is a delicate topic. It is not fear, God knows. The American people have no fear of anybody or anything. It is this very fearlessness and the consciousness of power which make their present position so dangerous. But the American people are a sensitive people and shrink from anything approaching that harshness and the peremptory measures which have made our enemies so terrible."

"I guess there's something in that, Gaston," I admitted. "After all, we're an easy-going bunch. Besides, taking him by and large the average American has got a good deal of imagination, and this keeps him always putting himself in the other fellow's place and trying to keep from treading on his toes."

"Precisely, monsieur," Gaston agreed. "But this very imagination does not carry you far enough, while still carrying you too far. That is because nobody who has not experienced it can possibly imagine war! One can imagine death, but not the deluge. One can imagine destruction, but not annihilation. Try now, monsieur, to imagine something with me: Let us make our trial flight directly from where we now sit—from the roof of this huge wonderful hotel, which is itself an edifice such as a few weeks ago I could not have imagined, myself."

Gaston rose suddenly, drew me to my feet after him and stood for an instant gazing out over the sparkling throbbing city spread out beneath us and dissolving into the vague shimmering distance on every side. Its pulsations came up to us in a vast diapason which was the sum of its teeming, humming, vibrating myriad lives.

"A vast hive," said Gaston. "Not an individual thing, as great cities have so often been described, but a huge, unwieldy, seething, crawling composite of numberless individual efforts and ambitions. A great machine, wonderfully purposeful and coherent, with an efficiency proportionate to the coördination of action in its integral parts. Such is a community, a city, a state—a nation.

"And now, monsieur, imagine it suddenly thrown into frightful disorder, as happens with a fire panic in a theater, and that very composite bulk which now gives it such a guaranty of invulnerability writhing and twisting and lashing it into flying atoms. To conceive this let us take a concrete base—as did the Boches for the emplacement of their great siege guns in what was to them for months before the war the enemy's country.

"Let us imagine that a great catastrophe to the Allied cause has fallen like a bomb from the blue on our armies in Europe and that the last hope of freedom lies here in the United States.

"We have just received this news. We are standing here aghast, breathless, numbed at the catastrophe. Here beneath us the city is breathless also—tense, quivering, expectant; and beyond us the whole vast country is breathless too. It is now the bulkhead which must stand between the world and Germanic tyranny. Will it hold? Beyond the seas the stricken nations are crying out to it in agony: 'Great Sister in Democracy, can you hold—ah, can you hold?'

"Hark! What is that? Did you hear that rumble? And look—away there to the north! What is that? Not thunder, surely, on a clear night like this. See that flash reflected there against the western sky—and another and another! Do you feel that? Good God, an earthquake? And see that bright glare beyond the Jersey hills ——

"And this might really happen," said Gaston's pleasant voice, which had suddenly resumed its conversational tone, "if America persists in ignoring the fact that heavy artillery cannot be employed to any great advantage if emplaced on a terrain that is yielding. You have told me to speak frankly, monsieur, and I have done so."

"You sure have, Gaston!" I answered, and drew a long breath. "Personally I think you're all wrong, but the idea you seem to have got of us is certainly interesting—and then some! Now that you're cleared for action you might as well go on and give us the prophylactic treatment for this Germanitis you seem to think we're so badly stung with."

The Prussian Poison

"Ah, monsieur," said Gaston, "if somebody only could! For my little part I can only feel this German menace because I have been trained that way. But it seems to me, monsieur, that such a wide-awake nation as this ought to be able to observe and profit by the experience and errors of others. God knows that they are glaring enough! See what German intrigue did to Russia and came so near doing to England. We ourselves have been poisoned by it in spots, but of course there are always a certain number of traitors. Italy also is in danger. Your country, monsieur, is like a great, robust, rapidly growing child which so far has suffered from no more than infantile complaints and which at this moment has its pores wide open to a fatal epidemic of German measles.

"So why, monsieur, cannot America take warning from the rest of us? It is not through any lack of intelligence. Do you not think that if some big syndicate in Mars or Jupiter or Saturn were to invite bids on a contract to clean up Europe in a year's time and put the Germans on the scrap heap that America could manage it? I do, monsieur, even from the little I have seen. America could manage it—if it was made worth her while."

"Is that supposed to be a compliment or an insult, Gaston?" I asked.

"Neither, monsieur. It is what I feel to be the truth. The war right now is a popular movement rather than a national effort. And while the business is going ahead here are your covert alien enemies steadily gaining ground in your indulgence."

"But what do you want us to do, Gaston?" I protested.

"Their activities must be curtailed," Gaston retorted, "especially in politics. They should be placed under a strict taboo: forbidden any voice in public affairs; not allowed to assert themselves as Germans; arrested for conversing in an alien-enemy tongue; shot for airing traitorous opinions. Then, at least, you would soon find out where you stood. Your cards would be on the table. As it is, you hope for the best—and are not prepared for the worst. But now, just consider their cheek. Such *toupet!* It would be laughable if it were not so sinister. Fancy their having the impudence to advertise their institutions as German and therefore superior. German Kitchen on a large sign, as though to announce this as something preferable to an American kitchen! Perhaps it is—but this is not the moment to insist upon it. Can you imagine such a sign as English Restaurant or American Restaurant or *Cuisine Française* in a German city? But you Americans do not mind. You are like a whale—the mightiest creature that swims the seas and therefore unable to comprehend the necessity for caution. And you persistently decline to profit by the mistakes of us others. Your self-confidence is appalling!"

Clean Up America

"Listen, monsieur! We French have been many times hoisted with the same petard. We too have been overconfident—and suffered great military and financial catastrophes. By the lesson of the latter you have not hesitated to be warned and to profit, because you are a financial people. Business is business and heroics have no place in it. Look, for instance, at the lesson of the Panama Canal. All of France subscribed to this great promoting scheme. Scarcely a poor peasant laboring his little *carré* of land but got out his *bas de laine*. We all went down into the toes of our stockings because it seemed to us that all we had to do was to pay our money, set up our great machines and attack the Cordilleras. And then disaster! We went down to defeat through the lurking insidious enemy which we could not see and was of the soil.

"But you intelligent Americans undertaking the achievement as a business proposition were warned by our impetuous onslaught, and your able executives pointed out the necessity of building their emplacements before bringing up the guns. 'Here,' they said, 'is a subtle, invisible enemy to be subjugated before we can hope to make an advance.' The brilliant and indomitable Chief of the Sanitary Department, who is now the Surgeon-General of your army, threw his myrmidons to the assault with pick and shovel and petrol and disinfecting fumes. His legion suffered heavy loss from the treacherous enemy, but he did not say: 'This evil is so widespread and the very soil is so impregnated that it had best be left undisturbed or at least merely resisted at the points of greatest virulence.' No, monsieur. He said: 'We cannot hope for ultimate success and we may even meet with shocking disaster if this constant menace is not eliminated at the very start!' And he proceeded to eliminate it. Before the corps of engineers had fairly launched their campaign he had made malaria and yellow fever more scarce in Panama than in New York City itself, and a poisonous mosquito harder to find on the Isthmus than is a German sign in Paris to-day. General Gorgas was not dismayed when his brave 'mosquito brigade' was stricken down throughout the zone and his fearless lieutenants met with sudden and horrible death at his very side. He deafened his ears to the clamor of angry protest that went up from the influential Panamaians because their affairs were being interfered with by his crusade and their homes turned topsy-turvy and their contents ruined by his fumigations. He smoked out the infection, and when his work was finally accomplished he said: '*Voilà!* Now the campaign may at least proceed in no danger of attack from a treacherous enemy which destroyed our predecessors and has been by us ignored or underestimated!'

Gaston leaned forward, his face tense, lean muscular arms extended and crooked fingers clutching at the empty air. "*Mon Dieu*, monsieur," he cried, "how I wish that one of your brave wise leaders would now step forward and cope with this menace in the same masterly and fearless way! America must win this war! She must win it for ruined Belgium, for broken Russia, for shaken Italy, for bruised and battered England and for bleeding, fainting France! She must win it for herself! And America can win this war! My God, she can—if only she will!"

DER TAG FOR US

(Concluded from Page 4)

in Bridgehampton and spread over the surroundings in small detachments. One of these detachments, numbering about a hundred men, and with three officers, reached a large country house in the vicinity of Southampton. The officers halted the soldiers in the grounds of this country house and came to the front entrance themselves. They spoke English, and demanded champagne. The owner of the house said he had none, but the butler, threatened by a pistol in the hand of one of the officers, produced the key of the wine cellar. The German officers ordered the butler and two other servants to fetch all the champagne there was to the large hall on the first floor of the house. There were about eight dozen bottles, which were ranged in rows along the wall together with the other wines and liquors that were in the wine cellar. The butler was told that he must do this within half an hour or be killed. The owner of the house retired to the second floor, where his wife was hiding.

Then the German officers ordered the servants to load all the wine, with the exception of ten bottles, on a wagon the soldiers had with them. The officers went into the drawing-room, and the ten bottles were brought in to them. They broke the necks off the bottles and drank the wine from the bottles. When they had finished the ten bottles they ordered more wine, and invited several other officers who had arrived to drink with them. They drank many bottles of wine and became very drunk.

Presently, after they had broken much of the furniture in the room and had shot the mirrors and lamps and windows into splinters with their pistols, the officer who ranked the others demanded that the owner of the house and his wife should be brought to the room where they were carousing. The owner and his wife came downstairs. The woman was frightened and did not want to enter the room. Her husband told her to go in with him, as he did not think it wise to disobey the intruders. As soon as the woman entered the room one of the officers, who was sitting on the floor, singing, staggered to his feet, put his revolver to the woman's head and shot her. She fell to the floor, dead. The others in the room continued drinking and singing and paid no attention to the shooting. Then the officer who had killed the woman ordered her husband to dig a grave and bury his wife. The butler intervened and asked that he be permitted to dig the grave. The officer refused. He said her husband must dig the grave, and he forced the man to carry his dead wife to the garden, stood over him with a revolver until the husband had made a shallow trench in which he put the body of his wife, and where he covered her with the earth he had taken from the trench. The officers remained in the house all that night. Next morning when they left they ordered the soldiers, who had encamped hard by, to burn the house. The soldiers had syringes filled with inflammable liquid and sprinkled the woodwork with that liquid. They set this afire, and the house was consumed. That afternoon the village of Southampton was burned. The officers claimed that the inhabitants had fired on them.

Wholesale Slaughter

As the German soldiers passed through the various villages in this section of Long Island they gathered small parties of residents, men and women, and took them with them. These prisoners were taken to a place outside of Bridgehampton and held in groups. They were forced to march with their hands above their heads. When they could no longer hold up their hands they were allowed to rest them on the tops of their heads, but in no case were they allowed to lower their hands to their sides.

On the first afternoon of this assemblage of prisoners a commanding officer came to the prisoners, who were lined up before him, and read them in German an accusation stating that these prisoners had broken a law made by the invading Germans and had shot at the Germans from their houses and from ambuscades. The penalty was that one out of each three in this batch of prisoners was to be shot. This officer pointed out the younger of the men, taking one-third, or about twenty in all, and ordered them to the rear, up the side of a small hill, or rise in the ground. Six soldiers were told off to execute these prisoners. The twenty were behind the other prisoners, who were ordered not to turn their heads. They were shot by the six German soldiers. Later, another company of prisoners from the surrounding country came, numbering about seventy-five. Of these twenty-five were executed in the same manner. The prisoners were shot three at a time, the six German soldiers firing at them at the word of command. Often more than one volley was required to kill all three.

This shooting of civilians continued for several weeks, though the quota was changed, and one out of six was shot usually, instead of one out of three. The Germans shot the chief officers of each village when they could get them. Many houses were burned, and all supplies commandeered. A feature of the shooting of prisoners was that when the Germans were shooting one out of three they compelled the two not taken of each three to dig the grave of the third one who was to be shot, and was. In each instance the claim was made by the Germans that the civilians had fired on the German troops, but these charges were untrue, for all arms had been taken from the inhabitants before the executions began.

Scenes of Horror

When the Germans began ravaging that section of Long Island, and shooting the inhabitants, and defiling the women, and mutilating them, there came with them a German who had formerly lived in Sag Harbor, where he had a bakeshop. He was well known to many of the residents of that part of the island. He had lived at Sag Harbor for some years, but often closed his shop and went away for months at a time. This German drove a cart, peddling bakery goods all about the country. He acted as guide for the marauding German soldiers, took them to the biggest, finest houses, and told them where the chief men of each village lived and who they were. Many houses were burned. In Good Ground a man who tried to get his wife out of his burning house was compelled to jump from a second-story window, to save himself, and broke both of his legs. The German soldiers who had fired the house prevented any of the villagers from coming to aid this man, and forced him, by poking him with their bayonets, to drag himself down the street.

The assembling of civilians, both men and women, in parties that culminated in the shooting of one in three or one in six of the total number continued, as did the looting of the houses in all that neighborhood, and the burning of them. The prisoners were compelled to march to certain central points, and were kept herded at times in churches and in schoolhouses. Often these prisoners were kept for twenty-four hours or more in close confinement without being allowed to go out or to any other room than the one in which they were held. Numerous women and children died of these hardships. Occasionally the German in charge of a squad of prisoners, when his prisoners came in sight of dead Americans, compelled the American prisoners to clap their hands at the sight of the bodies of their dead neighbors on penalty of being shot if they refused to clap their hands. Several were killed because they would not obey this order. Another diversion of the Germans was to thrust lighted cigarettes into the nostrils and ears of the prisoners.

The Germans carried glass bombs filled with an explosive and inflammable liquid. As the fancy seized one of the incendiaries he threw a bomb into any house he might be passing, and set it on fire. Most of the women and children who were killed were bayoneted, as were many of the older men, but the younger men were stood up and shot. A large number of the women who were killed were violated before they were killed.

There was an organized resistance by Americans in the vicinity of the Shinnecock Hills golf grounds, but it was not effective, though a number of German soldiers were killed. Eventually the Germans took the golf clubhouse, which had been the center of the defenses of the Americans, and burned it. The Germans buried their dead on the golf course. Later they returned to the golf course, bringing with them twelve men and twelve women. The men were compelled to dig twelve graves. The twenty-four men and women were shot and a man and a woman were buried in each grave.

Occasionally a mounted German would tie a prisoner to his stirrups and drag him about the roads. There were instances, too, when men were tied to rings in stable walls, riddled with bullets, mutilated, and then used as bayonet dummies until the Germans tired of the sport. In many places where there was a fountain or a well dead Americans were thrown into the water, and German scrawled on bits of paper or board: "We are giving them a wash." The Germans also poured gasoline into many wells, and killed all cattle and pigs. In East Hampton, or just outside of that place, they thrust two ministers into a filthy pigsty, undressed them, and compelled them to remain in the sty. In the village of Wainscott a child was nailed to a schoolhouse door by its hands and feet, and another child shot through the forehead.

A chauffeur was trying to get two children of his employer from Southampton to a place of safety. He encountered six German soldiers. The soldiers fired into the automobile and killed both children.

Near Amagansett a party of Germans came to a small house. There were six men and an officer. They had prisoners with them. The officer knocked on the door of the house. There was no response. He knocked again. Nobody answered. Then the officer ordered two of his soldiers to break in the door. A man came out and asked what was wanted. The officer said he wanted to speak to the man who lived there, but that as he did not come quickly enough he would be "trained." The man's hands were tied behind his back and he was shot and killed. The wife of the man, who had a child at breast, came out, saw her husband shot and sprang at the officer. She scratched his face with her nails. One of the soldiers hit her on the head with the butt of his rifle, and she dropped dead to the ground. Her head was crushe. Another stuck his bayonet through the body of the baby and put his rifle over his shoulder with the baby impaled on the bayonet. The officer ordered the men to fire the house. They secured some straw and set fire to it and the house. They threw the bodies of the man and the woman on the fire.

Then the officer turned to his prisoners, who were standing under guard of four of the men, and said: "I am doing this as a lesson and an example for you. When a German tells you to do something next time, you move quickly."

Only Scenes and Names Changed

Those who have read thus far in this recital of horrors are likely to consider it a work of imagination. It is imaginary as to locations, but not as to facts. Every statement made, every incident, every atrocity, every horror, every outrage told of above has been circumstantially, precisely and definitely proved and certified. It is all true. No false witness has been borne. No unproved allegations have been made. These things happened in Belgium and in France. These horrors were done by German soldiers.

Each incident was taken from a proved, official record, with one exception; and that exception is verified to me from authentic, if unofficial sources. No incident was used—save this one—which in the various records and investigations of German atrocities in France and Belgium was sworn to by only one or two witnesses. In each instance the incidents used were proved by from ten up to twenty witnesses. Every statement is a fact. They were taken from a list of authorities, including the report of the Lord Bryce commission, Toynbee, Bland, Chambry, Morgan, Struyken and others to the number of sixteen, and including proof found in German papers and reports obtained from other German sources. They have been set out to speak for themselves, without coloring or rhetoric, or any change save in localization.

Moreover, as Arnold J. Toynbee, of Oxford University, points out in his historical summary, The German Terror in Belgium, these horrors, done by the Germans during their advance and retreat through France and their invasion of Belgium, both in the early days of the war and since, were not the acts of soldiers operating individually or of small detachments of drunken or brutal looters and ravishers, but were the result of war policy, deliberately decided upon and carried out under military orders. In other words, these atrocities show one phase of the way Germany makes war. They are typical, not sporadic or isolated.

The adaptation of these conditions to the United States may seem fantastical to unthinking readers, but it is not. Even the vaguest prophecy, by any person whomsoever, prior to August, 1914, of what has happened since then, through German frightfulness, not only in Europe but in this country as well, would have been termed insanity. Any prediction of what may happen in this country or to this country in event of German success must not be considered lightly or set aside as impossible because of an intervening ocean.

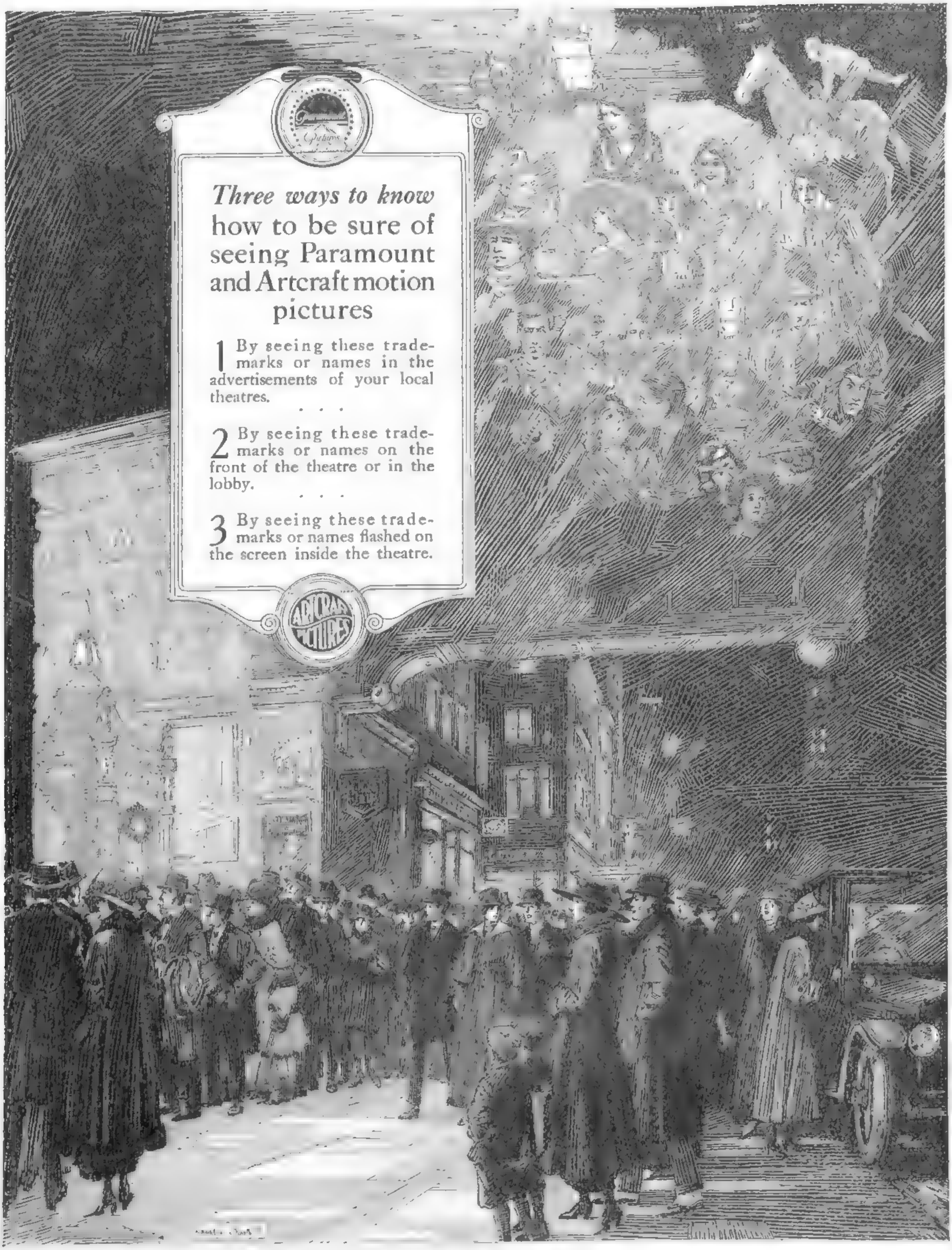
Who could have foreseen the ability of Germany to hold the world at bloody bay for more than forty months? Was the Russian debacle impossible? Was the Italian disintegration impossible? Or the destruction of Belgium? Or the demolishment of Poland? Or of Serbia?

The Foe We are Fighting

Nothing is impossible in these days—nothing! We hope, fervently, that Germany will never get troops to the United States, but it is entirely within the range of possibility that Germany may do so. It is conceivable It is a military feasibility, but never if the people of the United States will awake to their position and to the needs of their country in this war; never if the people of the United States will dismiss the fatuous idea that some of them hold many, indeed—that this war may be carried on as a side line, as an extra, in its relation to the usual business of the country; never if the people of the United States will make this war their principal occupation, the sole concern of their thought, the acme of their endeavor; never if the whole people of the United States will enter wholly into the war, force themselves to understand what it means and participate to the extent of their resources, regardless of the personal inconvenience, sacrifice or labor; never if the people of the United States will come, now, to the inevitable conclusion that nothing matters to us save the winning of this war; that it is a question of national preservation, of national life.

So there may be an appreciation of what may happen in this country, in one way, to our own people, in our own cities and villages and on our own farms, if Germany should land troops here, a few of the authenticated German horrors in France and Belgium have been localized. The list has not been exhausted. There are hundreds more, many so vile and terrible that they may not be set down in public print. There is no reason to think that any section of the United States would be freer from these atrocities than was any section of Belgium, of invaded France, or Serbia, or Poland, or Italy, or any other place where the Germans forced an entrance. The German war beast does not change, nor do the masters of the beast; especially not the masters. What happened in Belgium, in France, in Poland, in Serbia and elsewhere—all these horrors, many unspeakable and unprintable save in official record—surely would happen in the United States.

This is the foe we are fighting. As an incentive for our fighting, the making of the world safe for democracy is merely a corollary. The sooner the people of the United States awake to the fact that we are fighting to make the United States safe for ourselves, and begin to devote their united endeavor to that end, the sooner will the necessary victory be won. This war cannot be carried on casually. The United States must, in fact, be united, down to the last man, the last dollar, the last individual sacrifice. Else, we shall fail. And if we fail we may expect, among many other servitudes and punishments, the treatment for our women and our children and ourselves received at the horrible hands of the Germans by the women and children and noncombatant men in Belgium, in France, in Poland, and in every country where the Germans have been successful or will be.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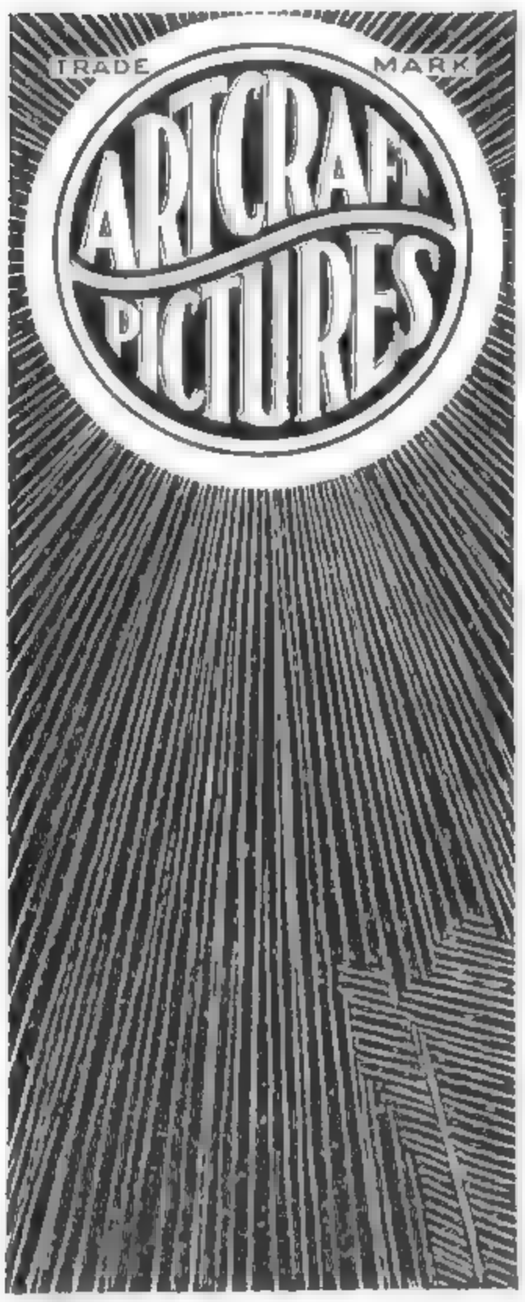

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NEW YORK

THE CITY OF CHAOS

(Continued from Page 9)

forty years despite ceaseless opposition from the Government of the Czar. They taxed the peasants and used the funds to build and conduct many thousands of schools and to establish free medical service in the villages. They endeavored to introduce more scientific farming. Many gave their entire fortunes to such liberal reforms. They were country gentlemen who worked hard to help the peasants.

But most of them were landowners too; and so now the peasants, who want the land, are turning them out of the zemstvos and electing in their places teachers, country doctors and others, pledged to a program of confiscation of private estates. Naturally the landowner protests. Some demand that the Government shall compensate them for the land, while others are bitterly opposed to the abolition of private estates. They claim that the Russian peasant needs modern methods of farming far more than he needs additional soil, and that thousands of private estates have been model farms for their neighborhoods.

So the country-gentleman cadet is opposed to the present Government. And meantime in the cities the others of this party—professors, doctors, lawyers, factory owners, business men, who ardently supported the Revolution at the start—have seen it go beyond all bounds, according to their way of thinking. So they have steadily dropped away.

At the time I left Russia all the bourgeois factions might have been divided into two parts—the minority, who still believed in supporting the administration; and the majority, who, with Miloukov, believed the Kerensky Government was hopeless until it freed itself from the domination of the Council of Workmen and Soldiers, and who were, therefore, waiting for the inevitable crash; after which, they said, they should be ready to come in and build a real democracy along safe, liberal, practical lines.

"This Government must run its course," said Miloukov in a talk with me. "So long as it allows itself to be ruled by the council there is little or no really constructive work it can do. Russia cannot be called a democracy now, for this Government does not represent the great mass of the Russian people. It represents only the radical minority of the workingmen, and they form less than ten per cent of the whole Russian nation. It is foolish to prophesy in these days; but the socialists will probably grow steadily more radical, until they have clearly shown to all that they cannot solve the problems which are pressing on us to-day."

Kerensky's Band Wagon

"Meantime our party," he continued, "is far from being on the decline. We are steadily growing week by week. Our organization is stronger now. Each day we gain new adherents from all kinds of Russians who are sick of disorders and want to see some kind of steady practical work. We are training speakers and sending them out. The Constitutional Assembly, they say, will meet in the early autumn. I doubt that it will meet so soon. If it does we shall probably have only a minority voice. But every month will increase our power. You Americans must remember that a transformation like this is not a matter of weeks but of years."

Meantime Miloukov and his friends refused their support to Kerensky. But both from the cadets and from other bourgeois factions, there were many who felt that it was dangerous to stand off and let the Government fall for lack of practical aid. Through them, in each crisis last summer, Kerensky was able to form a new coalition ministry instead of setting up the all-socialist government for which the extremists clamored.

Not all of these nonsocialist supporters were sincere. Many were there for personal ends, unscrupulous politicians who abandoned the more conservative camps and seized this chance of power, some hoping to fill Kerensky's place. The band wagon was shaky, but it was the only wagon in sight. And so, in this city of chaos, to the many plans for a Heaven on earth were added endless rumors of graft. It was difficult for Kerensky not only to get practical men but also to avoid the aid of many able citizens, big business men who were only too ready to solve the practical problems in ways that would enrich themselves and leave them in charge of the Government.

But of those who were helping, most were, beyond any doubt, sincere devoted patriots doing their best to postpone the crash. I like to remember the Countess Panin, one of the wealthiest women in Russia, who for years has given her energies to welfare and educational work in the tenement quarters of Petrograd. I met her first when, as a cadet, she was an assistant minister, directing Government relief. In all the confusion of constant change, every day and every night this woman was at her post, steadily meeting the pressing needs of the women and children of Petrograd.

Six weeks later I saw her again. She was an assistant minister now in the Ministry of Instruction; and in that same resolute, smiling way she was beginning the first labors of coördinating and strengthening the demoralized system of education. The Government had taken over some thirty-five thousand schools of the church. Over eighty thousand schools in all were to be opened in a fortnight, together with hundreds of colleges and similar institutions. But through the daily jungle of problems and perplexities she seemed to me to have her eyes fixed on some bright but distant goal.

"In Russia these days," she told me, "one has to keep looking far ahead—and keep hoping and keep working. If there is confusion now, and more perhaps to-morrow—well, so much the worse for us. But the task of building a new Russia cannot be begun too soon. Nobody is more eager than I to see this war fought through to the end; but remember it is important, too, that Russia comes safely out of this as a great free nation. That is a part of the victory that should be most desired by liberals throughout the world."

Prince Krapotkin's Advice

I found others in the Government whose hope and faith were almost gone. So many immediate problems were clamoring for solution, they made little or no headway, and could not even see ahead. One of these men said to me, with a tragic look in his friendly eyes:

"This Revolution should be called the Russian Revelation, for it has revealed to us that we are not practical. We have been dreamers, critics of life. The Old Régime got us all into the habit of blaming all ills on the Government. Now we ourselves are the Government; but most of us don't know how to begin."

Many such men in Petrograd, harassed by countless perplexities, often during the summer months would go for aid and counsel to a simple frame house in a garden out on the edge of the city, where lived one of the great quiet figures of the Revolution, Peter Krapotkin, the prince who fifty years ago lost his title and fortune in championing the people's cause. He has spent his life in exile. Last spring he returned to Russia; and like most of the old revolutionists, Tschaikovsky, "Babushka" and the rest, he has made his powerful influence felt for moderation, sanity and union of all factions. Though now nearly eighty years of age, his courage and his vision are as clear and vigorous as before. He refused Kerensky's request that he take a place in the Ministry; but again and again Kerensky, Prince Lvov, and many others, both socialists and bourgeois, came out to this quiet old garden and there renewed their hope and faith. Krapotkin's voice has been steadily for continuing the war until the German autocracy shall be overthrown from within or without.

"Both for the war and the Revolution," he told me, "Russia needs all her ablest men in the service of the Government. There must be coalition and a united country, first to drive the war through to the end, and meantime to be building a new democracy here that will stand. We must not split on this problem of land. The big estates must surely go; but we must work out for the owners of land some system of indemnification through taxes to be paid by all. These taxes must be so arranged that year by year all big fortunes will gradually disappear. We cannot reach equality at a bound, but the work must be begun at once."

He had little patience with those cadets who stood aloof, awaiting a crash; but he was a patient father confessor to those who were trying to pull Russia through. Perhaps others will learn the lesson this winter and will give prompt and strong support to the next real Russian Government that rises out of the chaos to-day. It is dangerous for Russia that so many of her ablest sons stand by and await calamities which may become so terrible that in the reaction afterward a new autocracy may arise.

For it must not be forgotten that there are still in Russia many who would welcome the restoration of the Czar. In Petrograd, in those immense and rambling Government buildings, are thousands of Government workers of the old bureaucratic type.

"They cannot put us out," one of these men told me, "because they're too busy to change us all. Each Government department is like a great piece of machinery. It lumbers along and it creaks and groans; but it does work after a fashion. And if you should try to take out one cog the whole machine would stop at once. So here we are, still in office. For how long we do not know."

Some of these men are liberals, but many are for the Old Régime, and would welcome back an autocracy that would be more friendly to Berlin than any Bolsheviki shouters for an early peace.

But I doubt that these reactionaries will have their opportunity; for not only have more and more liberals come to the Government's support, but among the socialists themselves the power of the extremists has been surely on the decline. For this very reason the Bolsheviki have risen in a last desperate effort. What success they will have no man can tell; but from all I saw in Russia it seems to me inevitable that the increasing forces of liberal democracy, both socialist and bourgeois, must rise again and seize control.

In a later article I shall try to describe how, through the Peasants' Council, the great mass of the peasants are just beginning to make themselves heard, and why most of them, sooner or later, are bound to be opposed to the Bolsheviki program. But meantime the peasants are scattered, while the workmen in cities and towns were already organized last spring, and so were able to seize the chance of ruling the new Government. Soon after the Revolution began the old Russian Duma began to decline and was eventually dissolved. Kerensky and his ministers, then, were a mere administration. The legislature of Russia, and the real governing power up to the time of this writing, has been the All-Russian Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies.

My first glimpse of the Tauride Palace, headquarters of the council, was upon the second day of the July insurrection. A huge, low, rambling building of white and yellow stucco, it ran round three sides of a court. There were three big porticoes, and from them speakers were shouting in strained excited voices to the crowds of working people, men and women, boys and girls, who kept arriving in parades and pressing into the court. There were some soldiers in the crowds and more in a heavy guard outside. Hundreds of workingmen were armed, and their faces were white and haggard from the sleepless night just passed.

The Red Guard

Some of them carried red banners bearing these inscriptions: We Want Bread and Peace and Freedom!—Land for the Peasants! Bread for the Workers! Peace for the World!—Down With the Bourgeois Ministers!—Long Live the Council of Workmen, Soldiers and Peasants!—War on Capitalism!

The speakers kept on shouting; but now I began to notice that the crowds did not respond. In that warm muggy rain they looked dead with fatigue. Many men and girls lay asleep in the wet trampled grass of the courtyard. Some men could barely carry their rifles. These were the so-called Red Guard of the Bolsheviki.

With a friend and his interpreter I wedged in through an entrance door between armed guards to whom we showed our credentials. We were admitted into a great hall filled with dense crowds and a babel of cries. In the middle a speaker was shouting hoarsely. The air was thick and humid and filled with body odors. Great pillars ran round the hall, supporting a narrow gallery, under which, along the walls, lay scores of dirty soldiers asleep, while some sat round huge cans of soup, and ate great chunks of black bread or drank tea from their tin cups. On every hand were dirty papers, heaps of refuse of all kinds, relics of months of confusion. There was a constant tramping of the heavy boots of soldiers. At tables ranged along the walls sat men and women writing.

Soon we met a short thickset man with a coarse black beard and big features. He wore glasses. He had snappy black eyes and an abrupt way of talking. One of the principal leaders of the pro-war majority here, he had just come up from the Front, where he had been speaking to mutinous soldiers. He had urged them to fight and they had replied by beating him unconscious. His head was still bound with bandages; but he did not appear at all dismayed by the ominous chaos about him. When he heard we were correspondents from America he said:

"Good! You must learn the truth about us. You must learn that most of us are against this effort to mob the Government. This trouble will soon be over. Come!"

He led us through dim corridors into a large busy room where, at many tables, sat men who were working intently. Most of these were deputies, and almost without exception they were strong in their disapproval of the Bolsheviki attempt. Here and there was an elderly man who looked halfway between a professor and a congressman. Two of these, we learned, were socialist Government ministers. To-day they were virtually prisoners. We went into another room, and there we found more men at tables, writing or talking intensely.

In the Tauride Palace

More and more I had the impression of some real work going on, with a definite plan of organization. Every few minutes into the room would come tramping a big delegation of workingmen or soldiers or sailors from the crowds outside, wet and dirty, clamorous; and there would be shouts and confusion. But presently the intruders would leave, and again the work at the tables went on—on typewriters, in ledgers, and through low intent conversations. It went on as it had for the last few months, ever since the first days of the Revolution. Despite thousands of such interruptions, something had been building here.

And this impression remained with me. In the visits I made after that I saw the Tauride Palace in many different aspects. I saw the courtyard massed with troops, under the control of their officers. I saw rifles and machine guns, which had been captured from the mobs, brought here and piled against the walls. I saw the great hall filled with long lines of stacked guns, and the soldiers sleeping in rows on the floor. I saw the refuse swept away and some semblance of order and cleanliness. And this change had been brought about by the moderate majority, who wanted no more disorders but a chance to build steadily. Time and again the deputies held stormy all-night sessions and sent delegates into the tenement quarters of Petrograd to head off the general strike the Bolsheviki endeavored to start.

Every day the Russian press was full of the council's doings. In Petrograd and Moscow and other towns I visited, and even in small villages, I heard people speak of the council. A few spoke with approval; most with bitterness and distrust; but it was recognized by all as the Jacobin Club of Russia, which held the Government in its hands. And, coming back to Petrograd, I found the people still under its spell, wondering what it would do next. Whatever it does in these winter months, its place is fixed in history as one of the molding forces in the whirl out of which the new Russia was born.

And what a home it had chosen! The Tauride Palace was built long ago by Catharine the Great for one of her many paramours. Behind it are spacious gardens, a tiny lake under great spreading trees. From the main entrance you go at once into a square hall under a dome, with walls and lofty white columns. You go through into the immense main hall, rectangular and

(Continued on Page 40)

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BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 38)

two stories high, with a gallery running round above. This had once been used as a ballroom, and there had been vast magnificence. But into this old palace, where once there had been wealth and luxury on such a prodigal scale, gambling and drunkenness, debauchery of every kind, had now come mobs and violence, blind forces and confusion, on a scale as prodigal as before. Russia seems to be like that. May the triumph of her democracy be of as vast proportions!

And I believe it will be so. For I felt something far greater here than these men and their plans and theories, their factions and their jealousies. All this will surely pass away; but the elements that gave it strength will merge with other elements, and so a new nation will arise. But it will not be as they have planned.

I shall give but little space to the socialist parties here, for their comparative strength and their views keep changing from month to month.

In Russia, under the Old Régime, there were two principal socialist parties—the Social Democratic and the Social Revolutionist. The former centered its efforts almost wholly on the workmen, in towns; the latter on the peasants. From the first party the Bolsheviki, and from the second the Maximalists, have emerged as the ultra-radical wings, and have tended to fuse together; while the less radical factions, the Mensheviki and the Minimalists, have inclined toward the still more moderate semi-socialistic groups—the so-called Trudoviki and Narodni parties.

These last two groups were small at first; but during the summer they combined and, together with the Mensheviki and Minimalist factions, made up the great majority of socialists in the council. This moderate majority was in favor of pushing the war to the end and of putting off the great problems of land, labor and distribution of wealth for the Constitutional Assembly. The programs of these moderate groups differed widely in many respects, but they were alike at least in this—that all were based on the idea of gradual change, of successive steps that should lead through many laborious years to a social democratic state.

The All-Russian Council

On the other hand, the minority, both Bolsheviki and Maximalists, was in favor of an early peace and a union with the masses of Germany and France alike, and of all other countries, to start a movement everywhere which, with or without violence, should seize upon all governments and give the world to the workers.

But the council was not formed by the socialist parties alone; it grew out of a motley mass of labor bodies all over the land. Before the Revolution there had sprung up in Petrograd and many other cities scores of local Councils of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies. In the two months after freedom was won these scores increased to hundreds; and in May they all sent delegates to a great congress in Petrograd, where they were met by over a thousand delegates from the armies, which were already honeycombed with soldiers' committees. The congress met for several weeks, in session almost day and night.

Finally they elected a council of four hundred deputies, and then the several thousand delegates returned to their homes, leaving this their parliament. This All-Russian Council should not for a moment be confused with the local Council of Petrograd, a far less representative body and one which the extremists controlled. It was the local body that started the insurrection this fall. And they cannot get the power they need without the All-Russian Council's support. By the council I mean this larger group, to which all last summer came numberless petitioners from every corner of the land.

From Finland and the Caucasus, from Russian Poland and the Ukraine, they came to demand autonomy; from the Baltic Fleet they came to urge that their admiral should be arrested and their insurgent leaders freed; from the armies, to protest violently against the reforms of Korniloff; and from the countless villages, where over one hundred and fifty million peasants wring a living from the soil, to demand that all this soil shall be theirs; that the cities shall cease their turbulence and settle down in their factories to produce the clothing and the shoes, the tools and plows, and other things which the peasant needs in his daily life. "If your workmen won't produce these things we will no longer sell our food." In brief, the peasants were on strike against the striking workingmen. All Russia, indeed, was filled with strikes; and sooner or later the strikers sent delegates to the council.

The life of a nation in chaos surged into this old palace, the real seat of government and the storm center of ideas. And this life absorbed me. I forgot the theoreticians and grew engrossed in these human figures that came from the boundless Russia outside. They came and went; I had but glimpses. And so, of those many figures I can give but a few suggestions here—rays of light that threw long sudden gleams out into that obscurity.

One day, in the antechamber to the rooms in which the Executive Committee was holding its daily session, I sat down on a low window sill and sent my interpreter into the crowd to see what he could bring me. He came back in a moment and said:

"Look at this little chap at your side."

A soldier sat on a bench near by, a little man with a small black beard and curly hair that came out from under his soldier cap. He had a round face and fiery eyes. He was making rapid gestures and talking in quick angry tones to three stolid soldiers in front of him. He held the Pravda on his knee, the Bolshevik paper which circulated widely among the soldiers at the Front. The little man pounded it as he talked.

The Land Problem

"You know what this paper says?" he cried. "Now listen here, tovarisch!" the Russian word for comrade. "We are soldiers; but we are peasants too—most of us come from villages; and we must know what is going on or robbers will get the land that is ours! Now listen—this is what it says: When the Revolution started our new Minister of Justice issued an order not to allow any man to sell his land until the big Assembly, when land will be divided up. But now a new Minister of Justice, a damned bourgeois and nothing else, has told the judges to go ahead and let them buy or sell as they please!

"And two rich landowners have already done it! One sold five thousand desyatinas to his Danish manager. When the peasants came to take the land the new Danish owner said: 'You can't! It's mine, and I'm a foreigner!' They said: 'We can't, eh?'—and kicked him off! They will never give up that land again! But the Government must pay the Dane because he is a foreigner; and then he will pay what he owes to his boss—the old Russian landlord—and with the people's money! Now what shall be done by us at once with this damned bourgeois minister?"

As the little man talked on, several other listeners came. One was a man of middle age, in a dark-gray suit, black top-boots, and a visored cap of black silk. He had a grizzled reddish beard and a ruddy face, with wrinkles round his small, shrewd, kindly eyes. We drew him to our window and soon we had him talking. He was a well-to-do peasant, we learned, and had been made vice president of his district land committee at home.

Was he a socialist? Yes; he was. But plainly he felt vague about that. He was profoundly interested in just one thing; and that was the land—not the land of all Russia, but of his immediate neighborhood. You could see that his mind was back there as he talked, and that his revolution was there; and that it was so absorbing to him he had no time for such trivial things as cities, wars or Kaisers. He wished to see all the land, he said, become national property. Even the peasants must give up their holdings; and then, in a great redivision, new plots should be allotted to each.

"Our new zemstvo land committee will attend to this," he said. "And later on we'll see to it that each plot is used for the common good. We won't have any lazy peasants round; but if a man does well with his land we'll let him stay without paying rent. He can hand it on to his children. Our committee will watch the forests, too, and see that each gets his share of the wood and that the forests are not spoiled. We have on our committee an old peasant with one eye—but that eye goes through you like a knife; and he has loved trees all his life as some women love their brats. And he will watch the forests.

"I tell you these landowners are spoiling the forests of Russia. They waste their money in cities and sell their forests—cut them down. And with their land it is the same: they mortgage it to pay their bills. So now their land must be taken away, and we will pay them not a cent. Every peasant family should have fifteen desyatinas"—about thirty-seven acres. "And then we must get new machinery, plows, and the other tools we need, tractors, reapers, mowing machines. To buy them we have started cooperative societies in every village in our district. Everybody will chip in; and besides, we shall get credit from the People's Bank, in Moscow. We shall do all in order, and we shall use the land for the best. We must learn new ways, we must read books, in order to get the most out of the soil."

I asked him what he thought of the law allowing all the women to vote. He smiled indifferently and said:

"It will make no difference. Our women are not thinkers. They have had no education at all, and will do exactly as we say."

I looked at him and wondered whether his future would be as smooth as that.

"Our men are ignorant, too," he went on. "They all need education. We must begin with our small boys. What we need is schools of farming."

Then he looked about him, frowning and uncertain. He had come here to protest, he said, against the Bolsheviki. It was high time they quit their talk. All workmen must go back to work and make the thing the peasants need.

"If they don't," he said, "we'll let them starve."

Abruptly he left us and went about that noisy room, hunting for someone to whom to present the written protest in his hand. Later I saw him calmly drinking tea at the table. Beside him sat the angry little peasant soldier who, scowling very furiously, was writing a protest of his own against allowing land to be sold. I began to get an inkling of the troubles of the Government.

On another day we had a talk with one of the Bolsheviki. He was thin and spare, with a pale smooth face and clear gray eyes.

"Sooner or later," he told me, "we are going to force the council here to put in an All-Socialist Government. We are ready to take all the blame for anything that may happen. What we want is the chance. We are losing it now; we are putting off all big reforms. If we wait until the end of the war, or the opening of the Assembly, the bourgeois meantime will get into power more and more.

"Already the landowners are beginning to organize to try to split the peasant vote by lining up the more prosperous ones, who are little landowners. But we are getting busy too. We are raising a campaign fund of two million rubles; and already, from each factory where our organization is strong, we have sent out two speakers to work through all the villages. And the joke of it is, we are strong enough to make the factory bosses keep on paying wages to those men. They are supporting our village campaign. We are making the bourgeois of the towns put up the money to destroy the bourgeois in the country!"

German Revolution Predicted

"We don't want a mere political revolution," he said. "We want the peasants to get the land, and the workers to get the factories and mines and mills—at least in the large industries. And for this we work from the bottom up, organizing the men in the factories and arming thousands of them with guns. We are already in full control of some large munition factories. We know what rifles and munitions are turned out and where they go. In the plant where I work we have put out the owners and are running it ourselves, under a manager of our own.

"For the present we are not against leaving the army at the Front. But we are against an offensive; for we are in close touch every week with our comrades over in Germany, and we are sure that the radical wing of the German socialists already has the majority of the rank and file of the party behind it. They'll have a revolution there not later than March or April; and that is what we are waiting for. Meantime we want the Kaiser and the Junkers left in full control, for they will rouse in the Germans the bitterness that is needed. This isn't just a Russian affair. We want to see the Junkers in Germany and Austria and France and England, and everywhere else, put out of business! A year from now the fellows who are shouting 'Go on with the war!' will be saying 'We've gone far enough! We want peace!' But the rest of us won't be pacifists then; we'll go right on till the job is done!"

He was going to speak further, but someone suddenly called him away. And we talked with a quiet woman in black, who sat at a small table near the door. She was the secretary of the Executive Committee. She was also a Bolshevik. Her husband was one of the leaders and had been arrested an hour before. On the street the people had mobbed him and kicked him into the gutter. He had been rescued by the police and taken to the Ministry. His wife had just heard the news, but she took it all as a matter of course.

She explained to us the organization of the work of the council. She told how each proposal that came to the main body was, as a rule, referred at once either to the Executive Committee or to one of the many subcommittees, for it to examine and make a report. I asked why there were so few women here. There had been many in the old days of the Russian Revolution; but now I saw only four or five in a crowd of nearly a hundred men. She explained that the war had put back the whole woman's movement.

Smash It Through!

"But the Revolution," she went on, "has granted woman suffrage. You will see great changes later on. Few men even dream of the changes."

On another day, in this same inner room, a sailor who sat beside me turned and asked in English:

"You an Englishman?"

"No; an American. Where did you learn English?" I asked.

He had a blunt swarthy pock-marked face and thick black hair. His expression was one of deepest gloom.

"I was in England a year and a half. Here it's a rotten town!" he said. "I've had fever and pneumonia here. I have fever still; and I hate this town. I'm against this demonstration. These people stay up all day and all night, and don't understand absolutely nothing.

"Some day I go to America. I used to work in a town on the Volga, and our factory manager was a fine man—an American engineer. Then came the war, and I went into the navy. I have been with the Black Sea Fleet, down there by the Caucasus. It is beautiful there. But since the Revolution I got sent up here as a delegate—on a special job. So I got sick. I'm against all this; and so are my friends. The Black Sea Fleet and the Caucasian Army are all Social Revolutionists, and we say the war must go straight on. No German kisses. No shaking hands. Finish the war—smash it through!" He heaved a deep sigh. "Yes; this is a rotten town! Here you see real Russian people—talking—talking—nothing to do!"

"What do you want in this Revolution?" I asked.

He scowled reflectively.

"How do I know? Some say 'Give the council all the power.' But what should we do if we got it? We of the Black Sea Fleet don't agree. We say, when the Revolution broke out, we put in our own government—Kerensky and his crowd. And we say Why not trust them? Give them a chance? If I put you in to-day and pull you out to-morrow, what can you do? Nothing at all!" And again he sighed his deep disgust. "I have fever again to-day," he said. "Isn't this a rotten town? You can't even get a good cigarette!"

I talked with others about the war and the question of army discipline. The great majority of the members of the council were in favor of the war and kept speakers constantly at the Front endeavoring to restore the morale and to quell the frequent mutinies. But what these speakers told me I shall leave for the next article, which deals with the Russian Army.

The war, the land, the factories—these were the three main questions here. And there was a fourth, which caused endless disputes—the question of autonomy for Finland, Russian Poland, the Caucasus and the Ukraine.

I met a Caucasian princess here. She sat next to me one day in the small press gallery of the hall in which the Duma used to meet. Now in its place was the council. The woman by my side, I learned, was here as a correspondent for a Social Revolutionist paper down in the Caucasus. I had

been in the Caucasus years before, and we spoke of the old town where she had been born, high up in the heart of the mountains. The Russians call the women there "the diamonds of Russia"; and this woman was one of these. I was curious to learn what had drawn her to a scene like this, so many thousand miles from home. She explained that her husband had been killed in the first year of the war, and that after that she had thrown herself into war activities.

"We don't want to desert the Russian cause. We are all in favor of pushing the war through to the end," she told me. "And at the same time we are doing our part in the work of the Revolution. The president of the council here, and half the other leaders, too, are Caucasians. We are doing our share. But at the same time we want to be free from too much rule by Petrograd."

"What do you mean by autonomy? How free do you want to be?" I asked.

"Tell me about your United States. You have states and a nation too," she said.

I tried to explain the relations between our states and the Federal Government.

"We wish more than that," she said; "we want more independence."

I replied that in America we were moving just the other way—toward more centralized government; and I tried to explain how the growth of railroads, factories, mills and huge interstate corporations was forcing us to grant more and more control to the men in Washington.

"But," she rejoined, "we don't want an ugly land of mills. We want our Russia to stay as it is—I mean with its beautiful fields and its forests, its rivers and its mountains. You have seen the Caucasus, and I know you will feel what I mean."

She gave me again the impression I had so often had before—of the immense sweep and variety of the human forces in Russia to-day. Men from all over the land were here, some from towns in Siberia, over three thousand miles away. From the small gallery where we sat, on one side of the high rostrum where stood the president, with four or five leaders sitting behind him, I looked out on a huge square room, with a narrow gallery running round just under the low ceiling, and a great square skylight overhead that threw a soft light on the men below, at desks in semicircular rows—the All-Russian Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies.

Of the four hundred deputies, one-fourth were constantly in the field, going about to the cities and towns to strengthen and solidify the power of this parliament. The remaining three hundred men were here. Of these about one hundred were labor representatives, some of them plain workingmen, but more of the labor-leader type. There were about one hundred soldiers and half as many sailors. And there were at least fifty officers. This was a surprise to me, as was the fact that so large a part of the deputies wore on their breasts the big white cross of the university graduate.

My eye ran up and down the rows of sober black suits and white and black and brown blouses. The broad sailor collars here and there and the epaulets of the officers gave touches of bright color, but the main effect was sober and far from exciting or riotous. Some leaned back with cigarettes; others bent forward on their elbows, listening intently.

A big delegation of sailors from Kronstadt had just come tramping into the hall. Hundreds of sailors had been disarmed by the Government for taking part in the July insurrection. Their case was up for discussion now. A young sailor climbed into the box and began in a quiet reasoning tone to present their case. But his audience was against him.

"We meant no violence here," he said; "just a peaceable demonstration." This brought a loud laugh from all over the hall, and he grew red and angry. "I tell you the truth!" he shouted. "If you don't give us back our arms you are false to the Revolution!"

The next speaker was a soldier, a tall thin lad with close-cropped hair. He spoke rapidly and decidedly against the insurrectionists. Then a workman climbed into the box, a grizzled man of middle age. After him came an army surgeon; then another soldier. They all spoke briefly, bluntly, and there were no shouts and little applause. Except for the voice of the speaker, the room was perfectly quiet.

But from outside, from the lofty halls of that rambling old building, there came a constant hum of voices and the rhythmic tramp of feet. As the afternoon wore on other delegations came to plead before this parliament. And the soldier guards at the door, with their rifles and fixed bayonets, gave a grim aspect to it all.

Here was the one real governing force in the Russia of those early months of change and revolution—a nation in transition; a governing body that represents but a small percentage of the citizens. How long the council will hold its place it is impossible to tell.

The Russian Revolution is not a matter of months but of years; it has many voices still unheard; and there must be many changes still, until a government is formed of, by and for that mighty throng of a hundred and eighty millions, in cities, towns and villages, in Russia, vast and turbulent, still filled with a seething chaos of gloom, despair and fierce revolt, of hopes and stirring visions, dreams for the future of the Slavs and the entire human race.

A mighty nation unprepared and facing its great chance with doubt and only slowly opening eyes, while an enemy presses in from without, poisoning the Russian mind through spies and secret agents; an enemy stern, despotic, making the last great fight for the life of kings and emperors, and straining its very utmost, through fomenting inner strife, to discredit and bring to ruin this great attempt at democracy.

Will the Russians build a government of, by and for the people? On the answer to that question the hope of a liberal Europe hangs.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 21)

Annette Abbott Adams

was first a miner and later a merchant. My mother was a school-teacher from Maine, and when I was a child her constant admonition to me was not to talk too much—good advice, which, I fear, I have not always followed.

I am strictly a Western product, having been educated in the schools of California, including the Chico Normal School and the State University—B.L. 1904 and J.D. 1912. I was admitted to the bar in 1912, and engaged in private practice in San Francisco until September, 1914, when I was appointed assistant to the United States Attorney there.

Like some great and other near-great Americans, I taught school before I became a lawyer. I am constrained to make this admission here because my former efforts to conceal the fact have met with but indifferent success. Before entering the university I was a country school-ma'am, and afterward a high-school teacher and the principal of the Modoc County High School from 1907 to 1910.

I am a suffragist, but not of the picketing variety, the cultivation of which is not encouraged in this part of the country, where women try to observe the rules of the game and win or lose according to their talents.

As for my present work, I perform the usual duties of an assistant—and incidentally I draw the same pay as the men, a fact that may or may not be worthy of mention—that is to say, draft complaints and indictments, write briefs, present evidence to grand juries, argue demurrers and try cases both civil and criminal.

On the personal side I have a certain interest in clubs and politics, a weakness for cats and a passion for horses. I sometimes powder my nose and curl my hair, and, last but not least, I can cook.

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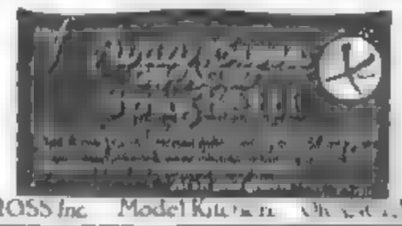

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SQUARE PEGGY

(Concluded from Page 7)

"Shut up! Hush your noise, will you?" he growled, and seemed to crouch down closer to her.

She reached over his tense bulk, pressed the leather snapper apart and drew out the revolver.

"Get out of this car this minute, or I'll shoot!" she ordered him. Inside her, under her heart, everything felt empty and light, but her voice and her hand were steady.

"Don't be a fool, girl," he muttered; "I'm not going to—oh, you would, would you?"

He twisted, one heavy arm flung over her knees, and caught her wrist; the revolver twisted with him; and as her finger stiffened at the touch of his arm the report banged out like a pistol shot on the stage. He fell backward and the arm over her lap rustled down limply.

"You've done it, you little devil!" he muttered in a thick, tired voice. "What's the matter with you, anyway?"

"Are you—did I—where ——"

Her anger still kept her warm, for no man had ever before thrown his arm across her knees, and with Diana wrath is stronger than terror.

"Broke my wrist. My right one. It'll be all right for a minute. Slide out and halt that Dago over there—challenge him and cover him for me—can you do it?"

Mechanically she pressed the little knob that stopped the buzz of the motor—the noise deafened her. Like a wooden doll she raised her revolver, pointed it at the bent, scurrying figure of the Italian laborer, creeping across the Aqueduct cut-off twenty yards away.

"Halt!" she cried, in precisely the tones of her captain at drill.

The Italian bent lower, glanced at the car over his shoulder and ran faster.

"Let her go, but don't hit him—if you can help it!" came her orders.

Peggy plumped a shot about six feet ahead of the hurrying figure, bent under a big bundle. It stopped short, wavered, dropped the bundle and threw out a pair of protesting arms.

"No shoot-a me, Mister Soldier!" came through the rain.

Peggy slid out of the car, never looking at the tumbled bulk beside her.

"Come here!" she ordered, and the Italian sidled gingerly toward them.

"Look out! He's got a gun, all right," warned the voice beside her. "If I go off or anything, just hold him, will you? Somebody'll come. Just hold him."

"Sure thing," said Peggy briefly.

She didn't ask why; she didn't attempt to do anything for the soldier, who might be bleeding to death for all she knew; she didn't think about anything particularly, she told me afterward. She just held the Italian, according to orders. For twenty minutes she held him, standing in the pouring rain, her eyes on his furtive, scared face.

Once she said:

"Could you get a flask from under the seat, do you think?"

And a voice answered:

"Guess not. I'm holding my wrist. It's all right. Be a sport."

Later—by many years it seemed—she asked huskily:

"All right there?"

But he did not answer, and she knew that he had fainted, or—or ——

Still she never turned, for she had had her orders.

Suddenly an Aqueduct policeman whirred up on a motorcycle.

"Halt!" she called, and with one motion he stopped his machine, whipped out his revolver and covered his man.

"What's the trouble?" he said. "Come alone, Giuseppe! Got you, didn't they? I thought so. Anybody hurt?"

"A soldier, in the car," she answered, and her voice seemed to come from a long way off. "I'll see."

The Italian, handcuffed, sat stodgily down on a wet rock. Peggy and the policeman poured whisky from Uncle Harding's flask down the throat of the heap of khaki in the car, and Peggy, who never minded blood, bandaged his wrist with their handkerchiefs and made a neat sling of her gray silk muffler.

"I guess you've took First Aid, all right," said the officer. "It was about time I came up. He's a fine big feller, ain't he? Here comes his bunkie."

A slim, worried Irish boy pelted up to them.

"What th' h—— for the love o' ——"

"I will take him to a doctor," said Peggy shortly. "He can sit up now. We can make it in twenty minutes. He hadn't any lunch. Why didn't you come before?"

She was very white and very tall. The Irishman saluted mechanically.

"Yes, sir! I mean ma'am," he said, with round eyes.

"I thought it was Joffre she was, s'help me!" he told the tents afterward.

In one hour from that time Private Tyler was sitting in the bishop's best Japanese dressing gown, dry and warm and full of tea and muffins and strawberry jam and cigarettes, in the big library. Over his head was a picture of the Class of '90, where his father's hand lay on the bishop's shoulder.

"D'you know who that is, miss?" Harding was asking Peggy, just before dinner.

"No."

"Well, that's Scrub Tyler—that's who it is! Scrub Tyler! Greatest back since '98. Been in France too. A private. Some people's families make you sick. The bishop's had his father on the long-distance for the last half hour. Says the old boy's all broken up and coming on to get him. Gee, Peg, that fellow's got a back like a—like a barn door!"

"Yes. I—I know," she murmured, and gasped.

"He's coming up to Plattsburg when his wrist's O. K. Great old scout, Scrub, isn't he? Why don't you go in and see him? You've got a sweet-looking car outside. Sort of a butcher shop, isn't it?"

And then Lieutenant Schuyler, of the Motor Corps of the N. L. W. S., fainted dead away.

After dinner they left her alone with Scrub for a little, before he went to an early bed, and two shyer people never sat in a room probably.

"I suppose you don't want to see me, and I don't blame you," he said, brick-red suddenly through his pallor. "But I want to be sure you're onto the main facts. Of course, when I dived into the car that time I didn't want that Dago to see me, if I could help it. I wanted to get him with the goods. You knew it was dynamite, of course?"

"Yes, I know," said Peggy, as red as he.

"You don't suppose for a moment I meant anything else? I'm no good, of course—I told your cousin all about myself, and the bishop too—but I'm not exactly a ——"

"Oh, please!" Peggy murmured in an agony of shame; "please, Mr. Tyler!"

"Well, all right, so long as you know. If I thought that you thought—I'd—I couldn't stand it, that's all. I never saw anybody like you. I never knew women could be that way. I'm not much of a ladies' man, Miss Schuyler—Schuyler knows all about that. But if I'd thought that there were women like you —— Well, I've made my mistakes, and I've got to pay, that's all. I can't explain."

"You needn't explain," she blurted bravely. "Harding told me."

"He—he told you?"

The giant squirmed in his chair. Suddenly he met her eyes squarely.

"The bishop says I—I've paid already," he began slowly. "He says I've paid up and for me to start right on from here. Do you—do you think . . . I suppose a girl wouldn't be able to see it that way ——"

"As far as I'm concerned," said Peggy bluntly, "you don't owe me anything, Mr. Tyler!"

Scrub was three months at Plattsburg and while he was there we came into the war.

Peggy drove harder than ever, was urged to go abroad with a picked squad of the Corps, was forbidden by her family, was curiously patient under the restraint, I thought. She talked less than usual, corresponded regularly with her Cousin Harding, spent much time with the bishop.

"She's been a good deal less impossible since that Aqueduct affair," Uncle Harding vouchsafed. "Less swashbuckling. Scared her, probably, and a good job too."

When Captain Tyler got his commission he came, spurs and swagger stick and all, straight to the correct brown house where Peggy had danced on the roof in a sailor suit eighteen years ago. She had not had time to change, and they looked like a pair in a musical comedy or a Pinero play.

"You don't know what your letters were to me," he said, without the faintest introductory sparring.

"Oh, they weren't much," she answered stiffly.

"I saw the bishop this afternoon," he went on, "and he told me they wouldn't let you go abroad."

"No. Rotten luck, isn't it?" she answered, looking at his spurs.

"But he said that maybe he could make them see it differently, in case ——"

"Differently?"

Her eyes widened; she clenched her hands.

"Yes. He said—he said ——"

Scrub advanced three paces and saluted gravely.

"He said: 'Why don't you ask Peggy to go with you, Tyler?'"

Dead silence poured through the room. Peggy could not have spoken, even if he had gone out and left her there.

"So I'm asking you. But you don't need to say anything," he added hastily. "It's only what he said. You needn't say anything more about it, Miss Schuyler. I understand."

He was looking at her fists, which were undeniably clenched.

"You don't understand at all," said Peggy crossly.

She felt, she told me, like a fool, and couldn't comprehend how any girl could enjoy such an awful moment.

"I—I'm crazy to go to France!" she told him. And after that, she confided to me, the very next thing she said was: "I only broke one of your wrists, Scrub. Are you going to break all my ribs?"

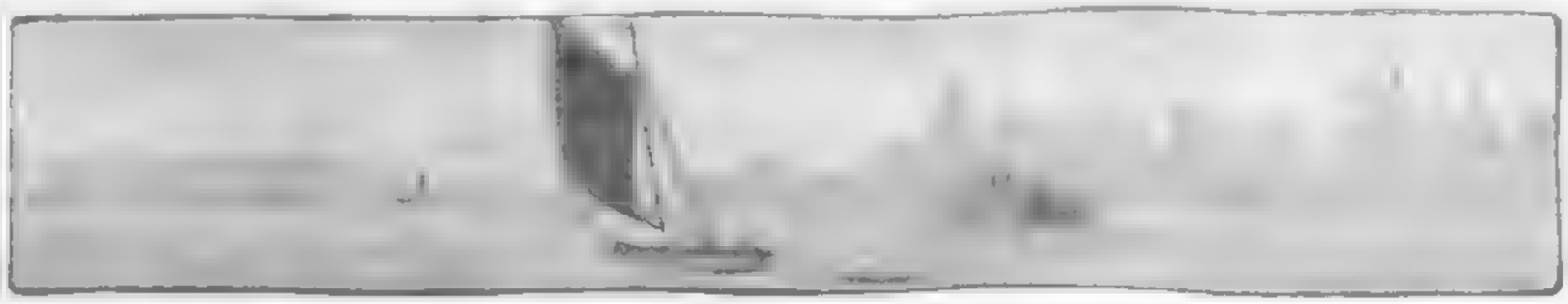
They had one of the first military weddings. It was an extraordinary one, for Scrub had suddenly thirty-six hours' notice, and Peggy was to follow his boat in a fortnight, and refused a wedding dress. So she was married in her Sam Brown belt; and the bishop, to Aunt Harding's horror, had his Spanish War chaplain's uniform let out and married them in it!

The whole of N Company came down from Dutchess County and filled the little stone church; and when the organist—a quartermaster in the Reserve—played the national anthem after the service, I cried like an idiot, and so did everybody else, it turned out.

She went out on his arm, under the grouped flags of the Allies, glorious in the summer sun, and two more magnificent young people never gave themselves to their country and to each other.

"This war has solved a good many problems, my friend," said Mr. Tyler, Senior, a little chokily, to the bishop. "But I wish we could keep them here."

"Nonsense!" returned the man of God. "Nonsense, Tommy Tyler! The good Lord made 'em and he'll take care of 'em—here or Over There!"



GOOD WILL AND ALMOND SHELLS

(Continued from Page 14)

"What shall I do, Rountree?" asked Gray uncertainly. "This has been such a shock to me that I hardly know what I am doing. Help me out, won't you?"

"Of course I will!" cried Silk indignantly. "Leave everything to me! I don't wonder this has stunned you. I have never known of anything so amazing." He studied Gray furtively. "Living in a hotel makes it rather difficult," said he. "Still, I suppose you could get her a suite of rooms, couldn't you, if she should come on at once?"

"Certainly! Certainly!" Gray agreed. "She would have everything that money could buy!"

Silk signaled to the waiter. In a few moments he was scribbling energetically on a telegraph blank.

"This is what I have said," he stated when he had finished: "'Miss Zelda Gray, Paradise Valley Fruit Company, Ellensville, California: I have just learned of your existence, after many years of search. I am wiring you five hundred dollars. Come to me at once! You will find me at the Hotel Lorraine, New York. Everything will be prepared for you. I shall expect you on the fifteenth of December.—FATHER.'"

"If that is satisfactory," said Silk, pushing his chair back from the table, "I'll send it immediately. We mustn't lose a moment!"

Gray nodded. He was obviously distraught by the suddenness of the whole affair.

"Yes, yes," he agreed. "It's just the thing. I haven't five hundred with me. I must get it for you."

"My dear boy," protested Silk, "sit where you are. I am delighted to be able to send it for you."

"Oh, but I couldn't allow it!" said Gray.

"And you," scoffed Silk—"you were the one who so recently bewailed the passing of friendship from the earth! This is one way for me to show my friendship; though a very small one, it's true. So say no more about it."

Laughing lightly, he hastened from the grillroom. Stuffing the telegram into his pocket he visited the cigar stand for cigarettes, wandered through the lobby, sniffed the odor of Christmas greens appreciatively, and slowly made his way back to his starting point.

"He swallowed it whole!" he chuckled to himself exultantly. "Sucked it in—hook, bait and sinker! He's soft with the Christmas atmosphere. It's like taking candy from a child!"

Sedately he reëntered the grillroom and resumed his seat opposite Gray.

"Well, it's gone," said he; "and in six days she'll be here!"

"You seem very sure!" said Gray gloomily. "Why should she? I can't believe it. The thing isn't reasonable."

"Of course I'm sure!" cried Silk. "She's alone and friendless in Ellensville or she wouldn't have put the note into the almond. She's still there; for things don't happen rapidly in a place like Ellensville. She must know her early history; for she knows her name. Oh, she'll come! After knowing you, Gray, I'd bet my last cent that she's brave enough to travel round the world for the sake of spending Christmas with her father!"

"By Jove!" said Gray. "I'm beginning to believe you may be right!" A tender smile crossed his face, only to be supplanted by a look of grave concern. "What of her mother, Rountree?" he asked. "What could we have been thinking of not to remember her sooner? We must send another telegram!"

Silk placed a restraining hand on his arm.

"Gray," said he solemnly, "I didn't forget. Nor would you have forgotten if there had been anything to lead you to believe that your wife was still with her. No, Gray; I always trust my intuition. And my intuition tells me that your wife is dead. I tell you, Gray, your daughter is alone and heartsick. I feel it; I know it!"

"My poor wife!" murmured Gray brokenly. "Poor—poor Mary!"

"Maybe it's all for the best, old chap," said Silk. "Try to think only of your daughter, and to be glad that she is not lost to you."

Gray sighed heavily.

"Thank you, Rountree," he said. "You are a true friend; and I owe all this to you. If I had never met you I should have dined elsewhere to-night. The almond might have been opened by the pastry cook. You have brought me wonderful fortune, Rountree; and you must stick by me until the dream comes true."

Silk patted Gray's arm affectionately.

"Trust me," said he. "And don't think that it's a dream. This is not such stuff as dreams are made of. I wouldn't have let you risk five hundred dollars if I had thought there was any dream to it."

"Don't let me delay too long in getting that money back to you, Rountree," said Gray. "Such things are bad for friendship."

What Silk said was: "Nonsense!" What he thought was: "Pretty soft!"

IV

THE haughty clerk behind the desk of the Hotel Lorraine was unusually haughty on the morning of the fifteenth of December. A coarse person from Chicago—probably one of those insufferable munition millionaires—had ventured to express surprise and even annoyance when informed that the only available room was an interior room-and-bath on the twenty-second floor, and that the price was eight dollars a day.

"Imagine!" the desk clerk had told the information clerk as he angrily buffed the finger nails of his right hand against the palm of his left hand. "Imagine! The piker asked the price of it!"

Not content with this exhibition of low breeding, the coarse person had tendered thirty cents to the desk clerk; and when asked what the thirty cents was for he had replied that it was to pay for the air he had utilized while standing in the hotel. The desk clerk was still in a dangerous mood. His haughtiness was no mere pose.

Not even the spectacle of a slender maiden, in a simple but exquisitely fitting black suit, was able to melt the frigidity of his glance. A small bell boy, decorated with at least ninety brass buttons, had succumbed to her charms, in spite of the fact that she had refused to yield up her suitcase to his eager hands. Instead of seeking the company of his fellow bell boys and sneering contemptuously at the suitcase carrier's provincial ignorance and obstinacy, he hovered behind her as she approached the desk, and regarded her with admiring eyes.

The clerk, however, appeared unimpressed by her hair of ashy gold, her gray-blue eyes, and her appealing grace. His attitude showed plainly that the world had passed in review before him and that any one person was too small a portion for him to notice. One could tell that nothing short of a queen, or at least a grand duchess, could rouse even his most languid interest. He stared blankly and coldly at a spot some two feet beyond the young woman; and just as she was on the point of speaking he turned from her and asked the information clerk in a frosty voice whether the President had reserved rooms for the coming week. This question was intended to make the young woman realize her unimportance.

Apparently it was successful; for when the clerk again turned his haughty attention to her she was very pale, and had closed her eyes and pressed her hand to her slender throat.

"What did you wish?" inquired the clerk, allowing himself to relax the tiniest bit.

"My—my father," gasped the girl, who appeared to have trouble in speaking—"My father, Lawrence Gray ——"

The clerk started as though a pin had been thrust into him. Fortunately he smiled toothsomely at the same time, so that his dignity was not impaired by any suspicion that a pin was actually the cause of the start.

"Miss Gray!" he whispered in his most fascinating manner. "Miss Gray! This is indeed a pleasure! We have been expecting you!"

He raised his voice commandingly.

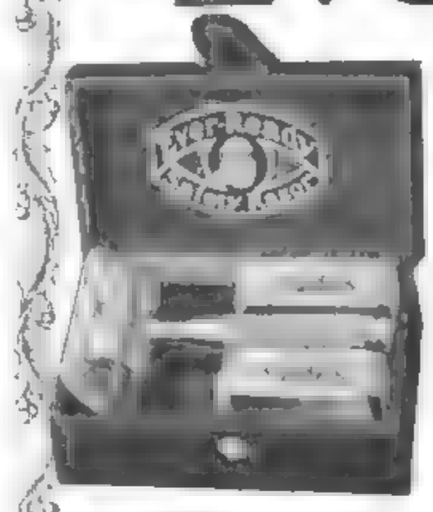
"Front! Front! Here, boy! Boy, take Miss Gray's bag! Boy, page Mr. Gray! Here, boy! Notify Suite H that Miss Gray is here! Boy, call the manager!"

His Best Christmas Gifts

Millions use the 'Ever-Ready' and millions more ought to be self-shavers—men who should encourage economy and comfort. If *he* hasn't bought his 'Ever-Ready' give it to him for Christmas. It's the gift that will make a man think gratefully of you every morning no matter where he is or where you are.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc., Makers
Brooklyn, N. Y.

'Ever-Ready'



Standard Dollar Outfit

The razor of millions and millionaires. Guaranteed best, irrespective of price. Tender to tender faces and easy on tough beards.

Handsomely made—compact and sturdy. The frame is guaranteed ten years and 'Ever-Ready' Radio Blades are marvels of efficiency and joy. Avoid imitations.

Extra Blades 6 for 30c

Sold by dealers everywhere "Over Here" and "Over There".

Safety Razors

'Ever-Ready' Combination No. 2

"Army and Navy Special"—ideal for the enlisted man, whether on land or sea. A solidly made, compactly cased 'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor with twelve "Radio" Blades, and 'Ever-Ready' Automatic Stropping Machine with strop. At all dealers'. Price **$3.00.**

'Ever-Ready' Outfit No. 11—same contents in compact, waterproof Khaki roll. At all dealers', **$3.00.**

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send to any address direct.

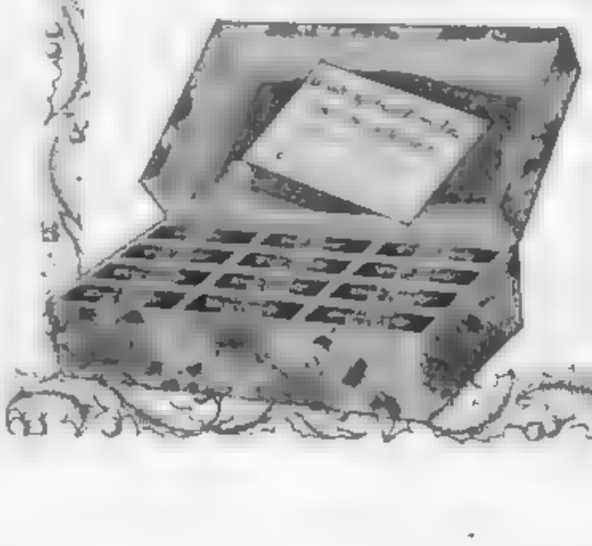
Adopted by Uncle Sam

'Ever-Ready' Outfit No. 10

A finely made waterproof khaki-cloth folding case, containing a standard 'Ever-Ready' frame and handle, the 'Ever-Ready' automatic stropping machine with extra strop, and eight packages of 'Ever-Ready' Radio Blades (48 blades in all)—enough for the duration of the war. Easily mailed abroad. At your dealers', price **$5.00.**

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send to any address direct.

for all cantonments of the new Army



Christmas Blades Package

Send him this generous size package of these marvelous, keen, clean, hair-tested 'Ever-Ready' Blades (twelve packages, or 72 blades in all). Each blade protected from rust and dust. More than enough blades for every day in the year. Price, at all dealers', **$3.60.**

American Safety Razor Co., Inc., Makers
Brooklyn, N. Y.

The lobby quivered with life. Bell boys awoke from their lethargy and sped hither and yon. Clerks and semiassistant managers descended from their pedestals of dignity and aloofness, and found business that would allow them to gaze benignantly on the daughter of Lawrence Gray. Telephone girls peered from ambush. Porters thrust walrushke heads from odd corners. Their expressions showed that they had been favorably inclined toward Miss Gray before her arrival and that her presence had given them no cause to alter their views.

The manager himself appeared. While Miss Gray gazed at him mutely he assured her of the joy it gave him to welcome her. Mr. Gray had not expected her to arrive so early in the day and was consequently absent for the moment.

Meantime Miss Gray's suite was in readiness; and nothing would give him greater pleasure than to be allowed to escort her thither.

Convoyed by bell boys, they entered the elevator and were whisked heavenward.

"Don't mind how I run on," said the manager, "and don't think that you have to reply. Mr. Gray has told us all about you, and we know what a shock it must have been to discover that your father was alive, and what a hard trip you must have had. I know this will be a happy Christmas for you, and I wish you a thousand more of them. It's a great thing for Mr. Gray—finding you. He doesn't take up much with women, and it must be lonely for him. But that'll all be changed now, with you here. Be a good daughter to him, Miss Gray; for he's the salt of the earth, and we all love him.

"Good gracious, it doesn't seem possible that he has a daughter as old as you; he looks young enough to be your brother. You'll love him, Miss Gray, and he'll make you very happy. If he doesn't give you everything you want, come to me and I'll give him a dressing down. He won't try any of his nonsense with me!"

With Chesterfieldian grace he helped Miss Gray from the elevator, crossed the hall to a door bearing the letter H on a bronze plate, and rang the bell by the side of the door. It was opened immediately by a white-haired, sweet-faced woman.

"This is Mrs. Wentworth, Miss Gray," said the manager. "She's the sister of our hotel matron; and Mr. Gray thought it might be pleasanter for you if Mrs. Wentworth could be with you while you were getting settled. She will introduce you to your home; so, for the present, I'll leave you."

Driving his bell boy convoy ahead of him he dashed back to the elevator and disappeared.

"Come in, my dear; come in and take possession," smiled Mrs. Wentworth, drawing the girl into the room. "It's too bad Mr. Gray isn't here; but we expect him back at any moment. Poor boy! He has been as excited as a child getting things ready for you. If I hadn't known I'd have thought you were his sweetheart instead of his daughter!"

Miss Gray smiled tiredly.

"Everyone is so good to me," she said, "that I can hardly believe I'm awake. What a lovely room, and what lovely flowers!"

"It's all Mr. Gray's doings," said Mrs. Wentworth proudly. "He said he wanted you to feel that you were at home instead of in a hotel; so he made them take down all the velvet curtains and rip up all the dark carpets. Then he went out and selected all the chintzes for the windows, and all the rugs; and he bought almost the whole stock of two florists. The holly trees and the poinsettias are for Christmas, he said, and the violets and the yellow roses to match your eyes and hair. I asked him whether you had blue eyes and golden hair when you were a baby; and he said he wasn't sure, but that his intuition told him you had them now. It just shows the power of love, doesn't it?"

The girl's eyes were strangely brilliant.

"What a wonderful man he must be!" she whispered.

"Oh, but you haven't seen a quarter of it!" protested Mrs. Wentworth. She led the girl into the adjoining room. "This is your dressing room," said she; "and beyond is the bedroom. Mr. Gray insisted on the pink taffeta hangings. Aren't they sweet?" She went to the door of the bedroom. "Marie," she called, "here is Miss Gray! Will you show her the gowns Mr. Gray sent yesterday? Marie," she explained to Miss Gray, "is your maid."

Marie, smiling shyly and respectfully, emerged from the bedroom, opened the door of a clothes closet, and took down a bewildering array of feminine apparel. Satins and velvets, broadcloths and silks, chiffons and laces, frothed and cascaded over her arm like a miniature Niagara. Marie spread them on every available article of furniture, while Miss Gray's eyes widened in amazement.

"How he dared to do it I don't know," declared Mrs. Wentworth. "That foolish boy went out and spent money for dresses like a drunken sailor; and he hadn't laid eyes on you since you were a baby! 'How do you dare to do it?' I asked him; and he said that his intuition told him you were a perfect 34. I said to him: 'Mr. Gray, I wish you'd devote a little attention to United States Steel and tip me off when your intuition tells you that it's good for a ten-point rise.' An intuition like that oughtn't to be allowed to run wild."

"Oh, Mrs. Wentworth," protested the girl, "I wouldn't dare to wear such beautiful things! What if Mr. Gray shouldn't like me! What if I weren't his daughter after all!"

Mrs. Wentworth laughed scornfully.

"Not like you!" she exclaimed. "Why, my dear child, he likes you so well already that he is half out of his head; and he hasn't seen you since you were three years old! When a person's affections are as firmly fixed as that, they can't be shaken by anything but blasting powder. Instead of talking about not daring to wear the things Mr. Gray has bought you, you should be preparing to reward him by wearing them as rapidly as you can."

"I suppose a bath and a change would make me feel better," admitted Miss Gray.

"Marie," called Mrs. Wentworth firmly, "draw the water for Miss Gray, and see that she puts on that house dress of silver cloth, with the chiffon overdrape." She glanced appreciatively at the girl's slender figure. "It will be simply ravishing on you," she confided. "Your father will want to eat you when he sees you in it!"

That was why Lawrence Gray found nobody but Mrs. Wentworth in the living room of his daughter's suite when he rang the bell, fifteen minutes later.

"Where is she?" he queried when he had gained admittance. "Do you like her? Do you think she will like me? How soon may I see her?"

"She is putting on one of the dresses that must have cost you a fortune," replied Mrs. Wentworth cheerfully. "She is a darling, and I love her! And I think it's safe to say she'll love you too unless you play the hard-hearted father and drive her out into the snow when she falls in love with one of the million young whippersnappers who will come flocking round her as soon as you take her out in public. And now I'll leave you alone; for I can't endure the sight of happiness orgies. They make my nose red. If your daughter wants me I shall be with my sister."

He stared unseeingly at the door long after it had closed behind her. "When she falls in love!" he whispered to himself. The minutes passed, while many matters filled his mind. At length he clenched his fist and struck it against his knee. "She shan't!" he rasped through clenched teeth. "She shan't!"

A shimmer of silver caught his eye. The door into his daughter's room had opened silently and in the doorway stood a slender figure, gold-crowned and garbed in silver mist. He stared, breathless. Slowly she raised her eyes until they met his. Then, with a broken, stifled cry, she turned back as though to escape. He was at her side in an instant.

"My dear!" he cried. "You mustn't be afraid of me!" He took her hands in his and swept her with an adoring glance. "For six days," said he, "I have lived in anticipation of this moment; but never has the anticipation equaled the realization. You are very beautiful, my dear!" He drew her to him and kissed her forehead gently.

She glanced up at him shyly and was reassured by what she saw.

"You are so kind!" she said. "What can I do in return for all these wonderful things? You are the most thoughtful person in the world. But what have I done to have such marvels happen to me? They make me feel most guilty and unworthy."

"But you are my daughter, my dear!" he protested. "How can you say that you are unworthy? And whatever I may do for you is as nothing compared with the happiness you are bringing me. I can have no greater reward for what I give than to have you accept." He led her to the couch. "Your mother," he said, "is dead, isn't she?"

"Yes," said the girl faintly.

He sighed.

"Tell me what you thought, dear, when you got my telegram," he said.

The girl pressed her hands to her breast. "I I ——"

"Come, come!" interrupted Gray gayly. "I'm forgetting myself. You are tired and upset. We'll make a bargain—you and I. From now until Christmas I shan't say a word to you concerning your old life, and you shan't say a word to me. We'll just enjoy ourselves and get to know each other better. After Christmas, when your decrepit old father has partially recovered from his delirium of joy at discovering the loveliest daughter in the world, we'll have some nice comfortable talks. Is it a bargain?"

The girl nodded; but he could see that her eyes were miserable.

"You shall help me buy Christmas gifts for all my friends," he went on. "This will relieve me of one of my greatest burdens. And we must do something very nice for Rountree. If it hadn't been for Rountree, my dear, I should never have found you. I was dining with him when I opened the almond that held your name and address. You must meet him soon and thank him. How would you like to have him come to dinner to-night?"

"No, no! Not to-night!" she cried. "I'd so much rather see just you for a time. I don't like—something tells me that I shan't like Mr. Rountree. Please!"

Gray was delighted, though he endeavored not to appear so.

"Your wish is law," said he gravely; "but don't forget how much we owe Rountree. No matter what we do for him, we can't make his Christmas as happy as ours; but we must do our best."

The week that followed was an absorbing one for the girl. There were times when she plunged into the part she was playing with reckless abandon. There were other times when she despised herself for an abandoned adventuress. At night she would determine to tell him everything, and her pillow, when she fell asleep, would be wet with tears. In the morning she would feel again the overwhelming pleasure that Gray took in her presence, and her determination would wane. She could not bring herself to shatter his happiness; nor could she bring herself to shatter her own happiness.

Try as she would to conceal it from herself, she often found her heart beating more rapidly at Gray's approach, and even throbbing in an unaccustomed manner when he swept her into his arms, as he frequently did. If his kisses sometimes seemed to her a trifle warmer than a daughter might expect from her father, she laid the blame on her imagination and blushed innocently. Should she confess and lose all this? Confession meant loss; for Gray was married. . . . Why had she ever consented to be a party to this mad scheme?

They went everywhere together. Gray's business, whatever it was, must have suffered. At seven o'clock every morning she would hear her telephone bell ringing, and would hear Marie answer. Yes, Mr. Gray. No; Miss Gray was not up yet. Yes; she would inquire. So she would inquire; and Miss Gray would allow Marie to throw a froth of silk and lace round her, after which she would patter to the telephone and shake her tumbled crown of ashy gold at the receiver and promise to be ready in a jiffy—which Gray very properly interpreted to mean one hour.

They lunched and dined and theatered and opera-ed together. They shopped and motored and tea-ed and danced together.

"You dance wonderfully!" she told him. "You must love it!"

"I do love it when I dance with you," he replied. "Until I found you I loathed it. I had never danced the new steps until the day you arrived. I took a two-hour lesson that night; and at half past five the next morning I took another. In all, I have had four lessons; and they have made me the marvel of grace that has excited your wonder."

She gazed solemnly into his eyes.

"How old were you when you were married?" she asked suddenly.

He stared at her blankly.

"Married!" he exclaimed. Then a light dawned on him. "You are violating our pact," he reminded her. "Not a word concerning our past lives until after Christmas—remember! Why do you ask, though?"

"You seem so young," she replied. "I can't believe that you are old enough to be my—my father!"

"There is no greater flattery!" smiled Gray. His arm drew her closer to him. His lips brushed her hair with the lightest of touches. . . . They danced on and on.

She had met Rountree; and, as she had foreseen, the experience had been unpleasant. Twice she had been forced to listen to the tale of the finding of the message in the almond shell. Twice, when she had been left alone with him, he had coolly asked her for money. The first time he had asked her for two hundred dollars—the hundred he had loaned her and another hundred to "tide him over a temporary emergency." The second time he had demanded five hundred. When she demurred he reminded her that he was asking for Gray's money—not hers; and that Gray would prefer to give it unwittingly rather than give up his newly found daughter.

Again she was tossed by two currents: If she should confess to Gray he would have to let her go; there was no way in which he could honorably continue to keep her with him. It would break his heart. If she didn't confess, Rountree would drain them both dry. Her mind was in a turmoil.

Lightning strokes fall unexpectedly in fools' paradises.

It was the day before Christmas. She had finished dressing for dinner and was standing by the window, watching the glare of lights against the low, cold clouds, when her telephone bell rang.

Her lips curved in a tender smile as she picked up the receiver. It was Gray, of course. But, instead of Gray, it was Rountree. The tender smile faded from her face, to be replaced by a look of terror.

"No, no!" she cried into the transmitter. "You must be mad! Where can I get ten thousand dollars? . . . Ah, no! Don't tell him! It would be so cruel—just before Christmas. Wait a few days, please. . . . Please! . . . It would be impossible! I have no money. . . . Only a few dollars. . . . My pearls? No, no! He just gave them to me! Have pity! Let me keep them; and later —— But my beautiful pearls! You—you beast! If I give them to you will you promise never to tell him? Will you promise that this shall be the last time you will ever ask me for anything? . . . Very well; come up in fifteen minutes and you shall have them."

As she hung up the receiver a slight sound caused her to look up. Just inside the door stood Gray. He was smiling at her gravely. Her hands flew to her breast.

"You heard?" she breathed.

He nodded.

"You should always keep the lock of your door adjusted so that nobody can enter. I tried the door, and it opened. I couldn't help hearing."

"You heard me promise him the pearls if he wouldn't tell?"

"Yes; I heard."

"Then, why don't you say something? Why don't you ask me what it was I didn't want him to tell! Why don't you beat me, as you should?"

Gray crossed the room to her side.

"My dear," said he, "don't you think I know everything about you that I need to know?"

She laughed bitterly.

"You know nothing!" she cried. "Do you know that I am a horrid, depraved creature—a scheming adventuress of the most debased type?"

"My dearest girl," said he, "you are unnecessarily cruel to yourself!"

He placed his arm about her and would have kissed her; but she tore herself from his grasp.

"Stop!" she cried. "You mustn't! I—I can't go on this way any longer. Sooner or later you must know. I'm not your daughter!"

"Of course you're not," said Gray calmly. "I never had a daughter!"

Staring at him dumbly, the girl sank into a chair.

The doorbell buzzed peremptorily. Gray walked to the door and flung it open. Remington Rountree, alias Charles Wilkins, alias Silk Wilkins, stepped in lightly. Catching sight of Gray, he would have stepped out again had not Gray closed the door in such a way as to make the stepping difficult.

"Sit down, Rountree," said Gray pleasantly. "I have a few things to say to you."

Silk shrugged his shoulders and perched himself on the edge of a chair.

"Well," said he, "I see the girl split on me."

"My dear Rountree," protested Gray, "you underestimate my intelligence. The girl has said nothing."

"What's the commotion, then?" asked Silk.

Gray laughed.

"The commotion, my dear chap," said he, "is over the coarseness of your work. I am always delighted to be of assistance to rising young men; so I am taking this opportunity of warning you against the softening influence of Christmas."

"Christmas!" sneered Silk contemptuously. "What do I care for Christmas?"

"It's all very well to talk that way, Rountree," said Gray; "but you will notice the merry Yuletide season so affected your reasoning powers that you actually imagined I would permit myself to be deluded by the most inane and obvious crookedness.

"Christmas had made you so careless, dear chap, that you never once looked behind you when you left the hotel on the first night you met me. You had obviously been looking for a victim; so, when you left the hotel I walked behind you to satisfy my natural curiosity. I watched you buy the almonds; I waited for you outside the Library; and I followed you to your lodging house. Having nothing better to do I engaged a room in the lodging house across the street and noted, with deep interest, your meeting with my—er—daughter."

Gray glanced at the girl. She was weeping silently.

"Your work on the following evening," Gray continued cheerfully, "was almost childlike in its absurdity. You were so mellowed by the fumes of Christmas that you took it for granted I should be eating California almonds; whereas I never eat any sort except the broad almonds of Valencia. You can imagine how idiotic it was of you to drop a California almond into a dish of Valencia almonds, can't you?"

Silk grunted unintelligibly.

"And then the telegram!" chuckled Gray. "What a terrible blunder that was! Did you think I wouldn't inquire at the hotel telegraph office as to whether it had been sent? Why should I throw away five hundred dollars by being too lazy to ask a question? Really, Rountree, you must have been frightfully demoralized by the atmosphere of 'Peace on earth, good will toward men!'"

Silk glared at him defiantly.

"Well," he asked, "what are you going to do about it?"

Gray laughed good-naturedly.

"I'm going to pay you what I owe you," said he. "I've robbed you of your confidence in yourself; and without confidence you can never be a good crook again. I owe you something for that. Moreover, you have provided me with nearly two weeks of unalloyed enjoyment. That, of course, is worth something to me. Finally you have been the means of making me acquainted with this young woman; and for that I am deeply indebted to you. Here's a thousand dollars, Rountree. You've earned it."

Silk accepted the bills Gray handed him, stuffed them into his vest pocket, and peered at Gray aggressively.

"How about the girl?" he said. "What happens to her? She's straight as they make 'em; and I shouldn't want her to get into any trouble, with Christmas so close, and all that sort of rot."

"Quite right, Rountree; quite right!" agreed Gray. "You needn't worry about the girl. I'm going to marry her." He opened the door suggestively. "Good night, Rountree; and a merry Christmas!" said he.

The door closed. Gray turned toward the girl. Her face was hidden in her handkerchief. He crossed to her side and gently took possession of her hands. She looked up through tear-dimmed lashes.

"I don't love you," she said.

"Oh, yes, you do," he replied.

"How do you know?" she asked weakly.

"It's very simple," said he. "You stopped letting me kiss you, even though you still thought that I thought you were my daughter."

"But your wife?" said she faintly. "She may not be dead!"

Gray lifted her hands to his lips.

"My dear," said he, "when our friend Rountree implored me to tell him a tale of woe at our first meeting I couldn't resist his appeal. Nothing had ever happened to me; so I invented a daughter and threw in a wife for good measure. I have never been married; and until I saw you, my dear, I never wanted to be."

"Oh," cried the girl, covering her burning face with her hands, "what must you have thought of me!"

"My dear, my dear!" said Gray softly. "From the moment when I looked across the street into Rountree's room, and saw you nestled in his chair I have thought of nothing else but you. Wherever I have gone and whatever I have done, I have dreamed of the softness of your hands and lips, and seen the gold and blue of your hair and eyes. It's winter outside, my dear; but you have filled my heart with summer's blue and gold. I love you!"

"I love you!" murmured the girl; and her lips were warm and moist against his.

Silk Wilkins swung out into the Christmas Eve turmoil of Broadway. He reveled in the holiday odors of gasoline, rice powder and asphalt. He rejoiced in the crash of traffic and the blended roar of countless automobile horns. "After all," he whispered to himself—"after all, I was right! Christmas makes 'em all soft!"

A beggar caught his eye. Impulsively he drew a crisp dollar bill from his pocket. Then he replaced it, gave the beggar a small thin dime, and went rejoicing into the shadows that underlie the city's golden haze.

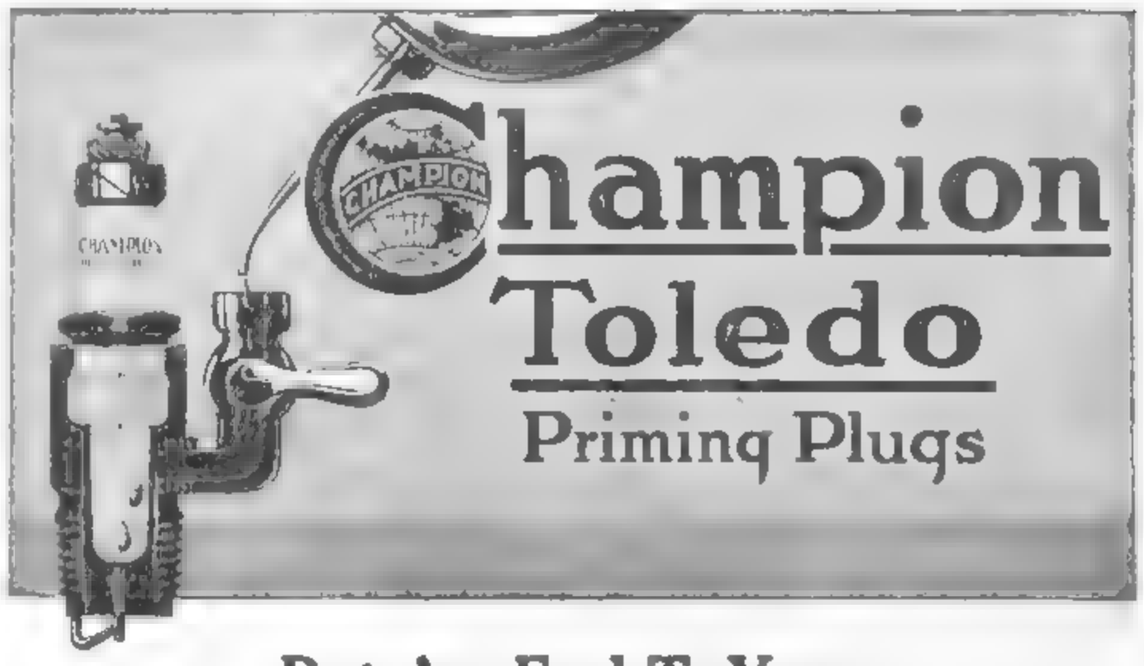
Song

I've a song to sing to you that is not new.
'Tis a song I think we always knew—we two;
Through dead ages rings its deathless
Tune that, ringing, leaves us breathless
With its world-old wondrous burden—
Sorrow's joy and striving's guerdon,
Joy's perfection—always true—
I love you!

I've a song to sing to you that is not old.
'Tis a song whose tale has never yet been told;
In the future lies its glory,
Still unguessed, untold in story;
Yet to show how much celestial
May be proved in the terrestrial
By two hearts whose mutual mold
Is love untold.

So the song I have to sing that's old and new
Is Eternity, bestowed upon us two.
'Tis the secret of creation,
Heritage of generation,
And a foretaste of immortal
Life, beyond Time's farther portal!
Heav'n is mine, and earth anew—
I love you!

—*Louise Wells.*



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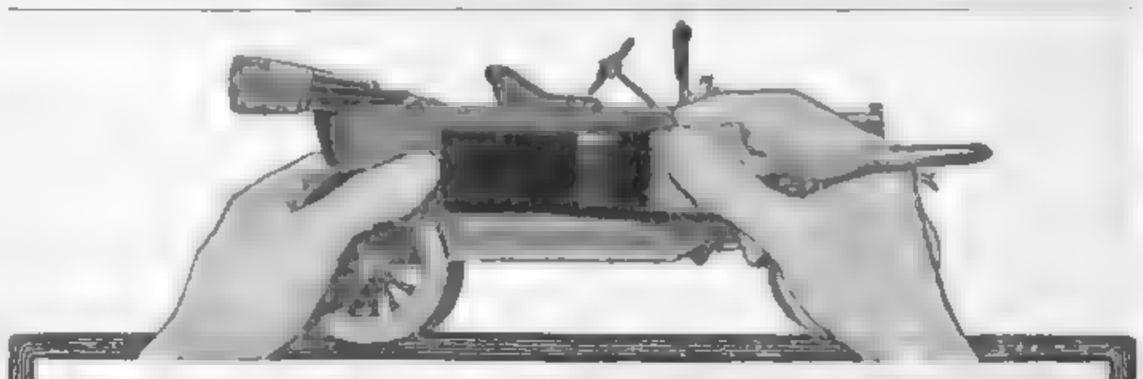

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THE BIOGRAPHY OF A MILLION DOLLARS

(Continued from Page 19)

"How's he turned out?" I asked the old man. "What kind of a boy's he been?"

"He'd been better off if he'd not seen this racing game," he told me. "It's not been extra good for him. He's seen too much of the high life. And got too much for doing nothing—the way I see it."

"Well, maybe he'll steady up now," said I. "And it might be just the thing to start him in the shop, like the rest of us did. That mightn't be a bad idea, might it?"

"No, sir," said Tom. "I wish you'd get him to do it."

"Send him round, anyhow—when he's ready," said I. "I'm pretty busy myself now, but the first minute I can I'll see him."

I was still out to do what I could for him. And I felt that way when he got out of the hospital and came round to see me in my new office.

"They said you wanted to see me," he started out, coming in dressed up very slick and sitting down, looking at me.

I didn't take much of a fancy to him, or the way he went at it. "Well, yes," I said, passing it over. "How are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right."

"Just where did you hurt yourself?"

"I got it where the old man did," he told me—"the right hand."

"How is it—good enough to go to work yet?"

"That depends," said he, looking up at me and down again. "What work?"

I didn't care for his cut much, any more. He was a good-looking boy on the surface—too much so. And dressed up like a clothing ad. He looked too good to me. A good-looking boy with a bad eye. One of those wise ones you see roosting round in front of the garages—dressed up, paring their nails and goggling at the servant girls; looking down when you go by and looking up and staring at your back when you're gone; hating everybody that's got a dollar, on general principles; and trying to figure out how they can get a few dollars of easy money themselves without getting their fingers dirty. I know the breed better than they know themselves. Seeing other people with money close to, all the time, makes them all the time dissatisfied.

I didn't care much for the way he acted, but I told him what I could do for him in the shop. I was going to give him that—as I told his father. And then if he made good I would push him along.

But I could see right away it didn't suit him.

"You haven't got an agency somewhere?" he asked me, looking up. He kept his eyes down mostly, but when he wanted to, he looked up and looked at you with that hard expression, afraid of nothing on God's earth.

"No; not this minute," I came back, getting a little sore at his nerve asking it, but still holding on to myself. "But what's the matter with your starting here in the shop the way the rest of us had to? Would your hand prevent you?"

"I don't know whether it would or not. It might. How much is there in it?" he said, looking up again.

And I told him.

"Aha," he said. "Well, I guess that ain't my line. I could make more than that as a chauffeur, if I had to." And he got up and brushed some imaginary dust off his tailor-made clothes.

"You're pretty particular, ain't you?" said I, getting hot under the collar finally.

"What I thought you were going to offer me," he said, not turning a hair, "was an agency. That's more my line."

I was, as a matter of fact—later, when I had one—if he worked out all right. But I wouldn't say so to him.

"If I wanted to," I said, still holding myself down all I was able, "I couldn't very well give you one till I had one vacant!"

"I can wait," he said, staring up again.

"Well, you'll wait a long time," I said, letting loose a little, "if you turn this job down now, before you'll get another job from us."

"There are other places on earth," he said, and started to move off—"at that."

"You got that right," said I. "There's no law to compel you to come here—or us to hire you either!"

"Let me ask you something," he said to me, turning back a minute—"for a change!"

"What is it?"

"Are you the man," he asked me then, staring down with that insolent ugly look in his eyes—"are you the man that always talked so loud about paying his debts—to his friends and his enemies?"

"I generally manage to," I said, still holding back all I could. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," he said. "I just wanted to hear you say it again, that's all."

"I'll say it again all right," I said to him—"as many times as you want. You may find it out yet too. I pay my debts to my friends and my enemies! But paying up my friends don't include handing over easy money to cheap young cigarette bearers and clothing advertisements to sun their shapes round on the corners, when they ought to be at work like the rest of the folks."

"Yeh," he said. "You're like all the rest of them. When they've got a couple of hundred thousand they always get the idea they were the ones that taught God how to turn on the sun.

"Easy money!" he said, looking at me with a nasty smile on his face. "I suppose you think you got a patent on it!"

"That'll do for you," said I—"for some time. If you hadn't been so cocky I had it all fixed up for something good for you. But no, that wouldn't do you. You couldn't soil your hands in a machine shop—not for a minute. You're the wise boy, out for easy money. You know the patent, that's a sure thing. You know just how it's done—like all the rest of your kind that have bred round gasoline the last ten years, like mosquito wrigglers in old rain water. But that lets me out. You're all right; you know so much about easy money you can get all you want yourself. You don't have to come round here again asking me for any of it. All you have to do is to go out and pick it up for yourself."

"Don't worry!" he said, throwing me another ugly look; and then he went along out. I didn't think much about him again till Pasc and his wife came back in the spring from California. I used to see him sometimes hanging round the garage, but we didn't look at each other. He was round there looking and criticizing and keeping his mouth shut, and dressed up regardless; playing the hero to the rest of those bottle-shaped boys, and every fool cheap girl in town who had money enough to buy a pair of long white shoes.

I was out in Chicago in the spring looking over the agency, when Pasc and Zetta were coming back, and they got onto my sleeper in the Chicago station.

"Why, hello!" said somebody back of me. "Look who's here!" And there was Zetta—in a big yellow hat and a kind of yellow and black gown—dressed up to kill, coming back from those Southern California hotels.

"Hello; where did you come from?" said I; and grabbed both her hands when she held them out to me. And I nearly shook Pasc's arm off when he came back in. And we three visited all the evening, until the porter wanted to make up the berths.

"Well, Pasc," I said, sitting down with them, "I believe you're looking better."

"He is," said Zetta. "I'm the one that's all done up. I'm coming home to see if I can get over this trip."

"You don't look tired—to me," I said. "You're looking slick."

"Tired, no! I'm coming home for some excitement."

"Excitement," I said, watching her, "after traveling all over the world!"

"Excitement," she said. "Yep. And a divorce!"

"A divorce, eh?"

"Yep, Bill," she said. "I'm a wronged and deserted wife."

And Pasc grinned one of those still old grins again.

"Pasc," I said, "I wouldn't have thought it of you."

"Yes," said Zetta, rattling on; "I've got the corespondent all picked out. You've heard about these stenographers," she said, "and these wicked business men. Well, I've got a new one. I'm going to name his carburetor. And I'll get my divorce all right too. Any judge will give it to me who hears my story once."

Pasc grinned again when she was saying it, but a little sheepish; but her voice sounded just a little sharp and jangly. You could see there was some sore spot in back of that fooling.

"I'll tell it to you, Bill," she said, "so you can see it for yourself. For six months," she went along, "I've been in this humiliating thing—traveling along all over with him and his carburetor. It started in at Yellowstone Park. Honest! And I leave it to him to say I'm right. He stayed inside the hotel practically all the time we were there in the Park. He couldn't tell you now whether El Capitan was a name of a saloon or a hot spring."

"I just happened to have an idea come to me as I got there," said Pasc to me, looking foolish again.

"What'd you do in the meantime?" I asked his wife, laughing.

"Do! What could I do? I let him alone finally, with his carburetor. And I found the best-looking guide I could and went out riding with him, all over. I had the finest horse!" she said, looking up. "That was the one thing for me, in the whole trip. I haven't had so much fun since I was a kid.

"But honest," she said, "you don't know what it is, Bill, traveling alone for months with a man who can't see anything day and night but a little brass carburetor in back of his eyes somewhere."

"Didn't you get acquainted at the hotels?" I asked her.

"A lot of stall-fed women," she said, "sitting on the piazzas. And a bunch of old knee-sprung men, so worn out and feeble their legs knocked together when they were dancing. No life left in them—or they wouldn't be there. Just like all these pleasure hotels—they're all alike as far as I can see—a combination of old folks' home and nursery. But I did learn the new dances," she said—"that's one thing!"

"Did you teach them to Pasc?" I asked her, laughing.

"No," she said. "He only dances with his carburetor!" And laughed a kind of harsh, flat laugh again.

"And of course," she said, "nobody danced much with me either. Why would they? If a woman can't get her husband to pay her any attention, it's not much of an advertisement for her."

"You had enough attention, I should say, from different ones to satisfy most any woman," said Pasc.

"There's one other thing," she said, "I did get out of my trip: I learned to drive a car. There was a young fellow at the hotel with a runabout who showed me. And I'm going right home and I'm going to buy the fastest one they make. There's nothing like it. You can take off your hat and put down the wind shield—and go! There's nothing like it; you can forget everything else in the world—just go!"

I had to smile at her—and Pasc with me—watching her eyes flash all of a sudden.

"You'll have to look out for her, Pasc," I said; "she's got the speed bug!"

"She has—bad," he told me.

And after that—speaking of driving—we got talking about that Chuck Powers. They'd heard about that accident of his when they were out in Los Angeles. It was getting to be a center for motorcycle racing about that time.

"Wasn't it a shame," said Zetta—"an awful thing! Just think of it! They say he was the best motorcycle rider on the track—in this country, if not in the whole world. And that means he went the fastest—drove the fastest thing in the world, faster than anybody has ever gone, except maybe that Englishman! Think of the nerve it took, and courage! Think of the excitement of doing it! And now he's got to stop entirely. Just that young fellow!"

"Well," I said, "it looks to me worse than that. It looks to me as if it had spoiled him entirely for doing anything else." And I told them about my experience with him.

"But why didn't you do it?" Zetta said to me right away, when I told her how he'd held me up and what he wanted. "Why didn't you give him an agency if he wanted it?"

"How could I," I came back at her, "when there wasn't any vacancy?"

"Why didn't you make a vacancy then?"

"And throw another man out?"

"Sure! I would," she said.

"You would, I believe," I told her. "There's a woman's idea of business," I said to Pasc, a little miffed.

"Sure I would—if I owed anybody what we owe to him," said Zetta.

"Well, if you want to know," I said, getting a little huffy, "I'd have had something better for him before he got through if he hadn't been quite so cocky about it. But since then," I said, defending myself, "I've been just as well pleased that I didn't do any different than I did. I had him looked up afterwards—and I don't want him. I wouldn't have him at any price, round handling agency funds."

"Why not?" Zetta wanted to know.

"Too much high life—that racing life was too much for him. I found that out later."

"But he couldn't drink," said Zetta—"a rider, at those speeds."

"No; that wasn't it."

"What was it then?" she came back.

"The women, if you want to know!" I told her.

"Well," she said, thinking, "he was a handsome boy."

"Too darned handsome," I said. "And too much of a regular devil."

"I don't believe it, anyhow!" she said to me all at once.

"Believe it or not, that's his reputation! And all the money he's got has gone somewhere, that's sure. He's standing round there now in his nifty clothes, without a cent left, too swell-headed to take any ordinary job—and his old mother feeding him at home. Aw, they make me sick, this young crowd that's coming up round our business, looking for easy money."

The porter came round about that time and routed us out, and we dropped it. Zet went in to get ready for the night; and Pasc and I went out and sat up till one o'clock in the smoking room and talked business.

"What is it you've been fussing over?" I asked him. "Is she right? Have you got some new wrinkle on the carburetor?"

"Not yet," he said. "I'm working over it. I've got a good idea, but it don't seem to work out yet."

"You'll get it," I told him. "I bet on you."

"I hope so," he said. "It's wearing me thin again, running me."

"Why don't you ever drop it, and go at it fresh sometime," I said to him—"after you've rested?"

"I wish I could," he said. "But I ain't done so bad this time, altogether!" And then he asked me how Billings and I were getting on in the business.

"Oh, all right, I guess," I told him. "Yes—we're making a lot of money. But it ain't like the old days, Pasc, when you and I were there."

"I think he generally means to do the fair business thing, in his way," said Pasc.

"Well, maybe," I told him. "Maybe that's the way they have to be when they're trained the way he's been. But try my damnedest, I can't like him. Down at the bottom of my heart I don't ever trust him. I'm afraid of him. He's always sitting there cooking up something. Some new sleight of hand to pull your money out of his sleeve."

"It's different entirely," I told Pasc, "from the old days. We're only together—Billings and I—hunting dollars, that's all. It's dog eat dog. He knows it and I know it. And that's all there is to it!"

And then I went on and told him about that rearrangement of the stock we were working out then—that I was worrying and puzzling over about that time.

XVII

PROCTOR BILLINGS had called me round to the bank about a month before that.

"I believe," he said, sitting there, "the time is about right for refinancing."

He had a new style now; he smoked all his cigarettes in a holder, sticking out about a foot from his face. He couldn't stand it to touch a bare cigarette with his lips any longer. And beside him on his desk always, he had the fresh flowers from his conservatory. All elegance and la-de-da and lovely cut flowers on the outside; and inside about a half an inch colder and harder than the ice that's been piling up at the North Pole for the last five million years. I had to smile to myself, watching him.

"I believe," he said, in that nice particular way he had when he was pleased with the way things were going—"I believe we could begin to start to move toward some more permanent basis of capitalization than we have now. It would be better for both of us. I could get rid of the burden of the financing; and you," he said, with his carefully measured out smile, "could get out finally from under this control of the company I've had while I'm furnishing the money."

"I could stand that, too!" I told him.

"I imagined so," he said. "And I could stand, myself, getting some of my money back, and getting my own credit straightened out. Money's pretty easy," said Billings, explaining; "and they've been putting out quite a variety of automobile stock with more or less success. A good many of them with not such good prospects, or earning so much as ours! There's something like a little boom in that line of stock; and for my part I'm in favor of taking advantage of it to start in the direction of turning this thing of ours into a little money."

"Cash in, eh?" I said to him. "Well, you've got me with you there. Go the limit. Go after it!"

"You mean that?" he said.

"You bet I do," I answered him.

And then he told me his idea.

"I believe," he said, "the only way to do with a thing like this is go straight to New York and do it right in the beginning, with the really big people. You can go up to Hartford, of course, or any smaller place. But their market for securities is only small and local; they'd have to go to New York themselves anyhow. And my idea has always been to go yourself to New York—right down to the big banks yourself. The only danger is," he said, "they're so big!"

"Aha," I said, and shut up. I wasn't showing my hand much. That Wall Street game was something new and strange to me, but naturally I wasn't showing him so.

"They're big," he said, "and they're sharp. And a thing like this is only a mouthful for them. They might eat us right up if you don't look out for them. But on the other hand they've got the machinery to take care of you simply and easily. And you've got to go to them anyhow, probably; if you don't the smaller people will, very likely. The best thing, I always thought, was to go right to them in the first place yourself. There's no more danger."

"Go ahead," I said; "if they don't scare you, they don't me."

I had been watching that banking business some myself—there in his bank. Billings had just made me a director there. He ought to; we were the second largest business in it. But while I was round the place I kept my eyeballs busy watching him and those other fellows with capital he had with him operate it—poking round, grabbing off the cream of everything round town. I had a little thing myself by this time, that I had an idea I would have a try at along that line. I was working on it when Billings went down to see those New Yorkers. I didn't know how I was going to do it, but there is nothing like trying to get your hand in.

"How'd you come out with them?" I asked Billings when he came back from New York.

"I rather think they'll take it up," he told me, "on some sort of an issue of preferred stock."

"Good business," I said, thinking first of getting the company out once on its own feet, free of that control of his over it for furnishing the money. Tickled to death at being my own man finally, and getting the chance at the same time to cash in on my stock. I thought then, too, I might maybe get this little thing I was thinking of into the new deal somehow, if I could work it, and cash in a little something on the side.

"Fine business!" I said to Billings, feeling pretty pleased over what he was doing, but knowing I'd got to watch him just the same. "That's the stuff," I said, slapping him on the back; "go after it, boy!"

He didn't know what to do with himself when I did anything like that. It made him jump all over. I did it half for deviltry. What did I care? I wasn't afraid of him now. I knew he'd have to put up with it anyhow, as long as we were making good so.

So then I went to work on that little deal of mine right away, seeing what I could do with it. There was that little old shop that had made spokes for us way back in the old bicycle business, and it kept right along with us, selling the stuff ever since. I'd been watching it for some time. I thought I could get a hold of it at first, and see if I couldn't make a dollar out of it myself. But now I thought: "Here's a chance

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to get it and work it into this new concern of ours if it goes through—as a side issue in this new stock deal."

So I tackled it between times—at luncheon mostly.

I used to see young Allen, who had the old place with his father, when he was in at Lembach's, where a good many of us used to go at noon on account of their cooking—that good old-fashioned substantial cooking. I sometimes met young Allen there, and I got him to talking now and then. I knew his old man, who really owned the place, was getting through pretty quick—kind of old and not very well. And I knew as well as I wanted to that Charley, the son, would just as soon get loose for once in his life and get out of overalls and drive an auto round and see what the world looked like on the other side of those grimy old machine-shop windows, from seven A. M. to six P. M. So finally I worked an option out of them. Then I went to Billings.

When I told him about it he was a lot easier than I thought he would be. I thought maybe he'd want to be let in on it himself. But there was nothing like that came out at all when I brought it up. He let me go on and explain it all out.

"Can it be worked?" I said. "Do you suppose I can fix it to bring it in on that new deal. It would be a good thing all right, for the company."

"I wouldn't be surprised at all," he said; "especially," he went on, watching his cigarette, "as I shall have something of the same kind to offer."

"Which?" I said.

"Bringing my factory into the thing some way."

"Giving up the lease and buying it in for the company?"

"That's it," he said.

"Why not?" said I, thinking. "Certainly. One hand washes the other. We'll bring the both of them in on this preferred-stock thing, and both of us make a legitimate dollar on it. All right," I said, "You go ahead, will you? See what you can do about it!"

I knew then, of course, I'd have to keep my eyes peeled with him, and this New York crowd too.

And so he went down and talked it over with these New Yorkers and come back and told me what he thought he could do. And we worked some more on it together.

They were going to put out seven hundred thousand dollars more preferred stock, besides what Pase Thomas had, making a million in all. There was two hundred thousand dollars of the old preferred stock in the treasury; and they would issue five hundred thousand new. Of course, this wouldn't have any voting power in the corporation. It left that just where it was—in the common stock. The main issue, of course, between Billings and me to settle was the price of our two new things in it.

We finally agreed that he should have one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of the seven hundred thousand dollars of new preferred for his factory; and I'd get a hundred and twenty-five thousand for my thing. That worked us out a good fair profit. Then the rest of the preferred—that didn't go as commission to the New Yorkers—would clear up our debts, give us money for our finances, and set us free finally out of Billings' control.

That's what made me stick up my head in the air and snort—the idea of being free again; more, a hundred times, of course, than the little twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars I was expecting to clear on that other thing. I was feeling pretty good about that time, sitting watching that New York crowd shuffle the cards and put the deal through—watching when I could that machine of theirs at work.

"We're all out after it," I was telling some of the boys in the trade I had over to Lembach's at lunch. "They can tell you something else, but that's what we've all got on our minds nowadays—easy money, quick! All of us—from your slick, crooked chauffeur, lolling, waiting for the women shopping, at the edge of a sidewalk, to the head of a trust in his mahogany chair.

"But we're the dubs," I said to them—"you and I. These bankers are the boys! We get up before the dew stops falling, and hustle and sweat and get covered with oil and grease till the stars come out. And they drop down at ten A. M. in a limousine, and sit there and smoke their cigarettes and watch us; and figure how they're going to take away what we've got and turn it into money for themselves. Talk about your modern machinery!" I said. "They've got the machine for you! A regular machine for manufacturing money. They don't have to make or sell anything to get it. They just make their money direct. I've been watching," I told them, "for the last year or two in this town. And I know something about them—about their machine and how they work it. And it's a beaut! Take it from your Uncle Bill. They've got their eyes out everywhere in this town; nothing gets by them. They've got a regular system of watching, through the banks and each other; they know everything that comes up and looks good in town. And when it gets ripe they're there to pick it—on the dot. They step right up, some way, and declare themselves in."

"I guess there's something in that," said the fellow that was with me—old Piggy Briggs.

"You bet your life there is!" I told him. "You know it as well as I do. I used to think it was something pretty soft—some pretty big money!"

"It might strike some of the rest of us right now," said the other man—that other fellow that was with us.

"Pretty fair," I said, "at that, for ordinary folks. But I've got a look in, lately, on a new thing—something that makes these fellows here look like thirty cents in the Waldorf-Astoria. I've got a squint on these million-dollar boys from New York—these Wall-Street bankers."

"Tell us about them quick!" said Briggsy.

"You know as much as I do, probably," I said to them—"up to date. We all know about the same. Only this," I said, "I know this: I know they've got a machine stretching all over this country that makes this thing here look like nothing. You know what you've got to run up against in business, getting money," I told them—"always. Well, I used to think at first it was just myself, not getting in right to get them to lend me money—just what you'd got to expect to run against naturally in any town where they have a big strong bank. But, oh no, it's nothing like that! I got a look into it lately, working up a little stock deal.

"This thing here in town is nothing but one little cog in a wheel.

"They're all meshed in together, all over the country, in this big machine—this money machine these fellows are running for themselves down in New York. You talk about coining money! These fellows make a million dollars every time we pick up ten. You ought to watch them for a while. Oh, mamma! Oh, what a graft! What a machine they have got! They've got the whole country watched that way, like Billings and his gang watch this town—through their banks and agents and one thing and another. They all have to come and bring their stuff to them sooner or later, from all over; to have it turned into dollars. These fellows own the only machine for it. All they have to do is watch, and hold us all up and collect their pay—three million dollars apiece every afternoon at three o'clock.

"Oh, I've watched them a little here locally, boys," I said. "I'm nobody's fool if I do look it. I've watched them in operation. And believe me, one of these days I'm going to get my hand in on that; I'm going to have some of that easy money myself!"

"Easy money!" said somebody, laughing. "Easy money! What do you know about that? Bill Morgan moaning about easy money! The only case on record in the United States of a man who sprained his back picking up money out of the road. It will be in all the medical papers before the month is out!"

And they all began laughing.

"Laugh if you want to," said I. "You wouldn't laugh so much if you had to get up in the morning and follow me round doing my day's work. You'd be wind-broken. Every one of you fat-handed, hotel-fed loafers. But after this—you hear me—I'm going to let up a little and make my money easier. I'm going to get in on this other game now and then. I've got a deal on now," I told them, "just a little starter, that looks good for just a little bit of money."

"I'll bet it's a million dollars, or the old boy wouldn't stoop over to pick it up," said this man who was jollying me, and they all laughed again—down to old Hansie, the waiter.

"Laugh, if you want to," I told them. "Go on! I might have my million some day, at that. But whether I do or not I'm going to take a crack at this game these still-faced bank boys are doing. It's the biggest thing in the country, and I'm going to learn it and get in on it. I ain't afraid of them," I said, "nor to match myself against them. None of us at this table need to be, if we ever got anywhere near an even break with them. Did you ever see them?" I asked this man. "Did you ever know one of those still-faced fellows in that sort of thing, personally?"

"I don't know as I have," he told me—"very well."

"A queer breed of cats," I said, seeing Proctor Billings when I said it. "Still-faced dudes, la-de-da boys—all of them. They'd die, every one of them on the spot, if they saw Charley Briggs here that time he was stewed in Chicago, eating his pie with his knife."

"You lie, I never did!" said Charley.

"Not a regular man in the whole bunch of them," I went along, paying no attention to him. "Not a one of them that ever got out in the sand lot with the other boys and played a game of ball when they were kids. They catch them early," I said, "on account of their fine complexions and long white fingers."

"Like professional gamblers!" said Charley.

"Sure," said I, "same thing! And then they put them inside these banks and train them for years to keep their faces still—to put over some new deal without turning an eyelash. Oh, you've got to watch them," I said, "every minute of the day, and have a night watchman on them nights!"

And then I got up.

"I'm liable to have to see one this afternoon," I said.

And they all laughed. They knew what I meant, of course. And I went over and saw Billings' bank.

I was feeling pretty strong naturally—right up in G—with things moving the way they were.

I had been, ever since I'd seen I was going to get out from that old stock-voting control of Billings' especially; ever since I'd seen I was going to be my own man again when this financing was done.

"He was just telephoning to you, I think, Mr. Morgan," said Billings' secretary when I got there. He was extra polite, even for him, it seemed to me.

And then I went on through that private reception room with the polished woodwork and the little pictures of sheep on the wall. I had to smile when I remembered that other time I was sitting there and waiting, shivering in my boots. And I went along into Billings' office and tapped once and walked in, smoking my cigar.

"Well," I said, sitting down, "how's she coming? What do you hear from our friends in New York?"

And he handed me out then their last plan, as they'd finished it. He didn't say anything. He sat still and let me read it.

"This is just the same, ain't it?" said I. "The preferred stock?"

"Exactly," he said.

"But what's this?" I said, turning the page. "Here, this is a new one!"

"That's their addition," said Proctor Billings. "That's a change they have insisted on."

"Insisted on," said I. "What is it?"

"At the last minute," he said, "they decided that to put it through they would have to have that two hundred thousand dollars of common stock in the treasury, to give out as a bonus to their customers—two to every seven of preferred."

"They've got some nerve!" said I.

"Well, that's what they ask," said Billings, and closed up again.

"I don't like it much—not much," said I, studying, "if you ask me. And I'll ——"

"I know," he said. "But of course you get your share of it with your preferred in this new deal."

"Yes," I said, studying some more. "And so do you. And look here!" I said, for it struck me then, naturally, right in the eyes. "Look here!" I said. "What's this? You must think I'm a wise boy. Oh, no!" I said. "No. No! Nothing like this! You can't slip anything like that over on me! Gad," I said, "that's certainly a raw one, even for a bank man! I suppose," I said, "you thought I wouldn't see the little joker in that."

"I had nothing to do with it whatever," he said, getting white and still, and extra polite. "It was all done in New York."

But I didn't pay any attention to him. I was crazy.

"Oh, no," I said. "Nothing like that! I'll bust it all up first—and wipe it out altogether. I like this!" I said, getting madder and madder. "Here I am planning especially to get out from under your control of the company. We agree that I'm going to be my own man for once—just as much in the concern as you are, no more or no less. And now you spring this on me the last minute. When this goes through, according to the price you set on your building and what I get for mine on this other thing, you'll have more common stock than I will. You'll have control of the company forever!"

"I told you once," he said, getting whiter and lowering his voice way down, "I had nothing to do with the arrangement of the thing."

"Aha," I said, "I heard you. But it hands you the control just the same, don't it—whoever put it over. It does, don't it?" I said, facing him with it.

"No," he said, cooler than ever, getting whiter and colder—as usual, when he got mad—and politer than polite.

"No!" he said. "And now if you will kindly stop charging round like a wild animal I shall be very glad to discuss it with you, if you act like an intelligent man."

"You tell me first," said I, "don't this give you more common stock than I've got? Don't that give you absolute control?"

"Sit down," he said, those polished-steel eyes on me. "That's what I'm trying to talk to you about—if you'll let me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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